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THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

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CHAPTER X.

CRUNCH'EM CAN'T BE HAD.

MR. FENWICK had intended to have come home round by Market Lavington, after having deposited Miss Lowther at the Westbury station, with the view of making some inquiry respecting the gentleman with the hurt shoulder, but he had found the distance to be too great and had abandoned the idea. After that there was not a day to spare till the middle of the next week; so that it was nearly a fortnight after the little scene at the corner of the vicarage garden wall before he called upon the Lavington constable and the Lavington doctor. From the latter he could learn nothing. No such patient had been to him. But the constable, though he had not seen the two men, had heard of them. One was a man who in former days had frequented Lavington—Burrows by name, generally known as Jack the Grinder, who had been in every prison in Wiltshire and Somersetshire, but who had not (so said the constable) honored Lavington for the last two years till this his last appearance. He had, however, been seen there in company with another man, and had evidently

been in a condition very unfit for work. He had slept one night at a low public house, and had then moved on. The man had complained of a fall from the cart, and had declared that he was black and blue all over; but it seemed to be clear that he had no broken bones. Mr. Fenwick, therefore, was all but convinced that Jack the Grinder was the gentleman with whom he had had the encounter, and that the Grinder's back had withstood the swinging blow from the life-preserver. Of the Grinder's companions nothing could be learned. The two men had taken the Devizes road out of Lavington, and beyond that nothing was known of them. When the parson mentioned Sam Brattle's name in a whisper, the Lavington constable shook his head. He knew all about old Jacob Brattle. A very respectable party was old Mr. Brattle in the constable's opinion. Nevertheless the constable shook his head when Sam Brattle's name was mentioned. Having learned so much, the parson rode home.

Two days after this, on a Friday, Fenwick was sitting after breakfast in his study, at work on his sermon for next Sunday, when he was told that old Mrs. Brattle was waiting to see him.

He immediately got up and found his own wife and the miller's seated in the hall. It was not often that Mrs. Brattle made her way to the vicarage, but when she did so she was treated with great consideration. It was still August, and the weather was very hot, and she had walked up across the water mead, and was tired. A glass of wine and a biscuit were pressed upon her, and she was encouraged to sit and say a few indifferent words, before she was taken into the study and told to commence the story which had brought her so far. And there was a most inviting topic of conversation. The mill and the mill premises were to be put in order by the landlord. Mrs. Brattle affected to be rather dismayed than otherwise by the coming operations. The mill would have lasted their time, she thought, "and as for them as were to come after them—well! she didn't know. As things was now, perhaps it might be that after all Sam would have the mill." But the trouble occasioned by the workmen would be infinite. How were they to live in the mean time, and where were they to go? It soon appeared, however, that all this had been already arranged. Milling must of course be stopped for a month or six weeks. "Indeed, sir, feyther says that there won't be no more grinding much before winter." But the mill was to be repaired first, and then, when it became absolutely necessary to dismantle the house, they were to endeavor to make shift, and live in the big room of the mill itself, till their furniture should be put back again. Mrs. Fenwick, with ready good nature, offered to accommodate Mrs. Brattle and Fanny at the vicarage, but the old woman declined with many protestations of gratitude. She had never left her old man yet, and would not do so now. The weather would be mild for a while, and she thought that they could get through.

By this time the glass of wine had been supped to the bottom, and the parson, mindful of his sermon, had led the visitor into his study. She had come to tell that Sam at last had returned home.

"Why didn't you bring him up with you, Mrs. Brattle?"

Here was a question to ask of an old lady whose dominion over her son was absolutely none! Sam had become so frightfully independent that he hardly regarded the word of his father, who was a man pre-eminently capable of maintaining authority, and would no more do a thing because his mother told him than because the wind whistled. "I axed him to come up—not just with me, but of hisself, Mr. Fenwick—but he said as how you would know where to find him if you wanted him."

"That's just what I don't know. However, if he's there now, I'll go to him. It would have been better far that he should have come to me."

"I told 'un so, Mr. Fenwick—I did, indeed."

"It does not signify. I will go to him. Only it cannot be to-day, as I have promised to take my wife over to Charlicoats. But I'll come down immediately after breakfast to-morrow. You think he'll still be there?"

"I be sure he will, Mr. Fenwick. He and feyther have taken on again, till it's beautiful to see. There was none of 'em feyther ever loved liked he—only one." Thereupon the poor woman burst out into tears and covered her face with her handkerchief. "He never makes half so much account of my Fan, that never had a fault belonging to her."

"If Sam will stick to that, it will be well for him."

"He's taken up extr'ordinary with the repairs, Mr. Fenwick. He's in and about and over the place, looking to everything; and feyther says he knows so much about it he b'lieves the boy could do it all out of his own head. There's nothing feyther ever liked so much as folks to be strong and clever."

"Perhaps the squire's tradesmen won't like all that. Is Mitchell going to do it?"

"It ain't a-doing in that way, Mr. Fenwick. The squire is allowing two hundred pounds, and feyther is to get it done. Mr. Mitchell is to see that it's done proper, no doubt."

"And now tell me, Mrs. Brattle, what has Sam been about all the time that he was away?"

"That's just what I cannot tell you, Mr. Fenwick."

"Your husband has asked him, I suppose?"

"If he has, he ain't told me, Mr. Fenwick. I don't care to come atween them with hints and jealousies, suspecting like. Our Fan says he's been out working somewhere, Lavington way; but I don't know as she knows."

"Was he decent-looking when he came home?"

"He wasn't much amiss, Mr. Fenwick. He has that way with him that he most always looks decent; don't he, sir?"

"Had he any money?"

"He had a some'at, because when he was working, moving the big lumber as though for bare life, he sent one of the boys for beer, and I see'd him give the boy the money."

"I'm sorry for it. I wish he'd come back without a penny, and with hunger like a wolf in his stomach, and with his clothes all rags, so that he might have had a taste of the suffering of a vagabond's life."

"Just like the Prodigal Son, Mr. Fenwick?"

"Just like the Prodigal Son. He would not have come back to his father had he not been driven by his own vices to live with the swine." Then, seeing the tears coming down the poor mother's cheeks, he added in a kinder voice, "Perhaps it may be all well as it is. We will hope so at least, and to-morrow I will come down and see him. You need not tell him that I am coming, unless he should ask where you have been." Then Mrs. Brattle took her leave, and the parson finished his sermon.

That afternoon he drove his wife across the county to visit certain friends at Charlicoats, and both going and coming could not keep himself from talking about the Brattles. In the first place, he thought that Gilmore was wrong not to complete the work himself. "Of course he'll see that the money is spent and all

that, and no doubt in this way he may get the job done twenty or thirty pounds cheaper; but the Brattles have not interest enough in the place to justify it."

"I suppose the old man liked it best so?"

"The old man shouldn't have been allowed to have his way. I am in an awful state of alarm about Sam. Much as I like him—or, at any rate, did like him—I fear he is going, or perhaps has gone, to the dogs. That those two men were housebreakers is as certain as that you sit there; and I cannot doubt but that he has been with them over at Lavington or Devizes, or somewhere in that country."

"But he may, perhaps, never have joined them in anything of that kind."

"A man is known by his companions. I would not have believed it if I had not found him with the men, and traced him and them about the county together. You see that this fellow whom they call the Grinder was certainly the man I struck. I tracked him to Lavington, and there he was complaining of being sore all over his body. I don't wonder that he was sore. He must be made like a horse to be no worse than sore. Well, then, that man and Sam were certainly in our garden together."

"Give him a chance, Frank."

"Of course I will give him a chance. I will give him the very best chance I can. I would do anything to save him, but I can't help knowing what I know."

He had made very little to his wife of the danger of the vicarage being robbed, but he could not but feel that there was danger. His wife had brought with her, among other plenishing for the household, a considerable amount of handsome plate—more than is, perhaps, generally to be found in country parsonages—and no doubt this fact was known, at any rate, to Sam Brattle. Had the men simply intended to rob the garden, they would not have run the risk of coming so near to the house windows. But then it certainly was true that Sam was not showing them the way. The parson did not quite know what to think about

it, but it was clearly his duty to be on his guard.

That same evening he sauntered across the corner of the churchyard to his neighbor the farmer. Looking out warily for Bone'm, he stood leaning upon the farm gate. Bone'm was not to be seen or heard, and therefore he entered and walked up to the back door, which indeed was the only door for entrance or egress that was ever used. There was a front door opening into a little ragged garden, but this was as much a fixture as the wall. As he was knocking at the back door it was opened by the farmer himself. Mr. Fenwick had called to inquire whether his friend had secured for him, as half promised, the possession of a certain brother of Bone'm's, who was supposed to be of a very pugnacious disposition in the silent watches of the night.

"It's no go, parson."

"Why not, Mr. Trumbull?"

"The truth is, there be such a deal of talk o' thieves about the country that no one likes to part with such a friend as that. Muster Crickly, over at Imber, he have another big dog, it's true—a reg'lar mastiff—but he do say that Crunch'em be better than the mastiff, and he won't let 'un go, parson—not for love nor money; I wouldn't let Bone'm go, I know, not for nothing."

Then Mr. Fenwick walked back to the vicarage, and was half induced to think that as Crunch'em was not to be had, it would be his duty to sit up at night and look after the plate-box himself.

CHAPTER XI.

DON'T YOU BE AFRAID ABOUT ME.

ON the following morning Mr. Fenwick walked down to the mill. There was a path all along the river, and this was the way he took. He passed different points as he went, and he thought of the trout he had caught there or had wished to catch, and he thought also how often Sam Brattle had been with him as he had stood there delicately throwing his fly. In those days Sam

had been very fond of him, had thought it to be a great thing to be allowed to fish with the parson, and had been reasonably obedient. Now he would not even come up to the vicarage when he was asked to do so. For more than a year after the close of those amicable relations the parson had behaved with kindness and almost with affection to the lad. He had interceded with the squire when Sam was accused of poaching, had interceded with the old miller when Sam had given offence at home, and had even interceded with the constable when there was a rumor in the wind of offences something worse than these. Then had come the occasion on which Mr. Fenwick had told the father that unless the son would change his course evil would come of it; and both father and son had taken this amiss. The father had told the parson to his face that he, the parson, had led his son astray; and the son in his revenge had brought housebreakers down upon his old friend's premises.

"One hasn't to do it for thanks," said Mr. Fenwick, as he became a little bitter while thinking of all this. "I'll stick to him as long as I can, if it's only for the old woman's sake, and for the poor girl whom we used to love." Then he thought of a clear, sweet young voice that used to be so well known in his village choir, and of the heavy curls which it was a delight to him to see. It had been a pleasure to him to have such a girl as Carry Brattle in his church, and now Carry Brattle was gone utterly, and would probably never be seen in a church again. These Brattles had suffered much, and he would bear with them, let the task of doing so be ever so hard.

The sound of workmen was to be already heard as he drew near to the mill. There were men there pulling the thatch off the building, and there were carts and horses bringing laths, lime, bricks and timber, and taking the old rubbish away. As he crossed quickly by the slippery stones, he saw old Jacob Brattle standing before the mill looking on, with his hands in his breeches pockets. He was too old to do much at

such work as this—work to which he was not accustomed—and was looking up in a sad, melancholy way, as though it were a work of destruction, and not one of reparation.

"We shall have you here as smart as possible before long, Mr. Brattle," said the parson.

"I don't know much about smart, Muster Fenwick. The old place was a'most tumbling down, but still it would have lasted out my time, I'm thinking. If t' squire would a' done it fifteen years ago, I'd a' thanked 'un; but I don't know what to say about it now; and this time of year and all, just when the new grist would be coming in. If t' squire would a' thought of it in June, now! But things is contrary—a'most allays so." After this speech, which was made in a low, droning voice, bit by bit, the miller took himself off and went into the house.

At the back of the mill, perched on an old projecting beam, in the midst of dust and dirt, assisting with all the energy of youth in the demolition of the roof, Mr. Fenwick saw Sam Brattle. He perceived at once that Sam had seen him, but the young man immediately averted his eyes and went on with his work. The parson did not speak at once, but stepped over the ruins around him till he came immediately under the beam in question. Then he called to the lad, and Sam was constrained to answer:

"Yes, Mr. Fenwick, I am here—hard at work, as you see."

"I do see it, and wish you luck with your job. Spare me ten minutes, and come down and speak to me."

"I am in such a muck now, Mr. Fenwick, that I do wish to go on with it, if you'll let me."

But Mr. Fenwick, having taken so much trouble to get at the young man, was not going to be put off in this way. "Never mind your muck for a quarter of an hour," he said. "I have come here on purpose to find you, and I must speak to you."

"Must!" said Sam, looking down with a very angry lower on his face.

"Yes—must. Don't be a fool now.

You know that I do not wish to injure you. You are not such a coward as to be afraid to speak to me. Come down."

"Afeard! Who talks of being afeard? Stop a moment, Mr. Fenwick, and I'll be with you—not that I think it will do any good." Then slowly he crept back along the beam and came down through the interior of the building. "What is it, Mr. Fenwick? Here I am. I ain't a bit afeard of you, at any rate."

"Where have you been the last fortnight, Sam?"

"What right have you to ask me, Mr. Fenwick?"

"I have the right of old friendship, and perhaps also some right from my remembrance of the last place in which I saw you. What has become of that man, Burrows?"

"What Burrows?"

"Jack the Grinder, whom I hit on the back the night I made you prisoner. Do you think that you were doing well in being in my garden about midnight in company with such a fellow as that—one of the most notorious jailbirds in the county? Do you know that I could have had you arrested and sent to prison at once?"

"I know you couldn't do nothing of the kind."

"You know this, Sam—that I've no wish to do it, that nothing would give me more pain than doing it. But you must feel that if we should hear now of any depredation about the county, we couldn't—I at least could not—help thinking of you. And I am told that there will be depredations, Sam. Are you concerned in these matters?"

"No, I am not," said Sam, doggedly.

"Are you disposed to tell me why you were in my garden, and why those men were with you?"

"We were down in the churchyard, and the gate was open, and so we walked up: that was all. If we'd meant to do anything out of the way, we shouldn't a' come like that, nor yet at that hour. Why, it warn't midnight, Mr. Fenwick!"

"But why was there such a man as Burrows with you? Do you think he was fit company for you, Sam?"

"I suppose a chap may choose his own company, Mr. Fenwick?"

"Yes, he may, and go to the gallows because he chooses it, as you are doing."

"Very well: if that's all you've got to say to me, I'll go back to my work."

"Stop one moment, Sam. That is not quite all. I caught you the other night where you had no business to be, and for the sake of your father and mother, and for old recollections, I let you go. Perhaps I was wrong, but I don't mean to hark back upon that again."

"You are a-harking back on it ever so often."

"I shall take no further steps about it."

"There ain't no steps to be taken, Mr. Fenwick."

"But I see that you intend to defy me, and therefore I am bound to tell you that I shall keep my eye upon you."

"Don't you be afeard about me, Mr. Fenwick."

"And if I hear of those fellows—Burrows and the other—being about the place any more, I shall give the police notice that they are associates of yours. I don't think so badly of you yet, Sam, as to believe you would bring your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave by turning thief and housebreaker; but when I hear of your being away from home and nobody knowing where you are, and find that you are living without decent employment, and prowling about at nights with robbers and cut-throats, I cannot but be afraid. Do you know that the squire recognized you that night as well as I?"

"The squire ain't nothing to me; and if you've done with me now, Mr. Fenwick, I'll go back to my work." So saying, Sam Brattle again mounted up to the roof, and the parson returned discomfited to the front of the building. He had not intended to see any of the family, but as he was crossing the little bridge, meaning to go home round by the Privets, he was stopped by Fanny Brattle.

"I hope it will be all right, now, Mr. Fenwick," the girl said.

"I hope so too, Fanny. But you and your mother should keep an eye on him, so that he may know that his goings and comings are noticed. I dare say it will be all right as long as the excitement of these changes is going on, but there is nothing so bad as that he should be in and out of the house at nights, and not feel that his absence is noticed. It will be better always to ask him, though he be ever so cross. Tell your mother I say so."

CHAPTER XII.

BONE'M AND HIS MASTER.

AFTER leaving the mill, Mr. Fenwick went up to the squire, and, in contradiction as it were of all the hard things that he had said to Sam Brattle, spoke to the miller's landlord in the lad's favor. He was hard at work now at any rate, and seemed inclined to stick to his work. And there had been an independence about him which the parson had half liked, even while he had been offended at him.

Gilmore differed altogether from his friend: "What was he doing in your garden? What was he doing hidden in Trumbull's hedge? When I see fellows hiding in ditches at night, I don't suppose that they're after much good."

Mr. Fenwick made some lame apology even for these offences. Sam had, perhaps, not really known the extent of the iniquity of the men with whom he had associated, and had come up the garden probably with a view to the fruit. The matter was discussed at great length, and the squire at last promised that he would give Sam another chance in regard to his own estimation of the young man's character.

On that same evening—or rather after the evening was over, for it was nearly twelve o'clock at night—Fenwick walked round the garden and the orchard with his wife. There was no moon now, and the night was very dark. They stopped for a minute at the wicket leading into the churchyard, and it was evident to them that Bone'm from the farmyard at

the other side of the church had heard them, for he commenced a low growl, with which the parson was by this time well acquainted.

"Good dog, good dog!" said the parson, in a low voice. "I wish we had his brother, I know."

"He would only be tearing the maids and biting the children," said Mrs. Fenwick. "I hate having a savage beast about."

"But it would be so nice to catch a burglar and crunch him. I feel almost bloodthirsty since I hit that fellow with the life-preserver, and find that I didn't kill him."

"I know, Frank, you're thinking about these thieves more than you like to tell me."

"I was thinking just then that if they were to come and take all the silver, it wouldn't do much harm. We should have to buy German plate, and nobody would know the difference."

"Suppose they murdered us all."

"They never do that now. The profession is different from what it used to be. They only go where they know they can find a certain amount of spoil, and where they can get it without much danger. I don't think housebreakers ever cut throats in these days. They're too fond of their own."

Then they both agreed that if these rumors of housebreakings were continued, they would send away the plate some day to be locked up in safe-keeping at Salisbury. After that they went to bed.

On the next morning—the Sunday morning—at a few minutes before seven, the parson was awakened by his groom at his bed-room door. "What is it, Roger?" he asked.

"For the love of God, sir, get up: they've been and murdered Mr. Trumbull!" Mrs. Fenwick, who heard the tidings, screamed, and Mr. Fenwick was out of bed and into his trowsers in half a minute. In another half minute Mrs. Fenwick, clothed in her dressing-gown, was up stairs among her children. No doubt she thought that as soon as the poor farmer had been despatched the

murderers would naturally pass on into her nursery. Mr. Fenwick did not believe the tidings. If a man be hurt in the hunting-field, it is always said that he's killed. If the kitchen flue be on fire, it is always said that the house is burned down. Something, however, had probably happened at Farmer Trumbull's, and down went the parson across the garden and orchard and through the churchyard as quick as his legs would carry him. In the farmyard he found quite a crowd of men, including the two constables and three or four of the leading tradesmen in the village. The first thing that he saw was the dead body of Bone'm, the dog. He was stiff and stark, and had been poisoned.

"How's Mr. Trumbull?" he asked of the nearest bystander.

"Laws, parson! ain't ye heard?" said the man. "They've knocked his skull open with a hammer, and he's as dead—as dead."

Hearing this, the parson turned round and made his way into the house. There was not a doubt about it. The farmer had been murdered during the night, and his money carried off. Up stairs Mr. Fenwick made his way to the farmer's bed-room, and there lay the body. Mr. Crittenden, the village doctor, was there, and a crowd of men and an old woman or two. Among the women was Trumbull's sister, the wife of a neighboring farmer, who, with her husband, a tenant of Mr. Gilmore's, had come over just before the arrival of Mr. Fenwick. The body had been found on the stairs, and it was quite clear that the farmer had fought desperately with the man or men before he had received the blow which despatched him.

"I told 'um how it be—I did, I did—when he would 'a all that money by 'um." This was the explanation given by Mr. Trumbull's sister, Mrs. Boddle.

It seemed that Trumbull had had in his possession over a hundred and fifty pounds, of which the greater part was in gold, and that he kept this in a money-box in his bed-room. One of the two servants who lived in his service—he himself had been a widower

without children—declared that she had always known that at night he took the box out of his cupboard into bed with him. She had seen it there more than once when she had taken him up drinks when he was unwell. When first interrogated, she declared that she did not remember at that moment that she had ever told anybody—she thought she had never told anybody: at last she would swear that she had never spoken a word about it to a single soul. She was supposed to be a good girl, had come of decent people, and was well known by Mr. Fenwick, of whose congregation she was one. Her name was Agnes Pope. The other servant was an elderly woman, who had been in the house all her life, but was unfortunately deaf. She had known very well about the money, and had always been afraid about it: had very often spoken to her master about it, but never a word to Agnes. She had been woken in the night—that was, as it turned out, about two A.M.—by the girl, who slept with her, and who declared that she had heard a great noise as of somebody tumbling—a very great noise indeed, as though there were ever so many people tumbling. For a long time, for perhaps an hour, they had lain still, being afraid to move. Then the elder woman had lighted a candle and gone down from the garret in which they slept. The first thing she saw was the body of her master in his shirt upon the stairs. She had then called up the only other human being who slept on the premises—a shepherd who had lived for thirty years with Trumbull. This man had thrown open the house and had gone for assistance, and had found the body of the dead dog in the yard.

Before nine o'clock the facts as they have been told were known everywhere, and the squire was down on the spot. The man—or, as it was presumed, men—had entered by the unaccustomed front door, which was so contrived as to afford the easiest possible mode of getting into the house; whereas the back door, which was used by everybody, had been bolted and barred with all care. The men must probably have entered by the

churchyard and the back gate of the farmyard, as that had been found to be unlatched, whereas the gate leading out on to the road had been found closed. The farmer himself had always been very careful to close both these gates when he let out Bone'm before going to bed. Poor Bone'm had been enticed to his death by a piece of poisoned meat, thrown to him probably some considerable time before the attack was made.

Who were the murderers? That of course was the first question. It need hardly be said with how sad a heart Mr. Fenwick discussed this matter with the squire. Of course inquiry must be made of the manner in which Sam Brattle had passed the night. Heavens! how would it be with the poor family if he had been concerned in such an affair as this? And then there came across the parson's mind a remembrance that Agnes Pope and Sam Brattle had been seen by him together on more Sundays than one. In his anxiety, and with much imprudence, he went to the girl and questioned her again:

"For your own sake, Agnes, tell me, are you sure you never mentioned about the money-box to—Sam Brattle?"

The girl blushed and hesitated, and then said that she was quite sure she never had. She didn't think she had ever said ten words to Sam since she knew about the box.

"But five words would be sufficient, Agnes."

"Then them five words was never spoke, sir," said the girl. But still she blushed, and the parson thought that her manner was not in her favor.

It was necessary that the parson should attend to his church, but the squire, who was a magistrate, went down with the two constables to the mill. There they found Sam and his father, with Mrs. Brattle and Fanny. No one went to the church from the mill on that day. The news had reached them of the murder, and they all felt—though no one of them had so said to any other—that something might in some way connect them with the deed that had been done. Sam had hardly spoken since he

had heard of Mr. Trumbull's death; though when he saw that his father was perfectly silent, as one struck with some sudden dread, he bade the old man hold up his head and fear nothing. Old Brattle, when so addressed, seated himself in his arm-chair, and there remained without a word till the magistrate and the constables were among them.

There were not many at church, and Mr. Fenwick made the service very short. He could not preach the sermon which he had prepared, but said a few words on the terrible catastrophe which had occurred so near to them. This man who was now lying within only a few yards of them, with his brains knocked out, had been alive among them, strong and in good health, yesterday evening! And there had come into their peaceful village miscreants who had been led on from self-indulgence to idleness, and from idleness to theft, and from theft to murder! We all know the kind of words which the parson spoke, and the thrill of attention with which they would be heard. Here was a man who had been close to them, and therefore the murder came home to them all, and filled them with an excitement which, alas! was not probably without some feeling of pleasure. But the sermon—if sermon it could be called—was very short; and when it was over the parson also hurried down to the mill.

It had already been discovered that Sam Brattle had certainly been out during the night. He had himself denied this at first, saying that though he had been the last to go to bed, he had gone to bed at about eleven, and had not left the mill-house till late in the morning; but his sister had heard him rise, and had seen his body through the gloom as he passed beneath the window of the room in which she slept. She had not heard him return, but when she arose at six had found out that he was then in the house. He manifested no anger against her when she gave this testimony, but acknowledged that he had been out—that he had wandered up to the road; and explained his former denial frankly—or with well-assumed frank-

ness—by saying that he would, if possible, for his father's and mother's sake, have concealed the fact that he had been away, knowing that his absence would give rise to suspicions which would well-nigh break their hearts. He had not, however—so he said—been any nearer to Bullhampton than the point of the road opposite to the lodge of Hampton Privets, from whence the lane turned down to the mill. What had he been doing down there? He had done nothing, but sat on a stile and smoked by the roadside. Had he seen any strangers? Here he paused, but at last declared that he had seen none, but had heard the sound of wheels and of a pony's feet upon the road. The vehicle, whatever it was, must have passed on toward Bullhampton just before he reached the road. Had he followed the vehicle? No: he had thought of doing so, but had not. Could he guess who was in the vehicle? By this time many surmises had been made aloud as to Jack the Grinder and his companion, and it had become generally known that the parson had encountered two such men in his own garden some nights previously. Sam, when he was pressed, said that the idea had come into his mind that the vehicle was the Grinder's cart. He had no knowledge, he said, that the man was coming to Bullhampton on that night, but the man had said in his hearing that he would like to strip the parson's peaches. He was asked also about Farmer Trumbull's money. He declared that he had never heard that the farmer kept money in the house. He did know that the farmer was accounted to be a very saving man, but that was all that he knew. He was as much surprised, he said, as any of them at what had occurred. Had the man turned the other way and robbed the parson, he would have been less surprised. He acknowledged that he had called the parson a turncoat and a meddling telltale in the presence of three men.

All this ended, of course, in Sam's arrest. He had himself seen from the first that it would be so, and he had bade his mother take comfort and hold up her

head. "It won't be for long, mother. I ain't got any of the money, and they can't bring it nigh me." He was taken away to be locked up at Heytesbury that night, in order that he might be brought before the bench of magistrates, which would sit at that place on Tuesday. Squire Gilmore for the present committed him.

The parson remained for some time with the old man and his wife after Sam was gone, but he soon found that he could be of no service by doing so. The miller himself would not speak, and Mrs. Brattle was utterly prostrated by her husband's misery.

"I do not know what to say about it," said Mr. Fenwick to his wife that night. "The suspicion is very strong, but I cannot say that I have an opinion one way or the other."

There was no sermon in Bullhampton church on that Sunday afternoon.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPTAIN MARRABLE AND HIS FATHER.

ONLY that it is generally conceived that in such a history as is this the writer of the tale should be able to make his points so clear by words that no further assistance should be needed, I should be tempted here to insert a properly illustrated pedigree tree of the Marrable family. The Marrable family is of very old standing in England, the first baronet having been created by James I., and there having been Marrables—as is well known by all attentive readers of English history—engaged in the Wars of the Roses, and again others very conspicuous in the religious persecutions of the children of Henry VIII. I do not know that they always behaved with consistency, but they held their heads up after a fashion, and got themselves talked of, and were people of note in the country. They were Cavaliers in the time of Charles I. and of Cromwell—as became men of blood and gentlemen—but it is not recorded of them that they sacrificed much in the cause; and when William III. became king they submitted

with a good grace to the new order of things. A certain Sir Thomas Marrable was member for his county in the reigns of George I. and George II., and enjoyed a lucrative confidence with Walpole. Then there came a blustering, roystering Sir Thomas, who, together with a fine man and gambler as his heir, brought the property to rather a low ebb; so that when Sir Gregory, the grandfather of our Miss Marrable, came to the title in the early days of George III., he was not a rich man. His two sons, another Sir Gregory and a General Marrable, died long before the days of which we are writing—Sir Gregory in 1815, and the general in 1820. That Sir Gregory was the second of the name—the second, at least, as mentioned in these pages. He had been our Miss Marrable's uncle, and the general had been her father and the father of Mrs. Lowther, Mary's mother. A third Sir Gregory was reigning at the time of our story—a very old gentleman with one single son, a fourth Gregory. Now the residence of Sir Gregory was at Dunriple Park, just on the borders of Warwickshire and Worcestershire, but in the latter county. The property was small, for a country gentleman with a title—not much exceeding three thousand a year—and there was no longer any sitting in Parliament or keeping of race-horses, or indeed any season in town for the present race of Marrables. The existing Sir Gregory was a very quiet man, and his son and only child, a man now about forty years of age, lived mostly at home, and occupied himself with things of antiquity. He was remarkably well read in the history of his own country, and it had been understood for the last twenty years by the antiquarian, archæological and other societies that he was the projector of a new theory about Stonehenge, and that his book on the subject was almost ready. Such were the two surviving members of the present senior branch of the family. But Sir Gregory had two brothers—the younger of the two being Parson John Marrable, the present rector of St. Peter's, Lowtown, and the occupier of the house within the

heavy slate-colored gates, where he lived a bachelor life, as had done before him his cousin the late rector; the elder being a certain Colonel Marrable. The Colonel Marrable again had a son who was a Captain Walter Marrable; and after him the confused reader shall be introduced to no more of the Marrable family. The enlightened reader will have by this time perceived that Miss Mary Lowther and Captain Walter Marrable were second cousins; and he will also have perceived, if he has given his mind fully to the study, that the present Parson John Marrable had come into the living after the death of a cousin of the same generation as himself, but of lower standing in the family. It was so; and by this may be seen how little the Sir Gregory of the present day had been able to do for his brother; and perhaps it may also be imagined from this that the present clergyman at Loring Lowtown had been able to do very little for himself. Nevertheless, he was a kindly-hearted, good, sincere old man—not very bright indeed, nor peculiarly fitted for preaching the gospel, but he was much liked, and he kept a curate, though his income out of the living was small. Now it so happened that Captain Marrable—Walter Marrable—came to stay with his uncle the parson about the same time that Mary Lowther returned to Loring.

"You remember Walter, do you not?" said Miss Marrable to her niece.

"Not the least in the world. I remember there was a Walter when I was at Dunripple. But that was ten years ago, and boy cousins and girl cousins never fraternize."

"I suppose he was nearly a young man then, and you were a child?"

"He was still at school, though just leaving it. He is seven years older than I am."

"He is coming to stay with Parson John."

"You don't say so, Aunt Sarah! What will such a man as Captain Marrable do at Loring?" Then Aunt Sarah explained all that she knew, and perhaps suggested more than she knew. Walter Marrable had quarreled with his father

the colonel—with whom, indeed everybody of the name of Marrable had always been quarreling, and who was believed by Miss Marrable to be the very — mischievous himself. He was a man always in debt, who had broken his wife's heart, who lived with low company and disgraced the family, who had been more than once arrested, on whose behalf all the family interest had been expended, so that nobody else could get anything, and who gambled and drank and did whatever wicked things a wicked old colonel living at Portsmouth could do. And indeed, hitherto, Miss Marrable had entertained opinions hardly more charitable respecting the son than she had done in regard to the father. She had disbelieved in this branch of the Marrables altogether. Captain Marrable had lived with his father a good deal—at least so she had understood—and therefore could not but be bad. And moreover, our Miss Sarah Marrable had throughout her whole life been somewhat estranged from the elder branches of the family. Her father, Walter, had been—so she thought—injured by his brother Sir Gregory, and there had been some law proceedings, not quite amicable, between her brother the parson and the present Sir Gregory. She respected Sir Gregory as the head of the family, but she never went now to Dunripple, and knew nothing of Sir Gregory's heir. Of the present Parson John she had thought very little before he had come to Loring. Since he had been living there she had found that blood was thicker than water—as she would say—and they two were intimate. When she heard that Captain Marrable was coming because he had quarreled with his father, she began to think that perhaps it might be as well that she should allow herself to meet this new cousin.

"What do you think of your cousin, Walter?" the old clergyman said to his nephew one evening, after the two ladies, who had been dining at the rectory, had left them. It was the first occasion on which Walter Marrable had met Mary since his coming to Loring.

"I remember her as well as if it were

yesterday, at Dunriple. She was a little girl then, and I thought her the most beautiful little girl in the world."

"We all think her very beautiful still."

"So she is; as lovely as ever she can stand. But she does not seem to have much to say for herself. I remember when she was a little girl she never would speak."

"I fancy she can talk when she pleases, Walter. But you mustn't fall in love with her."

"I won't, if I can help it."

"In the first place, I think she is as good as engaged to a fellow with a very pretty property in Wiltshire, and in the next place she hasn't got one shilling."

"There is not much danger. I am not inclined to trouble myself about any girl in my present mood, even if she had the pretty property herself and wasn't engaged to anybody. I suppose I shall get over it some day, but I feel just at present as though I couldn't say a kind word to a human being."

"Psha! psha! that's nonsense, Walter. Take things coolly. They're more likely to come right, and they won't be so troublesome, even if they don't." Such was the philosophy of Parson John; for the sake of digesting which the captain lit a cigar and went out to smoke it, standing at one of the open slate-colored gates.

It was said in the first chapter of this story that Mr. Gilmore was one of the heroes whose deeds the story undertakes to narrate, and a hint was perhaps expressed that of all the heroes he was the favorite. Captain Marrable is, however, another hero, and as such some word or two must be said of him. He was a better-looking man, certainly, than Mr. Gilmore, though perhaps his personal appearance did not at first sight give to the observer so favorable an idea of his character as did that of the other gentleman. Mr. Gilmore was to be read at a glance as an honest, straightforward, well-behaved country squire, whose word might be taken for anything—who might, perhaps, like to have his own way, but who could hardly do a cruel or an unfair thing. He was just such a man to look

at as a prudent mother would select as one to whom she might entrust her daughter with safety. Now Walter Marrable's countenance was of a very different die. He had served in India, and the naturally dark color of his face had thus become very swarthy. His black hair curled round his head, but the curls on his brow were becoming very thin, as though age were already telling on them, and yet he was four or five years younger than Mr. Gilmore. His eyebrows were thick and heavy, and his eyes seemed to be black. They were eyes which were used without much motion; and when they were dead set, as they were not unfrequently, it would seem as though he were defying those on whom he looked. Thus he made many afraid of him, and many who were not afraid of him disliked him because of a certain ferocity which seemed to characterize his face. He wore no beard beyond a heavy black moustache, which quite covered his upper lip. His nose was long and straight, his mouth large and his chin square. No doubt he was a handsome man. And he looked to be a tall man, though in truth he lacked two full inches of the normal six feet. He was broad across the chest, strong on his legs, and was altogether such a man to look at that few would care to quarrel with him, and many would think that he was disposed to quarrel. Of his nature he was not quarrelsome, but he was a man who certainly had received much injury. It need not be explained at length how his money affairs had gone wrong with him. He should have inherited—and indeed did inherit—a fortune from his mother's family, of which his father had contrived absolutely to rob him. It was only within the last month that he had discovered that his father had succeeded in laying his hands on certainly the bulk of his money, and it might be upon all. Words between them had been very bitter. The father, with a cigar between his teeth, had told his son that this was the fortune of war; that if justice had been done him at his marriage the money would have been his own; and that, by G—, he was very

sorry, and couldn't say anything more. The son had called the father a liar and a swindler; as indeed was the truth, though the son was doubtless wrong to say so to the author of his being. The father had threatened the son with his horsewhip; and so they had parted within ten days of Walter Marrable's return from India.

Walter had written to his two uncles, asking their advice as to saving the wreck, if anything might be saved. Sir Gregory had written back to say that he was an old man, that he was greatly grieved at the misunderstanding, and that Messrs. Block & Curling were the family lawyers. Parson John invited his nephew to come down to Loring Lowtown. Captain Marrable went to Block & Curling, who were by no means consolatory, and accepted his uncle's invitation.

It was but three days after the first meeting between the two cousins, that they were to be seen one evening walking together along the banks of the Lurwell, a little river which at Loring sometimes takes the appearance of a canal, and sometimes of a natural stream. But it is commercial, having connection with the Kennet and Avon navigation; and long, slow, ponderous barges, with heavy, dirty, sleepy bargemen, and rickety, ill-used barge-horses, are common in the neighborhood. In parts it is very pretty, as it runs under the chalky downs, and there are a multiplicity of locks, and the turf of the sheep-walks comes up to the towing-path; but in the close neighborhood of the town the canal is straight and uninteresting, the ground is level, and there is a scattered community of small, straight-built, light-brick houses, which are in themselves so ugly that they are incompatible with anything that is pretty in landscape.

Parson John—always so called to distinguish him from the late parson, his cousin, who had been the Rev. James Marrable—had taken occasion on behalf of his nephew to tell the story of his wrong to Miss Marrable, and by Miss Marrable it had been told to Mary. To both these ladies the thing seemed to be

so horrible—the idea that a father should have robbed his son—that the stern ferocity of the slow-moving eyes was forgiven, and they took him to their hearts—if not for love, at least for pity. Twenty thousand pounds ought to have become the property of Walter Marrable when some maternal relation had died. It had seemed hard that the father should have none of it, and on the receipt in India of representations from the colonel, Walter had signed certain fatal papers, the effect of which was that the father had laid his hands on pretty nearly the whole, if not on the whole, of the money, and had caused it to vanish. There was now a question whether some five thousand pounds might not be saved. If so, Walter would stay in England: if not, he would exchange and go back to India, "or," as he said himself, "to the devil."

"Don't speak of it in that way," said Mary.

"The worst of it is," said he, "that I am ashamed of myself for being so absolutely cut up about money. A man should be able to bear that kind of thing, but this hits one all round."

"I think you bear it very well."

"No, I don't. I didn't bear it well when I called my father a swindler. I didn't bear it well when I swore that I would put him in prison for robbing me. I don't bear it well now, when I think of it every moment. But I do so hate India, and I had so absolutely made up my mind never to return. If it hadn't been that I knew that this fortune was to be mine, I could have saved money, hand over hand."

"Can't you live on your pay here?"

"No!" He answered her almost as though he were angry with her. "If I had been used all my life to the strictest economies, perhaps I might do so. Some men do, no doubt, but I am too old to begin it. There is the choice of two things—to blow my brains out, or go back."

"You are not such a coward as that."

"I don't know. I ain't sure that it would be cowardice. If there were anybody I could injure by doing it, it would be cowardly."

"The family," suggested Mary.

"What does Sir Gregory care for me? I'll show you his letter to me some day. I don't think it would be cowardly at all to get away from such a lot."

"I am sure you won't do that, Captain Marrable."

"Think what it is to know that your father is a swindler. Perhaps that is the worst of it all. Fancy talking or thinking of one's family after that. I like my uncle John. He is very kind, and has offered to lend me one hundred and fifty pounds, which I am sure he can't afford to lose, and which I am too honest to take. But even he hardly sees it. He calls it a misfortune, and I've no doubt would shake hands with his brother to-morrow."

"So would you, if he were really sorry."

"No, Mary: nothing on earth shall ever induce me to set my eyes on him again willingly. He has destroyed all the world for me. He should have had half of it without a word. When he used to whine to me in his letters, and say how cruelly he had been treated, I always made up my mind that he should have half the income for life. It was because he should not want till I came home that I enabled him to do what he has done. And now he has robbed me of every cursed shilling! I wonder whether I shall ever get my mind free from it?"

"Of course you will."

"It seems now that my heart is wrapped in lead."

As they were coming home she put her hand upon his arm, and asked him to promise her to withdraw that threat.

"Why should I withdraw it? Who cares for me?"

"We all care: my aunt cares—I care."

"The threat means nothing, Mary. People who make such threats don't carry them out. Of course I shall go on and endure it. The worst of all is, that the whole thing makes me so unmanly—makes such a beast of me. But I'll try to get over it."

Mary Lowther thought that upon the whole he bore his misfortune very well.

CHAPTER XIV.

COUSINHOOD.

MARY LOWTHER and her cousin had taken their walk together on Monday evening, and on the next morning she received the following letter from Mrs. Fenwick. When it reached her she had as yet heard nothing of the Bullhampton tragedy:

"VICARAGE, Monday, Sept. 1, 186-.

"DEAREST MARY:

"I suppose you will have heard before you get this of the dreadful murder that has taken place here, and which has so startled and horrified us that we hardly know what we are doing even yet. It is hard to say why a thing should be worse because it is close, but it certainly is so. Had it been in the next parish, or even farther off in this parish, I do not think that I should feel it so much; and then we knew the old man so well; and then again—which makes it worst of all—we all of us are unable to get rid of a suspicion that one whom we knew, and we liked, has been a participator in the crime.

"It seems that it must have been about two o'clock on Sunday morning that Mr. Trumbull was killed. It was, at any rate, between one and three. As far as they can judge, they think that there must have been three men concerned. You remember how we used to joke about poor Mr. Trumbull's dog. Well, he was poisoned first—probably an hour before the men got into the house. It has been discovered that the foolish old man kept a large sum of money by him in a box, and that he always took this box into bed with him. The woman who lived in the house with him used to see it there. No doubt the thieves had heard of this, and both Frank and Mr. Gilmore think that the girl, Agnes Pope, whom you will remember in the choir, told about it. She lived with Mr. Trumbull, and we all thought her a very good girl, though she was too fond of that young man, Sam Brattle.

"They think that the men did not mean to do the murder, but that the old man fought so hard for his money that they were driven to it. His body was

not in the room, but on the top of the stairs, and his temple had been split open with a blow of a hammer. The hammer lay beside him, and was one belonging to the house. Mr. Gilmore says that there was great craft in their using a weapon which they did not bring with them. Of course they cannot be traced by the hammer.

"They got off with one hundred and fifty pounds in the box, and did not touch anything else. Everybody feels quite sure that they knew all about the money, and that when Mr. Gilmore saw them that night down at the churchyard corner they were prowling about with a view of seeing how they could get into the farmer's house, and not into the vicarage. Frank thinks that when he afterward found them in our place, Sam Brattle had brought them in with a kind of wild idea of taking the fruit, but that the men, of their own account, had come round to reconnoitre the house. They both say that there can be no doubt about the men having been the same. Then comes the terrible question whether Sam Brattle, the son of that dear woman at the mill, has been one of the murderers. He had been at home all the previous day, working very hard at the repairs — which are being done in obedience to your orders, my dear—but he certainly was out on the Saturday night.

"It is very hard to get at any man's belief in such matters, but, as far as I can understand them, I don't think that either Frank or Mr. Gilmore do really believe that he was there. Frank says that it will go very hard with him, and Mr. Gilmore has committed him. The magistrates are to sit to-morrow at Heytesbury, and Mr. Gilmore will be there. He has, as you may be sure, behaved as well as possible, and has quite altered in his manner to the old people. I was at the mill this morning: Brattle himself would not speak to me, but I sat for an hour with Mrs. Brattle and Fanny. It makes it almost the more melancholy having all the rubbish and building things about, and yet the work stopped.

"Fanny Brattle has behaved so well! It was she who told that her brother

had been out at night. Mr. Gilmore says that when the question was asked in his presence, she answered it in her own quiet, simple way, without a moment's doubt; but since that she has never ceased to assert her conviction that her brother has had nothing to do either with the murder or with the robbery. If it had not been for this, Mrs. Brattle would, I think, have sunk under the load. Fanny says the same thing constantly to her father. He scolds her and bids her hold her tongue, but she goes on, and I think it has some effect even on him. The whole place does look such a picture of ruin! It would break your heart to see it. And then, when one looks at the father and mother, one remembers about that other child, and is almost tempted to ask why such misery should have fallen upon parents who have been honest, sober and industrious. Can it really be that the man is being punished here on earth because he will not believe? When I hinted this to Frank, he turned upon me and scolded me, and told me I was measuring the Almighty God with a foot-rule. But men were punished in the Bible because they did not believe. Remember the Baptist's father. But I never dare to go on with Frank on these matters.

"I am so full of this affair of poor Mr. Trumbull, and so anxious about Sam Brattle, that I cannot now write about anything else. I can only say that no man ever behaved with greater kindness and propriety than Harry Gilmore, who has had to act as magistrate. Poor Fanny Brattle has to go to Heytesbury to-morrow to give her evidence. At first they said that they must take the father also, but he is to be spared for the present.

"I should tell you that Sam himself declares that he got to know these men at a place where he was at work, brick-making, near Devizes. He had quarreled with his father, and had got a job there, with high wages. He used to be out at night with them, and acknowledges that he joined one of them, a man named Burrows, in stealing a brood of pea-fowl which some poulterers wanted to buy.

He says he looked on it as a joke. Then it seems he had some spite against Trumbull's dog, and that this man Burrows came over here on purpose to take the dog away. This, according to his story, is all that he knows of the man; and he says that on that special Saturday night he had not the least idea that Burrows was at Bullhampton till he heard the sound of a certain cart on the road. I tell you all this, as I am sure you will share our anxiety respecting this unfortunate young man, because of his mother and sister.

"Good-bye, dearest! Frank sends ever so many loves; and somebody else would send them too, if he thought that I would be the bearer. Try to think so well of Bullhampton as to make you wish to live here. Give my kindest love to your aunt Sarah.

"Your most affectionate friend,

"JANET FENWICK."

Mary was obliged to read the letter twice before she completely understood it. Old Mr. Trumbull murdered! Why she had known the old man well—had always been in the habit of speaking to him when she met him either at the one gate or the other of the farmyard—had joked with him about Bone'm, and had heard him assert his own perfect security against robbers not a week before the night on which he was murdered! As Mrs. Fenwick had said, the truth is so much more real when it comes from things that are near. And then she had so often heard the character of Sam Brattle described—the man who was now in prison as a murderer! And she herself had given lessons in singing to Agnes Pope, who was now in some sort accused of aiding the thieves. And she herself had asked Agnes whether it was not foolish for her to be hanging about the farmyard, outside her master's premises, with Sam Brattle. It was all brought very near to her!

Before that day was over she was telling the story to Captain Marrable. She had of course told it to her aunt, and they had been discussing it the

whole morning. Mr. Gilmore's name had been mentioned to Captain Marrable, but very little more than the name. Aunt Sarah, however, had already begun to think whether it might not be prudent to tell Cousin Walter the story of the half-formed engagement. Mary had expressed so much sympathy with her cousin's wrongs that Aunt Sarah had begun to fear that that sympathy might lead to a tenderer feeling, and Aunt Sarah was by no means anxious that her niece should fall in love with a gentleman whose chief attraction was the fact that he had been ruined by his own father, even though that gentleman was Marrable himself. This danger might possibly be lessened if Captain Marrable were made acquainted with the Gilmore affair, and taught to understand how desirable such a match would be for Mary. But Aunt Sarah had qualms of conscience on the subject. She doubted whether she had a right to tell the story without leave from Mary; and then there was in truth no real engagement. She knew indeed that Mr. Gilmore had made the offer more than once; but then she knew also that the offer had at any rate not as yet been accepted, and she felt that on Mr. Gilmore's account, as well as on Mary's, she ought to hold her tongue. It might indeed be admissible to tell a cousin that which she would not tell to an indifferent young man; but nevertheless she could not bring herself to do, even with so good an object, that which she believed to be wrong.

That evening Mary was again walking on the towing-path beside the river with her cousin Walter. She had met him now about five times, and there was already an intimacy between them. The idea of cousinly intimacy to girls is undoubtedly very pleasant; and I do not know whether it is not the fact that the better and the purer is the girl the sweeter and the pleasanter is the idea. In America a girl may form a friendly intimacy with any young man she fancies, and though she may not be free from little jests and good-humored joking, there is no injury to her from such intimacy. It is her acknowledged right

to enjoy herself after that fashion, and to have what she calls a good time with young men. A dozen such intimacies do not stand in her way when there comes some real adorer who means to marry her and is able to do so. She rides with these friends, walks with them and corresponds with them. She goes out to balls and pic-nics with them, and afterward lets herself in with a latch-key, while her papa and mamma are abed and asleep, with perfect security. If there be much to be said against the practice, there is also something to be said for it. Girls on the continent of Europe, on the other hand, do not dream of making friendship with any man. A cousin with them is as much out of the question as the most perfect stranger. In strict families a girl is hardly allowed to go out with her brother, and I have heard of mothers who thought it indiscreet that a father should be seen alone with his daughter at a theatre. All friendships between the sexes must, under such a social code, be looked forward to as post-nuptial joys. Here in England there is a something betwixt the two. The intercourse between young men and girls is free enough to enable the latter to feel how pleasant it is to be able to forget for a while conventional restraints, and to acknowledge how joyous a thing it is to indulge in social intercourse in which the simple delight of equal mind meeting equal mind in equal talk is just enhanced by the unconscious remembrance that boys and girls when they meet together may learn to love. There is nothing more sweet in youth than this, nothing more natural, nothing more fitting—nothing, indeed, more essentially necessary for God's purposes with his creatures. Nevertheless, here with us, that is the restriction, and it is seldom that a girl can allow herself the full flow of friendship with a man who is not old enough to be her father, unless he is her lover as well as her friend. But cousinhood does allow some escape from the hardship of this rule. Cousins are Tom and Jack and George and Dick. Cousins probably know all or most of your little family secrets. Cousins perhaps have

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romped with you and scolded you and teased you when you were young. Cousins are almost the same as brothers, and yet they may be lovers. There is certainly a great relief in cousinhood.

Mary Lowther had no brother. She had neither brother nor sister—had since her earliest infancy hardly known any other relative save her aunt and old Parson John. When first she had heard that Walter Marrable was at Loring, the tidings gave her no pleasure whatever. It never occurred to her to say to herself, "Now I shall have one who may become my friend, and be to me perhaps almost a brother?" What she had hitherto heard of Walter Marrable had not been in his favor. Of his father she had heard all that was bad, and she had joined the father and the son together in what few ideas she had formed respecting them. But now, after five interviews, Walter Marrable was her dear cousin, with whom she sympathized, of whom she was proud, whose misfortunes were in some degree her misfortunes—to whom she thought she could very soon tell this great trouble of her life about Mr. Gilmore, as though he were indeed her brother. And she had learned to like his dark staring eyes, which now always seemed to be fixed on her with something of real regard. She liked them the better, perhaps, because there was in them so much of real admiration; though if it were so, Mary knew nothing of such liking herself. And now at his bidding she called him Walter. He had addressed her by her Christian name at first as a matter of course, and she had felt grateful to him for doing so. But she had not dared to be so bold with him till he had bade her do so, and now she felt that he was a cousin indeed. Captain Marrable was at present waiting, not with much patience, for tidings from Block & Curling. Would that five thousand pounds be saved for him, or must he again go out to India and be heard of no more at home in his own England? Mary was not so impatient as the captain, but she also was intensely interested in the expected letters. On this day, however, their conversation chiefly ran

on the news which Mary had that morning heard from Bullhampton.

"I suppose you feel sure," said the captain, "that young Sam Brattle was one of the murderers?"

"Oh no, Walter."

"Or at least one of the thieves?"

"But both Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Gilmore think that he is innocent!"

"I do not gather that from what your friend says. She says that she thinks that they think so. And then it is clear that he was hanging about the place before with the very men who have committed the crime; and that was a way in which he might have heard, and probably had heard, of the money; and then he was out and about that very night."

"Still, I can't believe it. If you knew the sort of people his father and mother are!" (Captain Marrable could not but reflect that, if an honest gentleman might have a swindler for his father, an honest miller might have a thief for his son.) "And then if you saw the place at which they live! I have a particular interest about it."

"Then the young man, of course, must be innocent."

"Don't laugh at me, Walter."

"Why is the place so interesting to you?"

"I can hardly tell you why. The father and the mother are interesting people, and so is the sister. And in their way they are so good! And they have had great troubles—very great troubles. And the place is so cool and pretty, all surrounded by streams and old pollard willows, with a thatched roof that comes in places nearly to the ground; and then the sound of the mill-wheel is the pleasantest sound I know anywhere."

"I will hope he is innocent, Mary."

"I do so hope he is innocent! And then my friends are so much interested about the family! The Fenwicks are very fond of them, and Mr. Gilmore is their landlord."

"He is the magistrate?"

"Yes, he is the magistrate."

"What sort of fellow is he?"

"A very good sort of fellow—such a

sort that he can hardly be better; a perfect gentleman."

"Indeed! And has he a perfect lady for his wife?"

"Mr. Gilmore is not married."

"What age is he?"

"I think he is thirty-three."

"With a nice estate and not married! What a chance you have left behind you, Mary!"

"Do you think, Walter, that a girl ought to wish to marry a man merely because he is a perfect gentleman, and has a nice estate, and is not yet married?"

"They say that they generally do; don't they?"

"I hope you don't think so. Any girl would be very fortunate to marry Mr. Gilmore if she loved him."

"But you don't?"

"You know I am not talking about myself, and you oughtn't to make personal allusions."

These cousinly walks along the banks of the Lurwell were not probably favorable to Mr. Gilmore's hopes.

CHAPTER XV.

THE POLICE AT FAULT.

THE magistrates sat at Heytesbury on the Tuesday, and Sam Brattle was remanded. An attorney had been employed on his behalf by Mr. Fenwick. The parson on the Monday evening had been down at the mill, and had pressed strongly on the old miller the necessity of getting some legal assistance for his son. At first, Mr. Brattle was stern, immovable and almost dumb. He sat on the bench outside his door, with his eyes fixed on the dismantled mill, and shook his head wearily, as though sick and sore with the words that were being addressed to him. Mrs. Brattle the while stood in the doorway and listened to what was said without uttering a sound. If the parson could not prevail, it would be quite out of the question that any word of hers should do good. There she stood, wiping the tears from her eyes, looking on wishfully, while her husband did not even know that she

was there. At last he rose from his seat, and hallooed to her. "Maggie!" said he—"Maggie!" She stepped forward and put her hand upon his shoulder. "Bring me down the purse, mother," he said.

"There will be nothing of that kind wanted," said the parson.

"Them gentlemen don't work for such as our boy for nothin'," said the miller. "Bring me the purse, mother, I say. There aren't much in it, but there's a few guineas as 'll do for that, perhaps. As well pitch 'em away that way as any other."

Mr. Fenwick, of course, declined to take the money. He would make the lawyer understand that he would be properly paid for his trouble, and that for the present would suffice. Only, as he explained, it was expedient that he should have the father's authority. Should any question on the matter arise, it would be better for the young man that he should be defended by his father's aid than by that of a stranger. "I understand, Mr. Fenwick," said the old man—"I understand; and it's neighborly of you. But it'd be better that you'd just leave us alone to go out like the snuff of a candle."

"Father," said Fanny, "I won't have you speak in that way, making out our Sam to be guilty before e'er a one else has said so." The miller shook his head again, but said nothing further, and the parson, having received the desired authority, returned to the vicarage.

The attorney had been employed, and Sam had been remanded. There was no direct evidence against him, and nothing could be done until the other men should be taken, for whom they were seeking. The police had tracked the two men back to a cottage about fifteen miles distant from Bullhampton, in which lived an old woman who was the mother of the Grinder. With Mrs. Burrows they found a young woman who had lately come to live there, and who was said in the neighborhood to be the Grinder's wife.

But nothing more could be learned of the Grinder than that he had been at

the cottage on the Sunday morning, and had gone away according to his wont. The old woman swore that he slept there the whole of Saturday night, but of course the policemen had not believed her statement. When does any policeman ever believe anything? Of the pony and cart the old woman declared she knew nothing. Her son had no pony and no cart, to her knowing. Then she went on to declare that she knew very little about her son, who never lived with her, and that she had only taken in the young woman out of charity about two weeks since. The mother did not for a moment pretend that her son was an honest man, getting his bread after an honest fashion. The Grinder's mode of life was too well known for even a mother to attempt to deny it. But she pretended that she was very honest herself, and appealed to sundry brandy-balls and stale biscuits in her window to prove that she lived after a decent, honest, commercial fashion.

Sam was of course remanded. The head constable of the district asked for a week more to make fresh inquiry, and expressed a very strong opinion that he would have the Grinder and his friend by the heels before the week should be over. The Heytesbury attorney made a feeble request that Sam might be released on bail, as there was not, according to his statement, "the remotest shadow of a tittle of evidence against him." But poor Sam was sent back to jail, and there remained for that week. On the next Tuesday the same scene was re-enacted. The Grinder had not been taken, and a further remand was necessary. The face of the head constable was longer on this occasion than it had been before, and his voice less confident. The Grinder, he thought, must have caught one of the early Sunday trains and made his way to Birmingham. It had been ascertained that he had friends in Birmingham. Another remand was asked for a week, with an understanding that at the end of the week it should be renewed if necessary. The policeman seemed to think that by that time, unless the Grinder were be-

low the sod, his presence above it would certainly be proved. On this occasion the Heytesbury attorney made a very loud demand for Sam's liberation, talking of habeas corpus and the injustice of incarceration without evidence of guilt. But the magistrate would not let him go. "When I'm told that the young man was seen hiding in a ditch close to the murdered man's house only a few days before the murder, is that no evidence against him, Mr. Jones?" said Sir Thomas Charleys of Charlicoats, the Cranmer of the bench.

"No evidence at all, Sir Thomas. If I had been found asleep in the ditch, that would have been no evidence against me."

"Yes, it would—very strong evidence; and I would have committed you on it, without hesitation, Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones made a spirited rejoinder to this, but it was of no use, and poor Sam was sent back to his jail for the third time.

For the first ten days after the murder nothing was done as to the works at the mill. The men who had been employed by Brattle ceased to come, apparently of their own account, and everything was lying there just in the state in which the men had left the place on the Saturday night. There was something inexpressibly sad in this, as the old man could not even make a pretence of going into the mill for employment, and there was absolutely nothing to which he could put his hands, to do it. When ten days were over, Gilmore came down to the mill and suggested that the works should be carried on and finished by him. If the mill were not kept at work, the old man could not live and no rent would be paid. At any rate, it would be better that this great sorrow should not be allowed so to cloud everything as to turn industry into idleness, and straitened circumstances into absolute beggary. But the squire found it very difficult to deal with the miller. At first, old Brattle would neither give nor withhold his consent. When told by the squire that the property could not be left in that way, he expressed himself willing to go out into the road and lay himself down and

die there, but not until the term of his holding was legally brought to a close. "I don't know that I owe any rent over and beyond this Michaelmas as is coming, and there's the hay on the ground yet." Gilmore, who was very patient, assured him that he had no wish to allude to rent—that there should be no question of rent even when the day came, if at that time money was scarce with the old man. But would it not be better that the mill, at least, should be put in order?

"Indeed it will, squire," said Mrs. Brattle. "It is the idleness that is killing him."

"Hold your jabbering tongue!" said the miller, turning round upon her fiercely. "Who asked you? I will see to it myself, squire, to-morrow or next day."

After two or three further days of inaction at the mill, the squire came again, bringing the parson with him; and they did manage to arrange between them that the repairs should be at once continued. The mill should be completed, but the house should be left till next summer. As to Brattle himself, when he had been once persuaded to yield the point, he did not care how much they pulled down or how much they built up. "Do it as you will," he said: "I ain't nobody now. The women drives me about my own house as if I hadn't a'most no business there." And so the hammers and trowels were heard again; and old Brattle would sit perfectly silent, gazing at the men as they worked. Once, as he saw two men and a boy shifting a ladder, he turned round with a little chuckle to his wife, and said, "Sam'd 'a see'd hisself d—d afore he'd 'a asked another chap to help him with such a job as that."

As Mrs. Brattle told Mrs. Fenwick afterward, he had one of his erring children in his thoughts morning, noon and night. "When I tell 'un of George" (who was the farmer near Fordingbridge), "and of Mrs. Jay" (who was the ironmonger's wife at Warminster), "he won't take any comfort in them," said Mrs. Brattle. "I don't think he cares for them, just because they can hold their own heads up."

At the end of three weeks the Grinder was still missing, and others besides Mr. Jones the attorney were beginning to say that Sam Brattle should be let out of prison. Mr. Fenwick was clearly of opinion that he should not be detained if bail could be forthcoming. The squire was more cautious, and said that it might well be that his escape would render it impossible for the police ever to get on the track of the real murderers. "No doubt he knows more than he has told," said Gilmore, "and will probably tell it at last. If he be let out, he will tell nothing." The police were all of opinion that Sam had been present at the murder, and that he should be kept in custody till he was tried. They were very sharp in their manœuvres to get evidence against him. His boot, they had said, fitted a footstep which had been found in the mud in the farmyard. The measure had been taken on the Sunday. That was evidence. Then they examined Agnes Pope over and over again, and extracted from the poor girl an admission that she loved Sam better than anything in the whole wide world. If he were to be in prison, she would not object to go to prison with him. If he were to be hung, she would wish to be hung with him. She had no secret she would not tell him. But, as a matter of fact—so she swore over and over again—she had never told him a word about old Trumbull's box. She did not think she had ever told any one, but she would swear on her deathbed that she had never told Sam Brattle. The head constable declared that he had never met a more stubborn or a more artful young woman. Sir Thomas Charleys was clearly of opinion that no bail should be accepted. Another week of remand was granted, with the understanding that if nothing of importance was elicited by that time, and if neither of the other two suspected men was by that time in custody, Sam should be allowed to go at large upon bail—a good, substantial bail—himself in one thousand pounds, and his bailsmen in two hundred pounds each.

"Who'll be his bailsmen?" said the

squire, coming away with his friend the parson from Heytesbury.

"There will be no difficulty about that, I should say."

"But who will they be—his father for one?"

"His brother George, and Jay, at Warminster, who married his sister," said the parson.

"I doubt them both," said the squire.

"He sha'n't want for bail: I'll be one myself, sooner. He shall have bail. If there's any difficulty, Jones shall bail him; and I'll see Jones safe through it. He sha'n't be persecuted in that way."

"I don't think anybody has attempted to persecute him, Frank."

"He will be persecuted if his own brothers won't come forward to help him. It isn't that they have looked into the matter and that they think him guilty, but that they go just the way they're told to go, like sheep. The more I think of it, the more I feel that he had nothing to do with the murder."

"I never knew a man change his opinion so often as you do," said Gilmore.

During three weeks the visits made by Head Constable Toffy to the cottage in which Mrs. Burrows lived were much more frequent than was agreeable to that lady. This cottage was about four miles from Devizes, and on the edge of a common about half a mile from the high road which leads from that town to Marlborough. There is, or was a year or two back, a considerable extent of unenclosed land thereabouts, and on a spot called Pycroft Common there was a small collection of cottages, sufficient to constitute a hamlet of the smallest class. There was no house there of greater pretensions than the very small beershop which provided for the conviviality of the Pycroftians; and of other shops there were none save a baker's, the owner of which had seldom much bread to sell, and the establishment for brandy-balls which was kept by Mrs. Burrows. The inhabitants were chiefly laboring men, some of whom were in summer employed in brickmaking; and there was an idea abroad that Pycroft generally was not sustained by regular labor and sober

industry. Rents, however, were paid for the cottages, or the cottagers would have been turned adrift; and Mrs. Burrows had lived in hers for five or six years, and was noted in the neighborhood for her outward neatness and attention to decency. In the summer there were always half a dozen large sunflowers in the patch of ground called a garden, and there was a rose tree, and a bush of honeysuckle over the door, and an alder stump in a corner which would still put out leaves and bear berries. When Head Constable Toffy visited her, there would be generally a few high words, for Mrs. Burrows was by no means unwilling to let it be known that she objected to morning calls from Mr. Toffy.

It has been already said that at this time Mrs. Burrows did not live alone. Residing with her was a young woman who was believed by Mr. Toffy to be the wife of Richard Burrows, alias the Grinder. On his first visit to Pycroft no doubt Mr. Toffy was mainly anxious to ascertain whether anything was known by the old woman as to her son's whereabouts; but the second, third and fourth visits were made rather to the younger than to the older woman. Toffy had probably learned in his wide experience that a man of the Grinder's nature will generally place more reliance on a young woman than on an old; and that the young woman will, nevertheless, be more likely to betray confidence than the older—partly from indiscretion, and partly, alas! from treachery. But if the presumed Mrs. Burrows, Junior, knew aught of the Grinder's present doings, she was neither indiscreet nor treacherous. Mr. Toffy could get nothing from her. She was sickly, weak, sullen and silent. "She didn't think it was her business to say where she had been living before she came to Pycroft. She hadn't been living with no husband, and hadn't got no husband, that she know'd of. If she had, she wasn't going to say so. She hadn't any children, and she didn't know what business he had to ask her. She came from Lunnun. At any rate, she came from there last, and she didn't know what business he had to ask her where

she came from. What business was it of his to be asking what her name was? Her name was Anne Burrows, if he liked to call her so. She wouldn't answer him any more questions. No; she wouldn't say what her name was before she was married."

Mr. Toffy had his reasons for interrogating this poor woman, but he did not for a while let any one know what those reasons were. He could not, however, obtain more information than what is contained in the answers above given, which were, for the most part, true. Neither the mother nor the younger woman knew where was to be found, at the present moment, that hero of adventure who was called the Grinder, and all the police of Wiltshire began to fear that they were about to be outwitted.

"You never were at Bullhampton with your husband, I suppose?" asked Mr. Toffy.

"Never," said the Grinder's wife; "but what does it matter to you where I was?"

"Don't answer him never another word," said Mrs. Burrows.

"I won't," said the Grinder's wife.

"Were you ever at Bullhampton at all?" asked Mr. Toffy.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said the younger woman.

"I think you must have been there once," said Mr. Toffy.

"What business is it of your'n?" demanded Mrs. Burrows, Senior. "Drat you! get out of this! You ain't no right here, and you sha'n't stay here. If you ain't out of this, I'll brain yer. I don't care for perlice nor anything. We ain't done nothing. If he did smash the gen'leman's head, we didn't do it—neither she nor me."

"All the same I think that Mrs. Burrows has been at Bullhampton," said the policeman.

Not another word after this was said by Mrs. Burrows, Junior, and Constable Toffy soon took his departure. He was convinced, at any rate, of this: that wherever the murderers might be—the man or men who had joined Sam Brattle in the murder, for of Sam's guilt he was

quite convinced—neither the mother nor the so-called wife knew of their whereabouts. He, in his heart, condemned the constabulary of Warwickshire, of Gloucestershire, of Worcestershire and of Somersetshire because the Grinder was not taken. Especially he condemned the constabulary of Warwickshire, feeling almost sure that the Grinder was in Birmingham. If the constabulary in those counties would only do their duty as they in Wiltshire did theirs, the Grinder and his associates would soon be taken. But by him nothing further could be learned, and Mr. Toffy left Pycroft Common with a heavy heart.

"D—and b—'im!" said the old woman, as soon as he was gone.

"Ah me! I wish that they would kill me," said the young one.

"That he should have risked hisself coming all the way here to see such a lily-livered thing as thou art! And it warn't he as did it."

"Who says it was?" asked the young woman.

"I knows who did it," said the old one.

"So do I," said the younger.

"It was Sam," said the elder.

"You lie!" said the younger woman, getting up. "You know you lie. Sam never did it. You lie! you lie! you lie!"

CHAPTER XVI.

MISS LOWTHER ASKS FOR ADVICE.

ALL these searchings for the murderers of Mr. Trumbull, and these remandings of Sam Brattle, took place in the month of September, and during that same month the energy of other men of law was very keenly at work on a widely different subject. Could Messrs. Block & Curling assure Captain Marrable that a portion of his inheritance would be saved for him, or had that graceless father of his in very truth seized upon it all? There was no shadow of doubt but that if aught was spared, it had not been spared through any delicacy on the part of the colonel. The colonel had gone to work paying creditors who were

clamorous against him the moment he had got his hand upon the money, and had gone to work also gambling, and had made assignments of money, and done his very best to spend the whole. But there was a question whether a certain sum of five thousand pounds, which seemed to have got into the hands of a certain lady, who protested that she wanted it very badly, might not be saved. Messrs. Block & Curling thought that it might, but were by no means certain. It probably might be done if the captain would consent to bring the matter before a jury; in which case the whole story of the father's iniquity must, of course, be proved. Or it might be that by threatening to do this the lady's friends would relax their grasp on receiving a certain present out of the money. "We would offer them fifty pounds, and perhaps they would take five hundred," said Messrs. Block & Curling.

All this irritated the captain. He was intensely averse to any law proceedings by which the story should be made public. "I won't pretend that it is on my father's account," said he to his uncle. Parson John shrugged his shoulders and shook his head, meaning to imply that it certainly was a bad case, but that as Colonel Marrable was a Marrable, he ought to be spared if possible. "It is on my own account," continued the captain, "and partly, perhaps, on that of the family. I would endure anything rather than have the filth of the transaction flooded through the newspapers. I should never be able to join my mess again if I did that."

"Then you'd better let Block & Curling compromise and get what they can," said Parson John, with an indifferent and provoking tone, which clearly indicated that he would regard the matter when so settled as one arranged amicably and pleasantly between all the parties. His uncle's calmness and absence of horror at the thing that had been done was very grievous to Captain Marrable.

"Poor Wat!" the parson had once said, speaking of his wicked brother: "he never could keep two shillings together. It's ever so long since I had to

determine that nothing on earth should induce me to let him have half a crown. I must say that he did not take it amiss when I told him."

"Why should he have wanted half a crown from you?"

"He was always one of those thirsty sandbags that swallow small drops and large alike. He got ten thousand pounds out of poor Gregory about the time that you were born, and Gregory is fretting about it yet."

"What kills me is the disgrace of the connection," said the young man.

"It would be disagreeable to have it in the newspapers," said Parson John. "And then he was such a pleasant fellow, and so handsome! I always enjoyed his society when once I had buttoned up my breeches pocket."

Yet this man was a clergyman, preaching honesty and moral conduct, and living fairly well up to his preaching, too, as far as he himself was concerned! The captain almost thought that the earth and skies should be brought together, and the clouds clap with thunder, and the mountains be riven in twain, at the very mention of his father's wickedness. But then sins committed against one's self are so much more sinful than any other sins!

The captain had much more sympathetic listeners in Uphill Lane; not that either of the ladies there spoke severely against his father, but that they entered more cordially into his own distresses. If he could save even four thousand five hundred pounds out of the wreck, the interest on the money would enable him to live at home in his regiment. If he could get four thousand pounds, he would do it. "With one hundred and fifty pounds per annum," he said, "I could just hold my head up and get along. I should have to give up all manner of things, but I would never cry about that." Then, again, he would declare that the one thing necessary for his happiness was that he should get the whole business of the money off his mind. "If I could have it settled and have done with it," said he, "I should be at ease."

"Quite right, my dear," said the old

lady. "My idea about money is this, that whether you have much or little, you should make your arrangements so that it is no matter of thought to you. Your money should be just like counters at a round game with children, and should mean nothing. It comes to that when you once get things on a proper footing."

They thus became very intimate, the two ladies in Uphill Lane and the captain from his uncle's parsonage in the Lowtown; and the intimacy on his part was quite as strong with the younger as with the elder relative—quite as strong, and no doubt more pleasant. They walked together constantly, as cousins may walk, and they knew every turn that took place in the correspondence with Messrs. Block & Curling. Captain Mar-
rable had come to his uncle's house for a week or ten days, but had been pressed to remain on till this business should be concluded. His leave of absence lasted till the end of November, and might be prolonged if he intended to return to India. "Stay here till the end of November," said Parson John. "What's the use of spending your money at a London hotel. Only don't fall in love with Cousin Mary." So the captain did stay, obeying one half of his uncle's advice, and promising obedience to the other half.

Aunt Sarah also had her fears about the falling in love, and spoke a prudent word to Mary.

"Mary dear," she said, "you and Walter are as loving as turtle doves."

"I do like him so much," said Mary, boldly.

"So do I, my dear. He is a gentleman and clever, and, upon the whole, he bears a great injury well. I like him. But I have a reason why I sha'n't fall in love with him."

"What is your reason?" said Mary, laughing.

"I don't think people ought to fall in love when there is a strong reason against it."

"Certainly not, if they can help it."

"Psha! That's missish nonsense, Mary, and you know it. If a girl were to tell me she fell in love because she

couldn't help it, I should tell her that she wasn't worth any man's love."

"But what's your reason, Aunt Sarah?"

"Because it wouldn't suit Walter; and your reason should be that it wouldn't suit Mr. Gilmore."

"I am not bound to suit Mr. Gilmore."

"I don't know about that. And then, too, it would not suit Walter himself. How could he marry a wife when he has just been robbed of all his fortune?"

"But I have not the slightest idea of falling in love with him. In spite of what I said, I do hope that I can help it. And then I feel to him just as though he were my brother. I've got almost to know what it would be to have a brother."

In this Miss Lowther was probably wrong. She had now known her cousin for just a month. A month is quite long enough to realize the pleasure of a new lover, but it may be doubted whether the intimacy of a brother does not take a very much longer period for its creation.

"I think, if I were you," said Miss Marrable, after a pause, "that I would tell him about Mr. Gilmore."

"Would you, Aunt Sarah?"

"I think I would. If he were really your brother, you would tell him."

It was probably the case that when Miss Marrable gave this advice her opinion of Mr. Gilmore's success was greater than the circumstances warranted. Though there had been much said between the aunt and her niece about Mr. Gilmore and his offers, Mary had never been able quite to explain her own thoughts and feelings. She herself did not believe that she could be brought to accept him, and was now stronger in that opinion than ever. But were she to say so in language that would convince her aunt, her aunt would no doubt ask her, Why then had she left the man in doubt? Though she knew that at every moment in which she had been called upon to act she had struggled to do right, yet there hung over her a half conviction that she had been weak and almost selfish. Her dearest friends wrote to her and spoke to her as though she would certainly take Mr. Gilmore at

last. Janet Fenwick wrote of it in her letters as of a thing almost fixed; and Aunt Sarah certainly lived as though she expected it; and yet Mary was very nearly sure that it could not be so. Would it not be better that she should write to Mr. Gilmore at once, and not wait till the expiration of the weary six months which he had specified as the time at the end of which he would renew his proposals? Had Aunt Sarah known all this—had she been aware how very near Mary was to the writing of such a letter—she would not probably have suggested that her niece should tell her cousin anything about Mr. Gilmore. She did think that the telling of the tale would make Cousin Walter understand that he should not allow himself to become an interloper; but the tale, if told as Mary would tell it, might have a very different effect.

Nevertheless, Mary thought that she would tell it. It would be so nice to consult a brother! It would be so pleasant to discuss the matter with some one that would sympathize with her—with some one who would not wish to drive her into Mr. Gilmore's arms simply because Mr. Gilmore was an excellent gentleman with a snug property! Even from Janet Fenwick, whom she loved dearly, she had never succeeded in getting the sort of sympathy that she wanted. Janet was the best friend in the world—was actuated in this matter simply by a desire to do a good turn to two people whom she loved—but there was no sympathy between her and Mary in the matter.

"Marry him," said Janet, "and you will adore him afterward."

"I want to adore him first," said Mary.

So she resolved that she would tell Walter Marrable what was her position. They were again down on the banks of the Lurwell, sitting together on the slope which had been made to support some hundred yards of a canal, where the river itself rippled down a slightly rapid fall. They were seated between the canal and the river, with their feet toward the latter, and Walter Marrable

was just lighting a cigar. It was very easy to bring the conversation round to the affairs of Bullhampton, as Sam was still in prison, and Janet's letters were full of the mystery with which the murder of Mr. Trumbull was shrouded.

"By the by," said she, "I have something to tell you about Mr. Gilmore."

"Tell away," said he, as he turned the cigar round in his mouth to complete the lighting of the edges in the wind.

"Ah, but I sha'n't, unless you will interest yourself. What I am going to tell you ought to interest you."

"He has made you a proposal of marriage?"

"Yes."

"I knew it.

"How could you know it? Nobody has told you."

"I felt sure of it from the way in which you speak of him. But I thought also that you had refused him. Perhaps I was wrong there."

"No."

"You have refused him?"

"Yes."

"I don't see that there is very much story to be told, Mary."

"Don't be so unkind, Walter. There is a story, and one that troubles me. If it were not so, I should not have proposed to tell you. I thought that you would give me advice and tell me what I ought to do."

"But if you have refused him you have done so—no doubt, rightly—without my advice; and I am too late in the field to be of any service."

"You must let me tell my own story, and you must be good to me while I do so. I think I shouldn't tell you if I hadn't almost made up my mind; but I sha'n't tell you which way, and you must advise me. In the first place, though I did refuse him, the matter is still open, and he is to ask me again if he pleases."

"He has your permission for that?"

"Well—yes. I hope it wasn't wrong. I did so try to be right."

"I do not say you were wrong."

"I like him so much, and think him so good, and do really feel that his affec-

tion is so great an honor to me, that I could not answer him as though I were quite indifferent to him."

"At any rate, he is to come again?"

"If he pleases."

"Does he really love you?"

"How am I to say? But that is missish and untrue. I am sure he loves me."

"So that he will grieve to lose you?"

"I know he will grieve—I shouldn't say so. But I know he will."

"You ought to tell the truth, as you believe it. And you yourself—do you love him?"

"I don't know. I do love him, but if I heard he was going to marry another girl to-morrow, it would make me very happy."

"Then you can't love him."

"I feel as though I should think the same of any man who wanted to marry me. But let me go on with my story. Everybody I care for wishes me to take him. I know that Aunt Sarah feels quite sure that I shall at last, and that she thinks I ought to do so at once. My friend, Janet Fenwick, cannot understand why I should hesitate, and only forgives me because she is sure that it will come right, in her way, some day. Mr. Fenwick is just the same, and will always talk to me as though it were my fate to live at Bullhampton all my life."

"Is not Bullhampton a nice place?"

"Very nice: I love the place."

"And Mr. Gilmore is rich?"

"He is quite rich enough. Fancy my inquiring about that, with just twelve hundred pounds for my fortune!"

"Then why, in God's name, don't you accept him?"

"You think I ought?"

"Answer my question—why do you not?"

"Because—I do not love him—as I should hope to love my husband."

After this Captain Marrable, who had been looking her full in the face while he had been asking these questions, turned somewhat away from her, as though the conversation were over. She remained motionless, and was minded so to remain till he should tell her that it

was time to move that they might return home. He had given her no advice, but she presumed she was to take what had passed as the expression of his opinion that it was her duty to accept an offer so favorable and so satisfactory to the family. At any rate, she would say nothing more on the subject till he should address her. Though she loved him dearly as her cousin, yet she was in some slight degree afraid of him. And now she was not sure but that he was expressing toward her, by his anger, some amount of displeasure at her weakness and inconsistency. After a while he turned round suddenly and took her by the hand.

"Well, Mary!" he said.

"Well, Walter!"

"What do you mean to do, after all?"

"What ought I to do?"

"What ought you to do? You know what you ought to do. Would you marry a man for whom you have no more regard than you have for this stick, simply because he is persistent in asking you? No more than you have for this stick, Mary. What sort of a feeling must it be when you say that you would willingly see him married to any other girl to-morrow? Can that be love?"

"I have never loved any one better."

"And never will?"

"How can I say? It seems to me that I haven't got the feeling that other girls have. I want some one to love me—I do. I own that. I want to be first with some one, but I have never found the one yet that I cared for."

"You had better wait till you find him," said he, raising himself up on his arm. "Come, let us get up and go home. You have asked me for my advice and I have given it you. Do not throw yourself away upon a man because other people ask you, and because you think you might as well oblige them and oblige him. If you do, you will soon live to repent it. What would you do if, after marrying this man, you found there was some one you could love?"

"I do not think it would come to that, Walter."

"How can you tell? How can you

prevent its coming to that, except by loving the man you do marry? You don't care two straws for Mr. Gilmore, and I cannot understand how you can have the courage to think of becoming his wife. Let us go home. You have asked my advice, and you've got it. If you do not take it, I will endeavor to forget that I gave it you."

Of course she would take it. She did not tell him so then, but of course he should guide her. With how much more accuracy, with how much more delicacy of feeling, had he understood her position than had her other friends! He had sympathized with her at a word. He spoke to her sternly, severely, almost cruelly. But it was thus that she had longed to be spoken to by some one who would care enough for her, would take sufficient interest in her, to be at the trouble so to advise her. She would trust him as a brother, and his words should be sweet to her were they ever so severe.

They walked together home in silence, and his very manner was stern to her, but it might be just thus that a loving brother would carry himself who had counseled his sister wisely, and had not as yet been assured that his counsel would be taken.

"Walter," she said, as they neared the town, "I hope you have no doubt about it?"

"Doubt about what, Mary?"

"It is quite a matter of course that I shall do as you tell me."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARQUIS OF TROWBRIDGE.

By the end of September it had come to be pretty well understood that Sam Brattle must be allowed to go out of prison unless something in the shape of fresh evidence should be brought up on the next Tuesday. There had arisen a very strong feeling in the county on the subject—a Brattle feeling and an anti-Brattle feeling. It might have been called a Bullhampton feeling and an anti-Bullhampton feeling, were it not

that the biggest man concerned in Bullhampton, with certain of his hangers-on and dependants, were very clearly of opinion that Sam Brattle had committed the murder, and that he should be kept in prison till the period for hanging him might come round. This very big person was the Marquis of Trowbridge, under whom poor Farmer Trumbull had held his land, and who now seemed to think that a murder committed on one of his tenants was almost as bad as insult to himself. He felt personally angry with Bullhampton, had ideas of stopping his charities to the parish, and did resolve, then and there, that he would have nothing to do with a subscription in the repair of the church, at any rate for the next three years. In making up his mind on which subject he was, perhaps, a little influenced by the opinions and narratives of Mr. Puddleham, the Methodist minister in the village.

It was not only that Mr. Trumbull had been murdered. So great and wise a man as Lord Trowbridge would no doubt know very well that in a free country, such as England, a man could not be specially protected from the hands of murderers or others by the fact of his being the tenant or dependant—by his being, in some sort, the possessed—of a great nobleman. The marquis' people were all expected to vote for his candidates, and would soon have ceased to be the marquis' people had they failed to do so. They were constrained also, in many respects, by the terms of their very short leases. They could not kill a head of game on their farms. They could not sell their own hay off the land, nor indeed any produce other than their corn or cattle. They were compelled to crop their land in certain rotation, and could take no other lands than those held under the marquis without his leave. In return for all this they became the marquis' people. Each tenant shook hands with the marquis perhaps once in three years; and twice a year was allowed to get drunk at the marquis' expense—if such was his taste—provided that he had paid his rent. If the duties were heavy, the privileges were great. So the mar-

quis felt himself; and he knew that a mantle of security, of a certain thickness, was spread upon the shoulders of each of his people by reason of the tenure which bound them together. But he did not conceive that this mantle would be proof against the bullet of the ordinary assassin or the hammer of the outside ruffian. But here the case was very different. The hammer had been the hammer of no outside ruffian. To the best of his lordship's belief—and in that belief he was supported by the constabulary of the whole county—the hammer had been wielded by a man of Bullhampton—had been wielded against his tenant by the son of "a person who holds land under a gentleman who has some property in the parish." It was thus the marquis was accustomed to speak of his neighbor, Mr. Gilmore, who, in the marquis' eyes, was a man not big enough to have his tenants called his people. That such a man as Sam Brattle should have murdered such a one as Mr. Trumbull was, to the marquis, an insult rather than an injury; and now it was to be enhanced by the release of the man from prison, and that by order of a bench of magistrates on which Mr. Gilmore sat!

And there was more in it even than all this. It was very well known at Turnover Park—the seat of Lord Trowbridge, near Westbury—that Mr. Gilmore, the gentleman who held property in his lordship's parish of Bullhampton, and Mr. Fenwick, who was vicar of the same, were another Damon and Pythias. Now the ladies at Turnover, who were much devoted to the Low Church, had heard, and doubtless believed, that our friend Mr. Fenwick was little better than an infidel. When first he had come into the county they had been very anxious to make him out to be a High Churchman, and one or two stories about a cross and a candlestick were fabricated for their gratification. There was at that time the remnant of a great fight going on between the Trowbridge people and another great family in the neighborhood on this subject; and it would have suited the Ladies Stowte—John Augustus Stowte was the Marquis of Trowbridge—

to have enlisted our parson among their enemies of this class ; but the accusation fell so plump to the ground, was so impossible of support, that they were obliged to content themselves with knowing that Mr. Fenwick was—an infidel ! To do the marquis justice, we must declare that he would not have troubled himself on this score if Mr. Fenwick would have submitted himself to become one of his pupils. The marquis was master at home, and the Ladies Sophie and Caroline would have been proud to entertain Mr. Fenwick by the week together at Turnover had he been willing, infidel or believer, to join that faction. But he never joined that faction, but only was the bosom friend of the “gentleman who owned some land in the parish ;” but he was twice more rebellious than that gentleman himself. He had contradicted the marquis flat to his face—so the marquis said himself—when they met once about some business in the parish ; and again, when, in the vicar’s early days in Bullhampton, some gathering for school-festival purposes was made in the great home-field behind Farmer Trumbull’s house, Mrs. Fenwick misbehaved herself egregiously.

“Upon my word, she patronized us !” said Lady Sophie, laughing. “She did, indeed ! And you know what she was. Her father was first a common builder at Loring, who made some money by a speculation in bricks and mortar.”

When Lady Sophie said this she was no doubt ignorant of the fact that Mr. Balfour had been the younger son of a family much more ancient than her own, that he had taken a double first at Oxford, had been a member of half the learned societies in Europe, and had belonged to two or three of the best clubs in London.

From all this it will be seen that the Marquis of Trowbridge would be disposed to think ill of whatever might be done in regard to the murder by the Gilmore-Fenwick party in the parish. And then there were tales about, in which there was perhaps some foundation, that the vicar and the murderer had been very dear friends. It was certainly

believed at Turnover that the vicar and Sam Brattle had for years past spent the best part of their Sundays fishing together. There were tales of rat-killing matches in which they had been engaged, originating in the undeniable fact of a certain campaign against rats at the mill, in which the vicar had taken an ardent part. Undoubtedly the destruction of vermin—and, in regard to one species, its preservation for the sake of destruction—and the catching of fish, and the shooting of birds, were things lovely in the vicar’s eyes. He perhaps did let his pastoral dignity go a little by the board when he and Sam stooped together, each with a ferret in his hand, groveling in the dust to get at certain rat-advantages in the mill. Gilmore, who had seen it, had told him of this.

“I understand it all, old fellow,” Fenwick had said to his friend, “and know very well I have got to choose between two things. I must be called a hypocrite, or else I must be one. I have no doubt that as years go on with me I shall see the advantage of choosing the latter.”

There were at that time frequent discussions between them on the same subject, for they were friends who could dare to discuss each other’s modes of life, but the reader need not be troubled further now with this digression. The position which the vicar held in the estimation of the Marquis of Trowbridge will probably be sufficiently well understood.

The family at Turnover Park would have thought it a great blessing to have had a clergyman at Bullhampton with whom they could have cordially co-operated ; but, failing this, they had taken Mr. Puddleham, the Methodist minister, to their arms. From Mr. Puddleham they learned parish facts and parish fables which would never have reached them but for his assistance. Mr. Fenwick was well aware of this, and used to declare that he had no objection to it. He would protest that he could not see why Mr. Puddleham should not get along in the parish just as well as himself, he having, and meaning to keep

to himself, the slight advantages of the parish church, the vicarage-house and the small tithes. Of this he was quite sure, that Mr. Puddleham's religious teaching was a great deal better than none at all; and he was by no means convinced—so he said—that for some of his parishioners Mr. Puddleham was not a better teacher than he himself. He always shook hands with Mr. Puddleham, though Mr. Puddleham would never look him in the face, and was quite determined that Mr. Puddleham should not be a thorn in his side.

In this matter of Sam Brattle's imprisonment, and now intended liberation, tidings from the parish were doubtless conveyed by Mr. Puddleham to Turnover—probably not direct, but still in such a manner that the great people at Turnover knew to whom they were indebted. Now Mr. Gilmore had certainly, from the first, been by no means disposed to view favorably the circumstances attaching to Sam Brattle on that Saturday night. When the great blow fell on the Brattle family, his demeanor altered toward them, and he forgave the miller's contumacy; but he had always thought that Sam had been guilty. The parson had from the first regarded the question with great doubt, but nevertheless his opinion, too, had at first been adverse to Sam. Even now, when he was so resolute that Sam should be released, he founded his demand, not on Sam's innocence, but on the absence of any evidence against him.

"He's entitled to fair play, Harry," he would say to Gilmore, "and he is not getting it, because there is a prejudice against him. You hear what that old ass, Sir Thomas, says."

"Sir Thomas is a very good magistrate."

"If he don't take care, he'll find himself in trouble for keeping the lad locked up without authority. Is there a juryman in the country would find him guilty because he was lying in the old man's ditch a week before?"

In this way Gilmore also became a favorer of Sam's claim to be released; and at last it came to be understood that on the next Tuesday he would be

released unless further evidence should be forthcoming.

And then it came to pass that a certain very remarkable meeting took place in the parish. Word was brought to Mr. Gilmore on Monday, the 5th of October, that the Marquis of Trowbridge was to be at the Church Farm—poor Trumbull's farm—on that day at noon, and that his lordship thought that it might be expedient that he and Mr. Gilmore should meet on the occasion. There was no note, but the message was brought by a sub-agent, one of the marquis' people, with whom Mr. Gilmore was very well acquainted.

"I'll walk down about that time, Packer," said Mr. Gilmore, "and shall be very happy to see his lordship."

Now the marquis never sat as a magistrate at the Heytesbury bench, and had not been present on any of the occasions on which Sam had been examined; nor had Mr. Gilmore seen the marquis since the murder; nor, for the matter of that, for the last twelve months. Mr. Gilmore had just finished breakfast when the news was brought to him, and he thought he might as well walk down and see Fenwick first. His interview with the parson ended in a promise that he, Fenwick, would also look in at the farm.

At twelve o'clock the marquis was seated in the old farmer's arm-chair in the old farmer's parlor. The house was dark and gloomy, never having been above a quarter opened since the murder. With the marquis was Packer, who was standing, and the marquis was pretending to cast his eyes over one or two books which had been brought to him. He had been taken all over the house; had stood looking at the bed where the old man lay when he was attacked, as though he might possibly discover, if he looked long enough, something that would reveal the truth; had gazed awestruck at the spot on which the body had been found, and had taken occasion to remark to himself that the house was a good deal out of order. The marquis was a man nearer seventy than sixty, but very hale and

with few signs of age. He was short and plump, with hardly any beard on his face, and short gray hair, of which nothing could be seen when he wore his hat. His countenance would not have been bad, had not the weight of his marquise always been there; nor would his heart have been bad, had it not been similarly burdened. But he was a silly, weak, ignorant man, whose own capacity would hardly have procured bread for him in any trade or profession, had bread not been so adequately provided for him by his fathers before him.

"Mr. Gilmore said he would be here at twelve, Packer?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And it's past twelve now?"

"One minute, my lord."

Then the peer looked again at poor old Trumbull's books: "I shall not wait, Packer."

"No, my lord."

"You had better tell them to put the horses to."

"Yes, my lord." But just as Packer went out into the passage for the purpose of giving the order, he met Mr. Gilmore, and ushered him into the room.

"Ha! Mr. Gilmore—yes, I am very glad to see you, Mr. Gilmore;" and the marquis came forward to shake hands with his visitor. "I thought it better that you and I should meet about this sad affair in the parish—a very sad affair, indeed."

"It certainly is, Lord Trowbridge; and the mystery makes it more so."

"I suppose there is no real mystery, Mr. Gilmore. I suppose there can be no doubt that that unfortunate young man did—did—did bear a hand in it at least?"

"I think that there is very much doubt, my lord."

"Do you, indeed? I think there is none—not the least. And all the police force are of the same opinion. I have considerable experience of my own in these matters; but I should not venture, perhaps, to express my opinion so confidently if I were not backed by the police. You are aware, Mr. Gilmore,

that the police are—very—seldom wrong?"

"I should be tempted to say that they are very seldom right, except when the circumstances are all under their noses."

"I must say I differ from you entirely, Mr. Gilmore. Now, in this case—"

The marquis was here interrupted by a knock at the door, and before the summons could be answered the parson entered the room. And with the parson came Mr. Puddleham. The marquis had thought that the parson might perhaps intrude, and Mr. Puddleham was in waiting as a make-weight, should he be wanting. When Mr. Fenwick had met the minister hanging about the farmyard, he had displayed not the slightest anger. If Mr. Puddleham chose to come in also, and make good his doing so before the marquis, it was nothing to Mr. Fenwick. The great man looked up as though he were very much startled and somewhat offended, but he did at last condescend to shake hands, first with one clergyman and then with the other, and to ask them to sit down. He explained that he had come over to make some personal inquiry into the melancholy matter, and then proceeded with his opinion respecting Sam Brattle. "From all that I can hear and see," said his lordship, "I fear there can be no doubt that this murder has been due to the malignity of a near neighbor."

"Do you mean the poor boy that is in prison, my lord?" asked the parson.

"Of course I do, Mr. Fenwick. The constabulary are of opinion—"

"We know that, Lord Trowbridge."

"Perhaps, Mr. Fenwick, you will allow me to express my own ideas. The constabulary, I say, are of opinion that there is no manner of doubt that he was one of those who broke into my tenant's house on that fatal night; and, as I was explaining to Mr. Gilmore when you did us the honor to join us, in the course of a very long provincial experience I have seldom known the police to be in error."

"Why, Lord Trowbridge—!"

"If you please, Mr. Fenwick, I will go on. My time here cannot be long, and I have a proposition which I am de-

sirous of making to Mr. Gilmore as a magistrate acting in this part of the county. Of course it is not for me to animadvert upon what the magistrates may do at the bench to-morrow."

"I am very sure your lordship would make no such animadversion," said Mr. Gilmore.

"I do not intend it, for many reasons. But I may go so far as to say that a demand for the young man's release will be made."

"He is to be released, I presume, as a matter of course," said the parson.

The marquis made no allusion to this, but went on: "If that be done—and I must say that I think no such step would be taken by the bench at Westbury—whither will the young man betake himself?"

"Home to his father, of course," said the parson.

"Back into this parish, with his paramour, to murder more of my tenants!"

"My lord, I cannot allow such an unjust statement to be made," said the parson.

"I wish to speak for one moment; and I wish it to be remembered that I am addressing myself especially to your neighbor, Mr. Gilmore, who has done me the honor of waiting upon me here at my request. I do not object to your presence, Mr. Fenwick, or to that of any other gentleman," and the marquis bowed to Mr. Puddleham, who had stood by, hitherto, without speaking a word; "but, if you please, I must carry out the purpose that has brought me here. I shall think it very sad indeed if this young man be allowed to take up his residence in the parish after what has taken place."

"His father has a house here," said Mr. Gilmore.

"I am aware of the fact," said the marquis. "I believe that the young man's father holds a mill from you, and some few acres of land?"

"He has a very nice farm."

"So be it. We will not quarrel about terms, Mr. Gilmore. I believe there is no lease?—though, of course, that is no business of mine."

"I must say that it is not, my lord,"

said Mr. Gilmore, who was waxing wrothy and becoming very black about the brows.

"I have just said so; but I suppose you will admit that I have some interest in this parish? I presume that these two gentlemen, who are God's ministers here, will acknowledge that it is my duty, as the owner of the greater part of the parish, to interfere?"

"Certainly, my lord," said Mr. Puddleham. Mr. Fenwick said nothing. He sat, or rather leant, against the edge of a table, and smiled. His brow was not black, like that of his friend; but Gilmore, who knew him and who looked into his face, began to fear that the marquis would be addressed before long in terms stronger than he himself, Mr. Gilmore, would approve.

"And when I remember," continued his lordship, "that the unfortunate man who has fallen a victim had been for nearly half a century a tenant of myself and of my family, and that he was foully murdered on my own property—dragged from his bed in the middle of the night, and ruthlessly slaughtered in this very house in which I am sitting—and that this has been done in a parish of which I own, I think, something over two-thirds—"

"Two thousand and two acres out of two thousand nine hundred and ten," said Mr. Puddleham.

"I suppose so. Well, Mr. Puddleham, you need not have interrupted me.

"I beg pardon, my lord."

"What I mean to say is this, Mr. Gilmore—that you should take steps to prevent that young man's return among our people. You should explain to the father that it cannot be allowed. From what I hear, it would be no loss if the whole family left the parish. I am told that one of the daughters is a—prostitute."

"It is too true, my lord," said Mr. Puddleham.

The parson turned round and looked at his colleague, but said nothing. It was one of the principles of his life that he wouldn't quarrel with Mr. Puddleham; and at the present moment he

certainly did not wish to waste his anger on so weak an enemy.

"I think that you should look to this, Mr. Gilmore," said the marquis, completing his harangue.

"I cannot conceive, my lord, by what right you dare to dictate to me in such a matter," said Mr. Gilmore.

"I have not dictated at all: I have simply expressed my opinion," said the marquis.

"Now, my lord, will you allow me for a moment?" said Mr. Fenwick. "In the first place, if Sam Brattle could not find a home at the mill—which I hope he will do for many a long year to come—he should have one at the vicarage."

"I dare say," said the marquis. Mr. Puddleham held up both his hands.

"You might as well hold your tongue, Frank," said Gilmore.

"It is a matter on which I wish to say a word or two, Harry. I have been appealed to as one of God's ministers here, and I acknowledge my responsibility. I never in my life heard any proposition more cruel or inhuman than that made by Lord Trowbridge. This young man is to be turned out because a tenant of his lordship has been murdered! He is to be adjudged to be guilty by us, without any trial, in the absence of all evidence, in opposition to the decision of the magistrates—"

"It is not in opposition to the magistrates, sir," said the marquis.

"And to be forbidden to return to his own home, simply because Lord Trowbridge thinks him guilty! My lord, his father's house is his own, to entertain whom he may please, as much as is yours. And were I to suggest to you to turn out your daughters, it would be no worse an offence than your suggesting to Mr. Brattle that he should turn out his son."

"My daughters?"

"Yes, your daughters, my lord."

"How dare you, sir, mention my daughters?"

"The ladies, I am well aware, are all that is respectable. I have not the slightest wish that you should ill-use them. But if you desire that your family

concerns should be treated with reserve and reticence, you had better learn to treat the family affairs of others in the same way."

The marquis by this time was on his feet, and was calling for Packer—was calling for his carriage and horses—was calling on the very gods to send down their thunder to punish such insolence as this. He had never heard of the like in all his experience. His daughters! And then there came across his dismayed mind an idea that his daughters had been put upon a par with that young murderer, Sam Brattle—perhaps even on a par with something worse than this. And his daughters were such august persons—old and ugly, it is true, and almost dowerless in consequence of the nature of the family settlements and family expenditure. It was an injury and an insult that Mr. Fenwick should make the slightest allusion to his daughters; but to talk of them in such a way, as though they were mere ordinary human beings! The marquis had hitherto had his doubts, but now he was quite sure, that Mr. Fenwick was an infidel—"And a very bad sort of infidel, too," as he said to Lady Caroline, on his return home. "I never heard of such conduct in all my life," said Lord Trowbridge, walking down to his carriage. "Who can be surprised that there should be murderers and prostitutes in the parish?"

"My lord, they don't sit under me," said Mr. Puddleham.

"I don't care who they sit under," said his lordship.

As they walked away together, Mr. Fenwick had just a word to say to Mr. Puddleham. "My friend," he said, "you were quite right about his lordship's acres."

"Those are the numbers," said Mr. Puddleham.

"I mean that you were quite right to make the observation. Facts are always valuable, and I am sure Lord Trowbridge was obliged to you. But I think you were a little wrong as to another statement."

"What statement, Mr. Fenwick?"

"What you said about poor Carry Brattle. You don't know it as a fact."

"Everybody says so."

"How do you know she has not married, and become an honest woman?"

"It is possible, of course. Though, as for that, when a young woman has once gone astray—"

"As did Mary Magdalen, for instance!"

"Mr. Fenwick, it was a very bad case."

"And isn't my case very bad—and yours? Are we not in a bad way, unless we believe and repent? Have we not all so sinned as to deserve eternal punishment?"

"Certainly, Mr. Fenwick."

"Then there can't be much difference between her and us. She can't deserve more than eternal punishment. If she believes and repents, all her sins will be white as snow."

"Certainly, Mr. Fenwick."

"Then speak of her as you would of any other sister or brother—not as a thing that must be always vile because she has fallen once. Women will so speak, and other men. One sees something of a reason for it. But you and I, as Christian ministers, should never allow ourselves to speak so thoughtlessly of sinners. Good-morning, Mr. Puddleham."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BLANK PAPER.

EARLY in October, Captain Marrable was called up to town by letters from Messrs. Block & Curling, and according to promise wrote various letters to Mary Lowther, telling her of the manner in which his business progressed. All of these letters were shown to Aunt Sarah, and would have been shown to Parson John, were it not that Parson John declined to read them. But though the letters were purely cousinly—just such letters as a brother might write—yet Miss Marrable thought that they were dangerous. She did not say so, but she thought that they were dangerous. Of late Mary had spoken no word of Mr. Gilmore; and Aunt Sarah, through all this silence, was able to discover that Mr. Gilmore's prospects were not be-

coming brighter. Mary herself, having quite made up her mind that Mr. Gilmore's prospects, as far as she was concerned, were all over, could not decide how and when she should communicate the resolve to her lover. According to her present agreement with him, she was to write to him at once should she accept any other offer, and was to wait for six months if this should not be the case. Certainly there was no rival in the field, and therefore she did not quite know whether she ought or ought not to write at once in her present circumstances of assured determination. She soon told herself that in this respect also she would go to her new-found brother for advice. She would ask him, and do just as he might bid her. Had he not already proved how fit a person he was to give advice on such a subject? But before she could do this he was up in London, and this was a matter on which she could hardly consult him by letter.

After an absence of ten days he came home, and nothing could exceed Mary's anxiety as to the tidings which he should bring with him. She endeavored not to be selfish about the matter, but she could not but acknowledge that, even as regarded herself, the difference between his going to India or staying at home was so great as to affect the whole color of her life. There was, perhaps, something of the feeling of being subject to desertion about her, as she remembered that in giving up Mr. Gilmore she must also give up the Fenwicks. She could not hope to go to Bullhampton again, at least for many a long day. She would be very much alone if her new brother were to leave her now. On the morning after his arrival he came up to them at Uphill, and told them that the matter was almost settled: Messrs. Block & Curling had declared that it was as good as settled. The money would be saved, and there would be, out of the twenty thousand pounds which he had inherited, something over four thousand pounds for him; so that he need not return to India. He was in very high spirits, and did not speak a word of his father's iniquities.

"Oh, Walter, what a joy!" said

Mary, with the tears streaming from her eyes.

He took her by both her hands and kissed her forehead. At that moment Aunt Sarah was not in the room.

"I am so very, very happy!" she said, pressing her little hands against his.

Why should he not kiss her?—was he not her brother? And then, before he went, she remembered she had something special to tell him—something to ask him. Would he not walk with her that evening? Of course he would walk with her.

"Mary dear," said her aunt, putting her little arm round her niece's waist, and embracing her, "don't fall in love with Walter."

"How can you say anything so foolish, Aunt Sarah?"

"It would be very foolish to do."

"You don't understand how completely different it is. Do you think I could be so intimate with him as I am if anything of the kind were possible?"

"I do not know how that may be."

"Do not begrudge it me because I have found a cousin that I can love almost as I would a brother. There has never been anybody yet for whom I could have that sort of feeling."

Aunt Sarah, whatever she might think, had not the heart to repeat her caution; and Mary, quite happy and contented with herself, put on her hat to run down the hill and meet her cousin at the great gates of the Lowtown Rectory. Why should he be dragged up the hill to escort a cousin down again? This arrangement had, therefore, been made between them.

For the first mile or two the talk was all about Messrs. Block & Curling and the money. Captain Marrable was so full of his own purposes, and so well contented that so much should be saved to him out of the fortune he had lost, that he had perhaps forgotten that Mary required more advice. But when they had come to the spot on which they had before sat, she bade him stop and seat himself.

"And now what is it?" he said, as he

rolled himself comfortably close to her side.

She told her story and explained her doubts, and asked for the revelations of his wisdom.

"Are you quite sure about the propriety of this, Mary?" he said.

"The propriety of what, Walter?"

"Giving up a man who loves you so well, and who has so much to offer?"

"What was it you said yourself? Sure! Of course I am sure. I am quite sure. I do not love him. Did I not tell you that there could be no doubt after what you said?"

"I did not mean that my words should be so powerful."

"They were powerful; but, independently of that, I am quite sure now. If I could do it myself, I should be false to him. I know that I do not love him." He was not looking at her where he was lying, but was playing with a cigar-case which he had taken out, as though he were about to resume his smoking. But he did not open the case or look toward her, or say a word to her. Two minutes had perhaps passed before she spoke again: "I suppose it would be best that I should write to him at once?"

"There is no one else, then, you care for, Mary?" he asked.

"No one," she said, as though the question were nothing.

"It is all blank paper with you?"

"Quite blank," she said, and laughed. "Do you know I almost think it always will be blank."

"By G—, it is not blank with me!" he said, springing up and jumping to his feet. She stared at him, not in the least understanding what he meant—not dreaming even that he was about to tell her his love-secrets in reference to another. "I wonder what you think I'm made of, Mary—whether you imagine that I have any affection to bestow?"

"I do not in the least understand."

"Look here, dear," and he knelt down beside her as he spoke: "it is simply this, that you have become to me more than all the world—that I love you better than my own soul—that your beauty and

sweetness and soft, darling touch are everything to me; and then you come to me for advice! I can only give you one bit of advice now, Mary."

"And what is that?"

"Love me."

"I do love you."

"Ay, but love me and be my wife."

She had to think of it, but she knew from the first moment that the thinking of it was a delight to her. She did not quite understand at first that her chosen brother might become her lover, with no other feeling than that of joy and triumph, and yet there was a consciousness that no other answer but one was possible. In the first place, to refuse him anything, asked in love, would be impossible. She could not say No to him. She had struggled often in reference to Mr. Gilmore, and had found it impossible to say Yes. There was now the same sort of impossibility in regard to the No. She couldn't blacken herself with such a lie. And yet though she was sure of this, she was so astounded by his declaration, so carried off her legs by the alteration in her position, so hard at work within herself with her new endeavor to change the aspect in which she must look at the man, that she could not even bring herself to think of answering him. If he would only sit down near her for a while—very near—and not speak to her, she thought that she would be happy. Everything else was forgotten. Aunt Sarah's caution, Janet Fenwick's anger, poor Gilmore's sorrow—of all these she thought not at all, or only allowed her mind to dwell on them as surrounding trifles, of which it would be necessary that she, that they (they two who were now all to each other) must dispose, as they must also of questions of income and such like little things. She was without a doubt. The man was her master, and had her in his keeping, and of course she would obey him. But she must settle her voice, and let her pulses

become calm, and remember herself, before she could tell him so.

"Sit down again, Walter," she said at last.

"Why should I sit?"

"Because I ask you. Sit down, Walter."

"No. I understand how wise you will be, and how cold; and I understand, too, what a fool I have been."

"Walter, will you not come when I ask you?"

"Why should I sit?"

"That I may try to tell you how dearly I love you."

He did not sit, but he threw himself at her feet and buried his face upon her lap. There were but few more words spoken then. When it comes to this, that a pair of lovers are content to sit and rub their feathers together like two birds, there is not much more need of talking. Before they had arisen, her fingers had been playing through his curly hair, and he had kissed her lips and cheeks as well as her forehead. She had begun to feel what it was to have a lover and to love him. She could already talk to him almost as though he were a part of herself, could whisper to him little words of nonsense, could feel that everything of hers was his, and everything of his was hers. She knew more clearly now even than she had done before that she had never loved Mr. Gilmore, and never could have loved him. And that other doubt had been solved for her. "Do you know," she had said, not yet an hour ago, "that I think it always will be blank?" And now every spot of the canvas was covered.

"We must go home now," she said at last.

"And tell Aunt Sarah?" he replied, laughing.

"Yes, and tell Aunt Sarah, but not to-night. I can do nothing to-night but think about it. Oh, Walter, I am so happy!"

HEROES.

IN rich Virginian woods
 The scarlet creeper reddens over graves,
 Amongst the solemn trees enlooped with vines :
 Heroic spirits haunt the solitudes—
 The noble souls of half a million braves—
 Amidst the murmurous pines.

Ah ! who is left behind,
 Earnest and eloquent, sincere and strong,
 To consecrate their memories with words
 Not all unmeet?—with fitting dirge and song
 To chant a requiem purer than the wind
 And sweeter than the birds ?

Here—though all seems at peace,
 The placid, measureless sky serenely fair,
 The laughter of the breeze among the leaves,
 The bars of sunlight slanting through the trees,
 The reckless wild flowers blooming everywhere,
 The grasses' delicate sheaves,—

Nathless each breeze that blows,
 Each tree that trembles to its leafy head
 With nervous life, revives within our mind,
 Tender as flowers of May, the thoughts of those
 Who lie beneath the living beauty, dead—
 Beneath the sunshine, blind.

For brave dead soldiers these :
 Blessings and tears of aching thankfulness,
 Soft flowers for their graves in wreaths enwove—
 The odorous lilac of dear memories,
 The heroic blossoms of the wilderness
 And the rich rose of love.

But who has sung their praise
 Not less illustrious, who are living yet ?
 Armies of heroes, satisfied to pass
 Calmly, serenely from the whole world's gaze,
 And cheerfully accept, without regret,
 Their old life as it was,

With all its petty pain,
 Its irritating littleness and care ;
 They who have scaled the mountain, with content
 Sublime descend to live upon the plain ;
 Steadfast as though they breathed the mountain air
 Still, wheresoe'er they went.

They who were brave to act,
 And rich enough their action to forget—
 Who, having filled their day with chivalry,
 Withdraw, and keep their simpleness intact,
 And all unconscious add more lustre yet
 Unto their victory.

On the broad Western plains
 Their patriarchal life they live anew—
 Hunters as mighty as the men of old ;
 Or harvesting the plenteous yellow grains,
 Gathering ripe vintage of dusk branches blue,
 Or working mines of gold ;

Or toiling in the town,
 Armed against hindrance, weariness, defeat,
 With dauntless purpose not to swerve or yield,
 And calm, defiant strength : they struggle on,
 As sturdy and as valiant in the street
 As in the camp and field.

And those condemned to live,
 Maimed, helpless, lingering still through suffering years—
 May they not envy now the restful sleep
 Of the dear fellow-martyrs they survive ?
 Not o'er the dead, but over these, your tears,
 O brothers ! ye may weep.

New England fields I see—
 The lovely, cultured landscape, waving grain,
 Wide haughty rivers and pale English skies ;
 And lo ! a farmer ploughing busily,
 Who lifts a swart face, looks upon the plain.
 I see in his frank eyes

The hero's soul appear.
 Thus in the common fields and streets they stand :
 The light that on the past and distant gleams
 They cast upon the present and the near,
 With antique virtues from some mystic land
 Of knightly deeds and dreams.

E. L.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

NOT many weeks since the writer enjoyed the privilege of looking over a manuscript volume entitled *Jeffersoniana*, handsomely illuminated by one of Mr. Joseph Jefferson's friends. With the assistance of such recollections as are retained in this interesting keepsake, facts gleaned from other sources, and a tolerable familiarity with the career of the present Mr. Jefferson, it is hoped that this sketch may find readers among a people with whom its principal subject has become so great a favorite.

There have been four Jeffersons in the field. If the American imagination can travel backward as readily and swiftly as it can travel forward, and restore the past as vividly as it pictures the future, it will find Jefferson the First in the palmy days of Old Drury, along with Garrick, and ranking with Barry, Mossop and Sheridan. He lived in the golden age of the Drama, which loyal sons of conservative fathers still revere as infinitely superior to all that they can ever experience. Playing Mirabel in *The Way of the World* for Mrs. Abington's benefit; the King to Garrick's Hamlet; Don Frederick to Garrick's Don John in *Chances*; Gloster to Garrick's Shore and Mrs. Canning's Jane Shore; as Col. Rivers in *False Delicacy*; with the English Roscius as his leader, and Sam Foote, and Barry, and Holland, and Wilkinson, and Mrs. Abington, and Kitty Clive, and Susanna Cibber as his companions; with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Horace Walpole, Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson, William Hogarth and Edmund Burke as auditors;—all actors will agree that Jefferson the First was fortunate to live in such an age.

It is not difficult, knowing the present Jefferson, and with the accounts that have been handed down to us, to form an agreeable acquaintance with Jefferson the First. An old-school English actor and an old-school English gentleman, "all of the olden time," polite and gal-

lant off the stage and naturally observing the etiquette of society on the stage, beloved of his friends and respected by his associate actors, he was a man whose artistic merits may never have excited envy, but whose personal graces always inspired love. Yet a scale of merits on the Irish stage, made by a prominent critic of the day, placed him only fourth on the list which included Barry and Mossop; and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in an obituary notice which appeared in the March number of the year 1807, speaks of him as "Mr. Jefferson, comedian, the friend, contemporary and exact prototype of the immortal Garrick." But, however decided his success may have been in comedy or tragedy—for he played both—the frank and honest nature of Jefferson the First raised him above all the petty jealousies which find room behind the scenes now-a-days, and which, we may safely conclude, were not wanting in his own days; for there are cycles in the theatrical world, as in the social and political worlds, where certain weaknesses, common to human nature, repeat themselves. There is a paragraph in Tom Weston's will, which bears witness to this popularity. It reads: "*Item.* I have played under the management of Mr. Jefferson at Richmond, and received from him every politeness. I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of."

There is equally good proof that Jefferson had the faculty of inspiring love as well as friendship. Victor's *Secret History of the Green-Room* informs us that, "conversant in amours, Mrs. Abington was resolved to separate her lovers into two different classes: the first, those whose liberality might enable her to live in splendor; and the second those whom her humor pitched upon;" and that Jefferson was one of the latter. Better evidence still in these days is in the fact

that he married a sweet, virtuous and accomplished woman—a Miss May. "She had one of the best dispositions," says Tate Wilkinson, "that ever harbored in a human breast; and, more extraordinary, joined to that meekness, she was one of the most elegant women I ever beheld." Miss May was a prize whom the handsome Jefferson did not win all too easily. The lady's father was opposed to the match, and especially abhorred the idea of her going upon the stage. There may have been a mercantile spirit underlying old Mr. May's opposition, however; for when he finally gave his assent to the marriage, it was under a penalty of five hundred pounds, payable when the lady made her first appearance in public. As a matter of course, the penalty was assumed; as a matter of course, the lady soon went upon the stage; and as a matter of course the penalty was never paid. Her first appearance was at an amateur entertainment for a charitable purpose, when Mrs. Jefferson played in *The Funeral*, and when Mr. May had to give way to the universal demand of the profession, the friends of the family and the whole public to see this accomplished lady in a sphere for which she was a destined ornament.

From that first appearance till the day of her death, Mrs. Jefferson added lustre to the name that shines so brilliantly in the annals of the Drama. Speaking of one of the old masques of the day in his *Life of Garrick*, Davies says: "In this masque (*Britannia*, 1755) Britannia was represented by Mrs. Jefferson, the most complete figure in beauty of countenance and symmetry of form I ever beheld. The good woman (for she was virtuous as fair) was so unaffected and simple in her behavior that she knew not her power of charming." The lady died suddenly after an active life, in which the harmony of her domestic circle was never marred.

Jefferson the First was a great friend of Garrick. Now we hear of him supporting that actor in his leading rôles; now Mrs. Clive writes to Garrick that she is about playing at Jefferson's bene-

fit; again, an actor named Catherley takes the pains to explain by a letter to Garrick the cause of his not appearing at Jefferson's benefit, and says that some one, "envious of the happiness I enjoyed in your friendship, has been endeavoring to injure me in your opinion." That Jefferson the First endeared himself to all who knew him, and possessed in an eminent degree that good nature which has been inherited and Americanized by our own Jefferson, might be attested by a dozen different incidents. "When I acted at Bayes," Tate Wilkinson tells us, "and spoke a speech or two in the manner of old Andrew Brice (a printer of that city and an eccentric genius), it struck the whole audience like electricity. Mr. Jefferson, who performed Johnson, was so taken by surprise that he could not proceed for laughter." This magnanimous trait of readily and heartily recognizing the merit of others is one that has been bequeathed to Jefferson the Fourth—Joseph Jefferson, the American comedian. The writer knows of an instance which happened in one of our Western cities. Mr. Jefferson had been playing his celebrated character of Rip Van Winkle four consecutive weeks—an unusually long run for a Western city—when the public demanded to see him in some other of the characters in which he has been almost equally successful. In canvassing the repertory of comedies, the manager suggested that the character of Dr. Pangloss should be chosen. "No," said Mr. Jefferson, although he has received many handsome compliments for his portraiture of the greedy pedagogue; "there is only one man in the country that can play Dr. Pangloss, and that is William Warren." Though Jefferson the First was gathered unto his fathers more than sixty years ago, his generous spirit still finds a home in the breast of his great-grandson.

The life of the first Jefferson, though roseate with the social and artistic charms that brightened his whole career, was not wanting in the darker episodes that seem to be incidental to the actor's vocation. He managed the Exeter Theatre and the Plymouth Theatre in

Dublin for many years; but in spite of the public satisfaction which he gave, he was not ignorant of the ups and downs of theatrical management. The accomplishments of Mrs. Jefferson were not unfrequently subjected to the trying vicissitudes of an itinerant company of actors, where she played, as occasion demanded, juvenile lady parts or those of decrepid old men. Mr. Jefferson died in 1807, at a ripe old age and at the home of his daughter in Yorkshire, but he owed the chief support of his later days to the dramatic fund which he, with Mr. Hull—with whom he divided his reputation as father of the British stage—had established.

About twelve years before the death of the first Jefferson, who founded the dramatic family which we hope may extend down several generations of actors to lead and share the progressive prosperity of the American stage, Jefferson the Second came to America. He retained the paternal characteristics which are still so notably prominent in his grandson. He was a better actor than his father, developing fully the humorous talent of the family. "He was then (February, 1796) a youth," we read in Dunlap's *History of the American Stage*, "but even then an artist. Of a small and light figure, well formed, with a singular physiognomy, a nose perfectly Grecian, and blue eyes full of laughter, he had the faculty of exciting mirth to as great a degree by power of feature, although handsome, as any ugly-featured low comedian ever seen." N. P. Willis has remarked the striking resemblance which the present Joseph Jefferson bears to his grandfather, and at the same age the above description would answer for one as well as for the other. Besides the personal appearance, there are other curious points of resemblance. Jefferson the Second was great in his delineation of old age: Jefferson the Fourth has achieved his greatest artistic success in his presentment of old Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' sleep. Jefferson the Second was a greater actor than his father, and there are still living those whose fond recollections of him make

him the greatest of all comedians: Jefferson the Fourth is a greater actor than was his father, and the present generation of theatre-goers will scarcely admit another comedian to claim an equality in rank and ability. It is a curious fact that the autograph of the second Jefferson was a prototype of the fourth Jefferson's autograph, both being a graceful succession of parallel curve lines, from which it is difficult to make out the name; and that the latter had never seen a specimen of the former's penmanship until many years after his own signature had become stereotyped in form.

The second Jefferson had a prosperous career of thirty-six years in this country. He was the companion and friend of the elder William Warren. He died in 1832, while playing an engagement at his son's theatre in Harrisburg. He had virtually retired from the stage some time before, his farewell benefit in Philadelphia, after which he spent most of his time in rest, having been one of the saddest episodes in a bright professional life. Ten years after his death, an old friend and admirer (Chief Justice Gibson, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania) paid an eloquent tribute to his memory by marking his grave with a handsome slab and an appropriate epitaph. Wemyss has left us the following portrait: "Mr. Joseph Jefferson was an actor formed in Nature's merriest mood—a genuine son of Momus. There was a vein of rich humor running through all he did, which forced you to laugh despite of yourself. He discarded grimace as unworthy of him, although no actor ever possessed a greater command over the muscles of his own face or the faces of his audience, compelling you to laugh or cry at his pleasure. His excellent personation of old men acquired for him before he had reached the meridian of life the title of 'Old Jefferson.' The astonishment of strangers at seeing a good-looking young man pointed out on the street as Old Jefferson, whom they had seen the night previous at the theatre tottering apparently on the verge of existence, was the greatest compliment that could be paid to the talent of the actor. His

versatility was astonishing—light comedy, old men, pantomime, low comedy, and occasionally juvenile tragedy. Educated in the very best school for acquiring knowledge in his profession, his father having been an actor of no mean repute at Drury Lane Theatre during the reign of Garrick, Jefferson was an adept in all the trickery of the stage, which, when it suited his purpose, he could turn to excellent account. . . . In his social relations, he was what a gentleman should be—a kind husband, an affectionate father, a warm friend and a truly honest man."

The second Jefferson left a son and a daughter. Miss Jefferson made her *début* at the benefit of her father, as Rosina in *The Spanish Barber*. Though her first appearance is recorded as having been a failure, she was afterward, as Mrs. Chapman, one of the leading actresses of her day, occupying a prominent position in the old Park Theatre. His son Joseph—Jefferson the Third—was born in Philadelphia in 1804. His career was a short one, as death overtook him at the age of thirty-eight years, and just at the time when he was at the turning-point of his theatrical reputation.

Jefferson the Third was not a great actor, and perhaps he never would have been such had he lived to a greater age. He inherited the family art, but in his case it took another direction. He developed an early taste and an ardent love for painting, and was placed under the instruction of Coyle, a celebrated English scenic artist. But Jefferson loved his art too well to be successful in this most practical branch of it. His application was not equal to his fondness, and his work, like his character, was sketchy. It showed talent, but it lacked finish. The man and the artist were too much merged together to achieve great things. The family connection with the stage, and Jefferson's own familiarity with life behind the scenes, attracted him from the art which he should have made the study and practice of his life. Yet his excessive modesty, in spite of serious application, kept him from making his appearance

for several years, although he became a theatrical manager in the mean time. Perhaps he never would have made an appearance in character, had it not been for a circumstance which involved his keeping faith with the public—a matter in which he was strictly conscientious. This circumstance occurred in 1832, when he was managing a theatre in Washington. An unusually large audience assembled one evening, when a play was to be given in which the comedian of the company was cast for the leading part. While the orchestra played the customary overture, and everything seemed quiet and pleasant in front of the curtain, there was great commotion behind the scenes. The comedian was nowhere to be found, and Manager Jefferson was in despair. Waiting until the last, unwilling to make an apology or dismiss the audience, and urged to do so by all of the company, Mr. Jefferson resolved to play the part of the missing comedian. The part was one which Jefferson had studied before, but in which, with the best preparation, he could never make up his mind to appear. Yet, with no preparation, but under the excitement of the moment, he made his *début*, and attained a marked success.

Jefferson the Third was too improvident and careless in business matters to succeed in management. This hereditary misfortune, which at last had the effect of closing his Washington theatre, was off-set by the most complacent acceptance of reverses and the most genial disposition in the world. The day after his failure in Washington a personal friend called at Jefferson's house to offer condolence. He was informed that Mr. Jefferson had gone out fishing. Troubled with an apprehension lest Jefferson, overcome by his losses, had resolved to do away with himself, the friend went in search of him. He found the ex-manager quietly reclining on the banks of the Brandywine, his sketch-book lying open at his side and his fishing-rod stretched out over the water.

"Why, Jefferson," asked the friend, in surprise, "how can you devote yourself to the pleasures of art when your

recent misfortunes ought to be driving you to the verge of despair?"

"Confound it, old boy!" was the answer: "I have lost everything, and am so poor, as a consequence, that I can't even afford to let anything trouble me."

This characteristic love of art and nature, this fondness for sport and this imperturbable ease of mind, were all bequeathed to Jefferson the Fourth, the American comedian of to-day, who is the son of Jefferson the Third and Mrs. Burke, the celebrated vocalist, and a half-brother of Charles Burke, who was also a famous comedian of much the same style of acting. A couple of incidents will serve to illustrate the fact to which allusion is made. Jefferson is what some of his professional friends call "spooney on art." He too sketches, and, without making any pretensions, sketches passably well. His vacations from professional duty are always spent in the open country, and his companions are his gun, his fishing-rod and his sketch-book. Some time ago, and before good old John Sefton passed to that bourne where he will probably never play Jemmy Twitcher again, Jefferson saw him near his home in Paradise Valley, whither the latter had gone upon one of his summer trips. He found Sefton with his breeches and coat sleeves both rolled up, and standing in the middle of a clear and shallow stream, where one could scarcely step without spoiling the sports of the brook-trout which sparkled through the crystal waters. Sefton stood in a crouching attitude, watching with mingled disappointment and good-humor a little pig which the stream was carrying down its current, and which, pig like, had slipped from the hands of its owner in its natural aversion to being washed. Jefferson, with the true instinct of an artist, dropped his fishing-tackle and took his sketch-book to transfer the ludicrous scene to paper. Sefton appreciated the humor of the situation, and only objected when Jefferson began to fill in the background with a dilapidated old barn, at which the old gentleman demurred on account of its wretched appearance. The artist in-

sisted that it was picturesque, however, and proceeded to put it down. Sefton had to submit, but he had his revenge by writing back to New York that "Jefferson is here, drawing the worst 'houses' I ever saw."

That Jefferson's love of art and indifference to profit are as largely developed as were his father's, is proved by many of his investments. Not many months since he bought a panorama because he admired it, and put it in charge of an agent who had been with him a long time. The panorama failed to attract in spite of its merits, and the agent wrote back that he despaired of ever doing anything with it besides losing money. "Never mind," was Jefferson's answer: "it will be a gratification for those who do go to see it, and you may draw on me for what money you need." But the result was, that the panoramic beauties now blush unseen in the garret of a Philadelphia theatre. The Philadelphia public have not forgotten the tribute which Jefferson paid to art in the production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The piece was afterward produced in the West, newly appointed and in every way as complete, but it did not meet with a patronage equal to the money that had been expended upon it. "It is all right," said Jefferson to the manager when the attendance began to fall off: "we have done our duty and have made an artistic success of the piece. If the people will not come to see it, it is more their misfortune than ours."

It would be pleasant for the writer to dwell upon the personal characteristics of Joseph Jefferson as illustrated in similar incidents, and he believes that it would not be uninteresting to the reader. But this sketch could scarcely plead the apology of a conscientious record did it not enter upon the professional career of the fourth and greatest actor in the Jefferson family. This career was begun very early in life, young Jefferson appearing in a combat scene at a benefit in Park Theatre when he could not have been more than six years old. His first appearance as a man was in Chanfrau's National Theatre in 1849, and already in

1857, having had considerable success at Niblo's Garden in the mean time, he was regarded as the best low comedian of the day. This reputation he had won by faithful application, and it was confirmed by his admirable performance of Asa Trenchard in *Our American Cousin*, which he played for one hundred and fifty consecutive nights, along with Sothorn as Lord Dundreary. Since that time he has enjoyed the most gratifying success in England, Australia and throughout the United States in "starring" tours, and with the specialty of *Rip Van Winkle*, the present version of which he played first in London, where it kept the boards of the Adelphi Theatre nearly two hundred consecutive nights.

The abuse of the "star" system is a common and favorite theme for the critics. In effect, this abuse is not altogether unlike the Pope's bull against the comet. It will be about as difficult a matter to abolish the former as it was to impede the course of the latter. The critics of to-day are not the only ones to whom the system has been one of great concern. Kind-hearted Charles Lamb refused it his usually genial sanction, and Addison's grace was turned to force in opposing it. The discerning and critical Goethe set his face against it obstinately. When he was manager at Weimar, and the public demanded to have actors from abroad, his answer was a pointed one: "No; if they are worse actors than ours, you will not come to see them; if better, you shall not." Yet, in spite of a unanimity of adverse opinion which is as rarely found among critics as among doctors, the system has prevailed with growing popularity ever since the revival of the English drama. Shakespeare tells us how the public of his day demanded it when he makes the comparison:

"As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious."

How popular the system is in our own day the general custom and the experience of managers attest. Indeed, however desirable a change might be, it is

difficult to understand how a change could be satisfactorily accomplished. Of course, it is the duty of every manager to make up his entire company of efficient material, and he who succeeds best in doing this succeeds best with the theatre-going public. But the strict observance of this rule can scarcely break down the custom of "starring." One theatre in a large city, where there are many and various dramatic entertainments, like Wallack's in New York or Selwyn's in Boston, may be handsomely sustained without the additional attractions of star actors. But it would be simply impossible, from the present supply and calibre of dramatic people, to furnish a dozen such theatres in New York or half a dozen in Boston.

We have all imagined, perhaps, a dramatic elysium where each play should unite in itself several Rip Van Winkles for as many Jeffersons, several Hamlets for several Booths, an Elizabeth or two for a Ristori or two, Mary Stuart for Janauschek, while a few generations of William Warrens, Burtons, Mary Gannons and some others would supply their respective provinces. But this is not merely impracticable—it is unnatural. If it be the province of the actor to hold the mirror up to nature, it would not answer to have developed genius doing good service as a supernumerary, or graceful elocution restricted to an announcement of dinner. Romance has its heroes, Society its particular ornaments, Literature its idols, and the Drama its stars. Do and say what we may, all people find their level. It is a fact, however, and worthy of remark, that until within a few years the "bright, particular star" has always been found in the tragic sphere. Melodrama has at times shone brilliantly, but while the former may be regarded as the "Big Dipper" and the latter as the "Little Dipper" in the theatrical firmament, comedy has generally presented the anomaly of a gloomy prospect—something like "most lamentable comedy." The reason of this may be found partly in the tastes of the people and partly in the custom of the dramatists. The way to

the sympathies of the people is shorter and straighter in tragedy and melodrama. The weeping muse is the favorite. People would rather cry than laugh. The satisfaction to be found in sympathetic misery is much deeper than that of sympathetic mirth. Shakespeare himself set the example of bringing out the tragic star and making him eclipse the comic. With the single exception of Falstaff, all his humorous characters are overshadowed by the greater importance of the serious characters, as are the Gravedigger, Launcelot Gobbo, Dogberry and the rest. Those of light comedy are grouped in such a way that there is no single prominent and central figure. There are not, and there scarcely could be, the equals, in point of prominent position, of a Lear, a Hamlet, a Richard, a Richelieu, or even a Claude Melnotte, in comedy. *A School for Scandal*, *The Rivals*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Married Life*, and almost all of our standard comedies, depend on the harmony of the whole, and not upon any single character. It is only since comedians have taken to specialties that they have been able to command positions equal to those occupied by leading tragedians. Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, Mr. Owens' Solon Shingle, Mr. Sothern's Dundreary have done for them what equally good acting had failed to do. The want of a specialty was a misfortune in the career of Burton and that of Reeves. Brougham should have made a specialty of Micawber, and Warren one of Dr. Pangloss or the old French tutor in *To Parents and Guardians*. Such acting should succeed at least as well and as generally as the Irish caricatures which have secured fortune and fame for no other reason than because they are specialties. But specialties in comedy were avoided for a long time by both dramatists and actors, and specialties in tragedy and melodrama cultivated, because the relations of the stage and the audience are such as to discourage attempts at the former and lighten the labors of the latter. It has been customary for the leading members of the profession to

regard comedy as a flirtation and tragedy as a serious life engagement.

But the subject of this sketch has courted the merry damsel and won her. He has taken Brobdignagian comic strides far beyond many Lilliputian tragic struts: he has been content to insinuate himself into the affections of the people, rather than storm the public citadel: quietly, modestly, easily and gracefully has he glided into his position, and his conscience is troubled by no murdered kings and his dreams are haunted by no gory heads nor weeping hearts. Joseph Jefferson was destined to be a star and destined to be a comedian. He has accomplished within the range of comedy more than most of his contemporaries have accomplished with all the advantages of tragedy. He shines alone in his sphere. Belonging to a gentle family of actors, he has added the American quality, and is an American gentleman and an American actor, to whom universal homage has been paid, and of whom we of America may be justly proud.

Mr. Jefferson is a thorough American actor. He is a man in whom intellectuality and culture are combined to work a refining influence upon the stage and upon the tastes of the dramatic public. He inspires that good, contented feeling which contrasts so strangely with the morbid excitement incident to an interest in the sensational dramas of the day. He is the most able exponent, if not the leader, of that natural school which reproduces without caricature, acts without exaggeration—is, and not merely seems to be. He blends French wit with English humor, so that it is impossible to mark where the one begins and the other ends. His lithe figure and nervous organization, peculiarly American, give him a telling mobility of limb as well as of feature, to which a characteristic quickness of apprehension is a corresponding mental trait. His expression follows the thought with the trueness and rapidity of perception. His appreciation is apt, his taste is excellent, and he is wary in availing himself of every means that may be legitimately used for stage effect;

yet he realizes fully the principle of that superlative art which conceals art. One of the most remarkable properties of Mr. Jefferson's acting is that he accomplishes everything in the most quiet and unpretentious way, which inspires so genuine a sympathy for the character itself that no one pauses to inquire by what means the effect is produced. If this has never been done before in comedy—and the writer knows of no instance—it is not too much to say that Mr. Jefferson has established a school of his own, and not too much to hope that this will be the American school.

After all that has been said about the lack of dramatic element in *Rip Van Winkle*, there is something quaintly beautiful in the legend, which we must appreciate and sympathize with as soon as we see it realized on the stage. It is a picture of the Kaatskill Mountains in the good old days of yore, when the jolly-melancholic spirits of Hendrick Hudson and his crew of the Half Moon used to play nine-pins and drink schnapps in the valley. It is the portrait of a simple, good-natured man and a disobedient and henpecked husband. On the principle that a termagant wife may be a blessing in teaching the virtue of patience, Irving pronounces Rip Van Winkle to have been thrice blessed. The assiduity with which he devoted himself to playing with the village children, and his insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor; the meekness with which he bore the whippings of Dame Van Winkle's voluble tongue inside the house, and the alacrity with which he sought the outside, "the only side that belongs to a henpecked husband;" the sympathy between him and his lank-jawed dog; the village tavern sign of the rubicund face, which served first for George the Third, and afterward for George Washington, but always loyal; the lightness of Rip's twenty years' sleep and the wonder of his awaking;—all enter into the ingenious composition of a glowing and harmonious tableau. That there is a strong dramatic element in it is sufficiently proved by the corresponding superstitions that are found among

almost all people, dating from the "Seven Sleepers," by the fact that half a dozen different dramas and one opera have been composed upon the theme, and that many leading comedians have essayed the part, among whom have been Chanfrau, Hackett and Charles Burke. That no one has ever made a great success in the part before must be accounted for by the fact that no one has ever before realized the original conception to the satisfaction of the public. With Mr. Jefferson and Rip Van Winkle the case is one of mutual adaptation. The actor does not deny to the dramatist of his version great credit for his ingenious arrangement of the situations. He says that Boucicault understands the secret and appreciates the influence of dramatic action better than any man since Shakespeare. He says that his version of *Rip Van Winkle* has a beginning and an end, which it never had before, and is finished, while the other versions were sketchy. The original beauties of the sketch are retained, but they have not been left as a sketch—they have been embodied in a drama.

If there is something especially charming in the ideal of Rip Van Winkle that Irving has drawn, there is something even more human, sympathetic and attractive in the character reproduced by Jefferson. A smile that reflects the generous impulses of the man; a face that is the mirror of character; great, luminous eyes that are rich wells of expression; a grace that is statuesque without being studied; an inherent laziness which commands the respect of no one, but a gentle nature that wins the affections of all; poor as he is honest, jolly as he is poor, unfortunate as he is jolly, yet possessed of a spontaneity of nature that springs up and flows along like a rivulet after a rain;—the man who cannot forget the faults of the character which Jefferson pictures, nor feel like taking good-natured young Rip Van Winkle by the hand and offering a support to tottering old Rip Van Winkle, must have become hardened to all natural as well as artistic influences. It is scarcely necessary to enter into the de-

tails of Mr. Jefferson's acting of the Dutch Tam O'Shanter. Notwithstanding the fact that the performance is made up of admirable points that might be enumerated and described, the picture is complete as a whole and in its connections. Always before the public; preserving the interest during two acts of the play after a telling climax; sustaining the realities of his character in a scene of old superstition, and in which no one speaks but himself,—the impersonation requires a greater evenness of merit and dramatic effect than any other that could have been chosen. Rip Van Winkle is imbued with the most marked individuality, and the identity is so conscientiously preserved that nothing is overlooked or neglected. Mr. Jefferson's analysis penetrates even into the minutæ of the part, but there is a perfect unity in the conception and its embodiment. Strong and irresistible in its emotion, and sly and insinuating in its humor, Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle is marked by great vigor as well as by an almost pre-Raphaelite finish.

The bibulous Rip is always present by the ever-recurring and favorite toast of "Here's your goot healt' and your family's, and may dey live long and prosper." The meditative and philosophic Rip is signaled by the abstract "Ja," which sometimes means *yes* and sometimes means *no*. The shrewd and clear-sighted Rip is marked by the interview with Derrick Van Beekman. The thoughtful and kind-hearted Rip makes his appearance in that sad consciousness of his uselessness and the little influence he exerts when he says to the children, talking of their future marriage: "I thought maybe you might want to ask me about it," which had never occurred to the children. The improvident Rip is discovered when Dame Van Winkle throws open the inn window-shutter, which contains the enormous score against her husband, and when Rip drinks from the bottle over the dame's shoulder as he promises to reform. The most popular and the most thriftless man in the village; the most intelligent and the least ambitious; the best-hearted and

the most careless;—the numerous contrasts which the *rôle* presents demand versatility in design and delicacy in execution. They are worked out with a moderation and a suggestiveness that are much more natural than if they were presented more decidedly. The sympathy of Mr. Jefferson's creation is the greatest secret of its popularity. In spite of glaring faults, and almost a cruel disregard of the family's welfare, Rip Van Winkle has the audience with him from the very beginning. His ineffably sad but quiet realization of his desolate condition when his wife turns him out into the storm, leaves scarcely a dry eye in the theatre. His living in others and not in himself makes him feel the changes of his absence all the more keenly. His return after his twenty years' sleep is painful to witness; and when he asks, with such heart-rending yet subdued despair, "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?" it is no wonder that sobs are heard throughout the house. His pleading with his child Meenie is not less affecting, and nothing could be more genuine in feeling. Yet all this emotion is attained in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner. Jefferson's sly humor crops out at all times, and sparkles through the veil of sadness that overhangs the later life of Rip Van Winkle. His wonder that his wife's "clapper" could ever be stopped is expressed in the same breath with his real sorrow at hearing of her death. "Then who the devil am I?" he asks with infinite wit just before he pulls away at the heartstrings of the audience in refusing the proffered assistance to his tottering steps. He has the rare faculty of bringing a smile to the lips and a tear to the eye at the same time. From the first picture, which presents young Rip Van Winkle leaning carelessly and easily upon the table as he drinks his schnapps, to the last picture of the decrepid but happy old man, surrounded by his family and dismissing the audience with his favorite toast, the character, in Mr. Jefferson's hands, endears itself to all, and adds another to the few real friendships which one may enjoy in this life.

Although Mr. Jefferson has made his great reputation as an actor in the part of Rip Van Winkle, and has become identified with that character before the public, his range of characters is very large, and unites the most refined comedy with the broadest farce. In all his acting, however, there is the same care, study and deliberation, and the same peculiar power of producing the strongest effects by the simplest means. Even in burlesque, in which Mr. Jefferson formerly played with great success, there is a strict abstinence from everything coarse or offensive. As Caleb Plummer he unites in another way the full appreciation of mingled humor and pathos—the greatest delicacy and affection with rags and homely speech. As Old Phil. Stapleton he is the patriarch of the village and the incarnation of content. As Asa Trenchard he is the diamond in the rough, combining shrewdness with simplicity, and elevating instead of degrading the Yankee character. As Dr. Ollapod, and Dr. Pangloss, and Tobias Shortcut he has won laurels that would make him a comedian of the first rank. His Bob Acres is a picture. There is almost as much to look at as in his Rip Van Winkle. There is nearly the same amount of genius, art, experience and intelligence in its personation. Hazlitt says that the author has overdone the part, and adds that “it calls for a great effort of animal spirits and a peculiar aptitude of genius to go through with it.” Mr. Jefferson has so much of the latter that he can—and to a great extent does—dispense with the former requisite. His quiet undercurrent of humor subserves the same purpose in the rôle of Bob Acres that it does in other characters. It is full of points, so judiciously chosen, so thoroughly apt, so naturally made and so characteristically preserved that the

part with Jefferson is a great one. The man of the “oath referential or sentimental swearing” makes the entire scope of the part an “echo to the sense.” Even in so poor a farce as that of *A Regular Fix*, Mr. Jefferson makes the eccentricities of Hugh de Brass immensely funny. The same style is preserved in every character, but with an application that gives to each a separate being.

In private life, Mr. Jefferson is an affable gentleman, who endears himself to all who are associated with him, and probably no man has more or more steadfast friends. He has been married twice. His first wife was a Miss Lockyer, of New York, who left him a son and a daughter, the former of whom is now about seventeen years of age, and has inherited the salient characteristics of the Jefferson family. This young man has already manifested a decided preference for his father's profession, has appeared in amateur entertainments with great credit, and promises to be a worthy successor in this family of actors. The present Mrs. Jefferson was a Miss Warren, a niece of William Warren, the actor. She was married to Mr. Jefferson something more than a year ago in Chicago—is an amiable lady, never has been, and probably never will appear, on the stage. Mr. Jefferson has acquired a considerable fortune during his successful career, and now acts less than the greater number of our hard-working American stars. But as an actor *con amore*, he never slights anything, and he retains all his original interest in his profession. Still a comparatively young man and with a laudable ambition, he will accomplish much in the future for the best interests of the American stage and for the culture of dramatic taste.

JAMES B. RUNNION.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SNOW.

IN the winter of 1861-2, the writer of this was detailed, with a number of other non-commissioned officers from his regiment, to proceed to A—— (a considerable inland city in New York) on recruiting service. The regiment had been raised there a few months previously, and hurried to "the front" to guard the threatened Capital. Our colonel being an accomplished artillery officer, and holding a captain's commission in the regular service, we were assigned to permanent duty in the defences of Washington, so raising earthworks and mounting heavy siege and garrison guns was the most dangerous duty we were called upon to perform. Just previous to my detail upon recruiting service our regiment had been transferred, by an order of the Secretary of War, from infantry to heavy artillery, and this required our filling up from nine hundred men to eighteen hundred strong. This being in the early part of the war, and the military strength of the country having been hardly drawn upon, we found our business a thriving one; and early in February the officer in command of the party was notified from the Adjutant-General's Office that our regiment was now full, and he was ordered to settle up his business and rejoin his command with his detail with the least practicable delay.

Previous to returning to camp I obtained a ten days' furlough, in order to visit my wife and children, who had gone to stay with their friends in the northern part of the State during the term of my enlistment. Taking the Central Vermont train, I reached Rouse's Point in the afternoon of February 14, 1862. Here I hoped to make connection with the train going north to Ogdensburg, but to my great vexation I found that the regular mail and passenger train was not to leave that afternoon. During our journey from Rutland to St. Alban's the wind had been blowing quite freshly, but on our arriving at this border town it had

increased to a fearful hurricane. The weather had grown intensely cold too, and the blast having uninterrupted sweep across the broad bosom of Lake Champlain, it seemed to have acquired increased rigor from the icy surface it swept over. Discharging its fury upon the bleak coast, it drove every living creature within-doors for shelter. The heaviest-woven fabric seemed like gossamer before its rude assaults; and no violence of exercise and no extent of animal spirits would suffice to preserve natural warmth in the human being exposed to its intolerable rigor. The ancients, having observed that it was very cold in front of the north wind, fancied it must be correspondingly warm on the other side of it; therefore they assumed that the blessed land inhabited by the Hyperboreans was mild and equable, because it was beyond the north wind. This blast came from the south-west, and the region at the other side of it might have been halcyon and delightful; but it is certain that in front of it the cold was so extreme that no person could expose himself to it with safety. The atmosphere had assumed a dull leaden hue, and the inhabitants predicted a heavy fall of snow as soon as the gale abated.

My leave was but a short one, and my anxiety to greet my family was so great that I was willing to run any risks if I could only reach my destination without delay. I learned from the station-agent that a special accommodation train would leave at six o'clock that evening for Moer's Junction, to meet the passengers and mails arriving there from Plattsburg, returning with them to Rouse's Point the same evening. This carried me but a few miles on my way certainly, and I should have to pass the night at this way station. But there was a fever of restlessness in my veins which impelled me to keep moving, and any conveyance which should lessen the dis-

tance between myself and my loved ones, even by a few miles, seemed to afford some measure of relief.

Punctually at six the train started. The wind had abated somewhat, and a heavy fall of snow had set in. The train was light, consisting of but four freight cars consigned to Plattsburg, and one passenger and baggage car. The engineer was an old and experienced hand, who had fought many a hard battle with the snow in those regions. He gave it as his opinion that we were "in for a night of it," and he would not be surprised if the road were blocked up before morning; but he thought that by running fast he could make Mooer's Junction without much trouble. Starting under a heavy pressure of steam, we accomplished seven or eight miles without apparent difficulty, but here the train came to a halt. The snow continued to fall quite freely, and the wind blew it in heavy drifts upon the track. The train was then backed, and a desperate lunge made at the rapidly-accumulating snow-drift. This carried us forward a few rods, and then we came to another standstill. The engine puffed and snorted and labored, and appeared to expend a vast amount of effort, but farther progress seemed effectually barred. We had but eight miles more to make, being about midway between Rouse's Point and the Junction, and our indefatigable engineer kept at his labors for upward of an hour, exhausting all the resources at his command in his determined efforts to push through. But he had to succumb at last. The air was one sheet of blinding snow, which whirled and eddied in the blast, congealing on the eyelashes, impeding the respiration, and rendering all human efforts to contend with it a mere futility. At length all motion ceased, and we concluded that the engineer had given up his labors in despair. The cars were completely buried in the snow, and it was evident that no help could reach us that night: nothing remained for us, therefore, but to make the best of our position till morning. Communication with the engineer was entirely cut off, and we were

in utter ignorance how matters fared with him and the fireman; but as danger generally makes us selfish, our anxiety in regard to them was, perhaps, not very excruciating. We all regarded our situation with some degree of apprehension, and each seemed to think that he had enough to do to take care of himself. Anxious inquiries were made with regard to the supply of fuel on hand, and it was found that the box half-filled with wood which stood at one end of the car was the entire store within reach. There might be wood in the tender, but it was no more available for our use than if standing in the forest. We numbered seventeen passengers, besides the conductor and brakeman, and of these three were ladies. American gallantry first prompted us to make the best arrangements possible for their comfort, and they were accordingly placed in seats nearest the stove, and well protected with spare cloaks and blankets. Being thus thrown upon each other for entertainment, and isolated from the world by a wide desolation of snow, we dismissed that reserve that keeps us strangers in life to each other, and became conversational and unconstrained as at a social party. We kept up a warm fire while the fuel lasted, and enlivened the long hours with pleasant narrative and much sprightly humor; but the cold draft which circulated freely through the car so numbed our limbs that to keep up our spirits cost continued effort.

Toward midnight our wood began to run low, and the conductor suggested that an attempt be made to reach the tender. He was also desirous to hear from the engineer and fireman, being apprehensive that some evil might have befallen them. A couple of hardy young Vermonters volunteered to make the attempt with him. Providing themselves with shovels and a basket to hold the much-coveted fuel, the forward door of the car was opened and they stepped out upon the platform into the fury of the storm. The snow had drifted up to the car windows, and it was still falling heavily. The wind blew in furious gusts, filling the air with whirling drifts, and

surrounding the men outside with a constant shower of snow-spray. They shouted in concert, but the wind blew the sound of their voices back in their faces. To attempt to shovel a path would have been on a par with Mrs. Partington's endeavor to keep back the Atlantic Ocean with a broom. One of the young men sprang off the platform, determined to wade to the engine by main force, but he could make no forward progress, and becoming quickly numbed by the intense cold, his companions lost no time in dragging him into the car in a semi-conscious condition. He was divested of his outer clothing, his boots pulled off, and two or three set vigorously to work chafing him. Fortunately, one of the company had some brandy in a pocket-flask, and by the aid of these restoratives he was shortly brought back to consciousness. This painful episode impressed us with a vivid sense of our danger, and we wished for the dawn of the morrow with the utmost fervency.

The night wore through at length, and the winter day dawned upon a magnificent scene. As far as the eye could reach in every direction was one crystalline surface of dazzling whiteness. Not an object was visible to relieve the glittering landscape save the forest trees which skirted the horizon and a thin thread of telegraph poles marking the railroad track north and south. The storm had subsided, and the sun arose on our right with all the brilliancy of the "sun of Austerlitz." This revived our spirits, and gave us some heart to make exertions toward extricating ourselves from our unpleasant situation. On closely scanning the country around, we perceived a thin column of smoke arising from a hut, completely snowed under, which stood about five hundred yards to the right of the track. This might be a farm-house, and our imaginations were ready to invest the abode with an ample store of inviting luxuries smoking upon the table. Not one of the passengers was provided with any food, and we were all as hungry as soldiers after a heavy march. To procure a supply of fuel

from the tender and a warm breakfast from the farm-house were duties to perform without any delay and at any reasonable risk. The platforms were cleared off, and an expedition undertaken to reach the tender; but imagine our dismay when the hardy adventurers returned with the information that the locomotive and tender were nowhere within sight! This seemed to add to our feeling of isolation, and the necessity of reaching the farm-house became more urgent than ever. Outside of the drift which covered the track we found the snow to stand on a level of five feet. If the ground was even, this could be waded through and supplies obtained until assistance reached us from Champlain City or Rouse's Point. But in attempting the journey it was found that the country was of a broken, uneven character, and the party who essayed the task, after floundering into several ravines and gullies which buried them completely under, were glad to return, thoroughly worn-out and dispirited. Matters becoming thus desperate, and the intensity of the cold numbing us through, a raid was made upon the baggage compartment, and seats and boxes were split up to make a fire. If we could only keep our limbs from freezing, we felt a conviction that assistance would be rendered us before long, but our condition was so desperate that we felt a natural unwillingness to abandon all endeavor and confess that our lives were dependent upon help from without. The three lady passengers kept up their spirits bravely, and two of them appeared to suffer no worse distress than their rougher companions; but the third (a young student at the St. Alban's Academy) showed such symptoms of drowsiness that we feared there was danger of her limbs becoming frosted. A drink of brandy was administered to her, her gaiters and stockings taken off and her feet and ankles well rubbed, and by dint of occasional exercise and encouraging assurances we succeeded in arousing her from her chilled stupor, and keeping warmth and animation in her frame until assistance reached us.

For this we had not much longer to

wait. About ten o'clock a couple of good Samaritans hove in sight, skimming over the surface of the snow in snow-shoes, and bearing each a basket covered with a white cloth. It required no prophet to describe to us the store of delicacies concealed within. The eager and the nipping air to which we had been exposed had sharpened our appetites to starvation-point, and, as is the case with all people in such a condition, our imaginations had begun to revel in every conceivable dainty. The men were welcomed as visitors from another world, and the well-prepared stores they had brought despatched with the keenest avidity. They made themselves known to us as the station-agent and restaurateur at Mooer's Junction, and brought us the cheerful intelligence that the track was blockaded clear through to Ogdensburg. The division superintendent, however, they assured us, "was a live man, used to this kind of thing," and he already had a force of men at work who would dig us out in a twinkling. Our locomotive and tender, they informed us, were half a mile along the line, and the engineer laid up at the Junction, seriously injured by scalding and frost. It appeared that finding it impossible to get the train through, he had detached his engine with the intention of running to the Junction to obtain aid, but when he had proceeded about half a mile his feed-pipe burst, and while engaged in repairing the breach an escape of steam badly scalded his arms and hands. This injury, added to the inclemency of the storm, had overpowered him, and he sank into the deep snow-drift, unable to extricate himself. Goldsby, the Amphytrion above mentioned (a man, we learned, deserving of King Charles' commendation—"Never in the way and never out of the way"), supposing there might be some trouble on the road, had sallied forth the evening preceding, and finding the poor fellow in this terrible plight, and the fireman unable to aid him, assisted the latter in conveying him to the Junction, where he was put comfortably to bed and his injuries attended to. The brave fellow assured us we should not

want for creature comforts during our detention here, and for fuel indicated a spot some twenty rods to our left, where, by shoveling away the snow, we could come upon some chestnut fence-rails which would soon furnish us "a rousing fire." After a pleasant stay of an hour, our visitors left us, promising to return in the afternoon with a warm supper and a report of the progress made toward our delivery.

Fortunately, the conductor had brought a dozen shovels along, and we lost no time in acting upon Goldsby's directions toward obtaining firewood. A dozen vigorous hands were soon at work on the spot indicated, and before a great while their labors were rewarded by obtaining a supply sufficient to answer our needs. With a warm fire to sit by, and a generous meal to fortify the inner man, we dismissed all apprehensions of impending danger, and devoted ourselves to whiling away the time as best we could until our communication with the outside world was again established. The day was truly delicious, the noontide sun imparting to the unbroken solitude unspeakable radiance. It seemed like a pause in life. We were remote from the world and all its cares, with unconfined space before us: we suffered nothing, now that a source of supply was opened, and all we could do was to abandon ourselves to the novelty of the scene and calmly bide the issue of events. Attracted outside by the cheery sun's rays, I seized a shovel and worked away at the snow until my companions and I had cleared quite a piece along the track. Meanwhile, the railroad authorities had not been idle. Several hundred laborers had been set to work shoveling snow, and the heaviest engines were at work with snow-ploughs forcing a passage through.

Toward five o'clock in the afternoon our indefatigable little friend visited us again, bringing another excellent meal: he reported the track two-thirds cleared from the Junction hitherward, and four locomotives at work for the purpose of reaching us that evening. We could perceive their smoke a distance in ad-

vance, and watched, as a wrecked seaman would a distant sail, for their approach. But no deliverance came to us that night. After having promised ourselves a cheerful room and a refreshing night's rest at the station, it was with extreme disgust that we found the shades of evening again closing around us, and ourselves doomed to another cold and dreary night in the car. During the day we had succeeded in providing ourselves with fuel enough to last through the night; and as sleep was impossible with our feet numbed and teeth chattering, we passed the long night away with telling stories, discussing the probabilities of the war, and passing our pipes from one mouth to another. The ladies were not forgotten or neglected, it must be understood. Everything that could be done to promote their comfort was cheerfully performed, and much pleasing and polite attention was shown them; but all ceremony was dispensed with. We were in a border region, we were sharing one common danger, and we conformed to Shakespeare's injunction of being familiar, but by no means vulgar: this, we found, conduced to the comfort of all.

Betimes in the morning our deliverers set to work in real earnest. A large number of skirmishers were deployed in advance, who tossed the snow aside in square blocks, cutting it with their shovels like sponge-cake. Four locomotives, coupled together, the foremost carrying a heavy snow-plough, came up to the work, and plunging into the snow with prodigious momentum, tossed it on either side like spray dashed from a ship's prow. Reaching our locomotive and tender, they coupled on to them and bore them to the Junction out of their way. The shovel brigade meanwhile arrived at our train, having cleared the snow to within two feet of the track; and now we stood anxiously by to witness the grand dash that was to open the path through. The four ponderous locomotives—like a train of war elephants—came thundering along, and at their approach the body of laborers sprung upon the snow-bank to witness

the charge. With irresistible force they ploughed into the solid snow, sending a gleaming rift right and left into the air, like spurts from a whale's nostrils. It was a noble sight, and the delighted spectators cheered vociferously. On they came, spurning the impediment from their path like mere sea-foam; and as the engines came opposite to the line of workmen on the bank, the column of snow dashed into the air from the right of the track struck a section of the men in the midst of their jubilation, and laid them as suddenly prostrate as if the line had been raked by a cannon-ball. They were on their feet in an instant, and the puffing engines halted in close contiguity to our snow-bound train. Congratulations were exchanged between the passengers and their deliverers, and very shortly we were on our way to the station, with the sturdy shovelmen clustering on our car like a swarm of bees. Arriving there, we were entertained with a good warm meal, and the energy and hospitality of our host were spoken of in the highest terms.

By this change of base we had secured a more eligible position, but we had not raised the blockade. No trains were yet in from the North, and it was doubtful whether an opening could be effected under two or three days. A strong wind had again sprung up, which filled up the track almost as fast as it was cleared, and the immense amount of snow which had to be removed rendered the task a very laborious one. Having so many mouths to fill, provisions at the station completely ran out, and the road being now opened to Malone, our host telegraphed to that city for commissary stores. Receiving nothing in return, he telegraphed two or three orders. He afterward learned that they were all promptly filled; but the ravenous appetites of the large force of shovelmen engaged along the track had induced them to appropriate every ounce of comestibles that came within their reach. There happened, fortunately, to be a large lot of keg oysters in the freight-house, and any quantity of excellent Canadian flour. These were made

free use of, and though our table betrayed a marked sameness of fare at all hours of the day, we had enough, and felt duly thankful for our good fortune. By noon on the 18th the road was opened through to Ogdensburg, and a train was expected down that evening. Word was sent on in advance for meals for two hundred passengers and workmen, to be prepared by six o'clock. This far exceeded our host's capacity of accommodation, and the inroad of rude famishing men with which he was threatened drove him almost to distraction. He begged of us, if we valued his labors in our behalf, to stay by him till this vandalic invasion was over, and he had every oven and housewife within reach busy at work making bread or biscuits and stewing down kettle after kettle of oysters. By seven the train arrived, bringing all the railroad officials of the division, three car-loads of passengers (a number of them, like ourselves, snowed in for thirty-six hours) and over a hundred workmen.

The superintendent stationed a strong guard at the doors of the car containing the workmen, to hold them there until the passengers had partaken of their meal; but if hunger will break down stone walls, certainly the flimsy panels of a railroad car are not capable of confining it. They demanded food: they were told to wait. This did not pacify them: the food was within reach, and the ravenous cravings of their stomachs rendered them perfectly unmanageable.

Bursting open the doors, they poured over the guard, who struggled manfully to hold them back, and rushing frantically into the dining-room, they commenced an indiscriminate attack upon everything eatable, even clearing the plates of those seated at the tables. They seemed to be animated by no mischievous or wanton spirit: they were simply hungry, and with the unreasoning instinct which such a craving prompts, they were doggedly determined to take no chances and put up with no delay. As you would throw the carcase to pursuing wolves to quiet them, so basket after basket of bread was laid before these men to appease their fury. The scene was one of indescribable confusion for upward of an hour, and considerable table-ware and other property was destroyed. On the departure of the train these unwelcome customers were got rid of, and the rueful countenance of our host showed how little satisfaction he derived from the result of his day's labors. At nine the next morning a train from the South arrived, upon which those going northward were prompt to take their seats, having liberally recompensed the restaurant-keeper for his entertainment. I reached my family that same day without further mishap, and after spending a week, surrounded with the unspeakable comforts of home, I bade adieu to all the endearments of civic life and returned to the dull and monotonous routine of camp duties.

FREDERICK LOCKLEY.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

THIS nation should be one from the Pole to the Isthmus of Panama, and should dominate the Caribbean Sea by the possession of the chain of the Antilles. The purpose of the present article is to demonstrate that this "Manifest Destiny" is not only entirely practicable, but that its attainment would be eminently sound political economy, and that it can be secured without the echo of a cannon, except in salutes, while it would be attended by the spontaneous and enthusiastic support of the vast majority of contiguous populations.

To commence with Canada. The common impression that the Dominion is intensely English is an error: the mass of the people there see their own interests as clearly as similar communities do elsewhere. The traveler through the country, particularly if admitted into local society, sees but one side of the question, and may gather altogether erroneous impressions of general sentiment. This is especially the case through Central and Eastern Canada. Each town or city has a local aristocracy, composed of members of government, of the Parliament, retired officers of the army and navy, and civilians who emigrate to the Provinces to obtain higher interest on small capital, and with cheaper living to maintain a better position in social life than they could afford in the mother country. These, with the officials, officers of the garrisons and a remnant of the descendants of the old Loyalists who emigrated from the American colonies during the war of the Revolution, constitute a very minute but exceedingly pronounced aristocracy, and are naturally firm in loyalty and apprehensive of any change which would tend to bring all classes of the population to a common level of political equality. But underlying this class is the vast multitude of producers—the lumbermen, millers, farmers, manufacturers and traders—to whom

free intercourse with the neighboring republic is a matter of vital necessity. They possess loyalty to the Crown to a certain extent. With many of them it is strong, and with full reciprocity of trade with their neighbors they would remain in their present political status possibly for generations to come; but without it, union with the States is in the near future.

By the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Great Britain the burdens of restricted intercourse have been again laid upon Canadian producers, and the result is manifest in a strong and growing sentiment in favor of political union with the great republic; to counteract which the government of the Dominion is using every effort to bring about another convention for reciprocity of trade.

Canada is not Utopia yet. Its taxation is high, and its facilities for procuring loans for internal improvements limited, owing to the extravagant system adopted by its authorities in administering previous trusts: the government of the Dominion is cumbersome and costly, and its people see that the scheme was projected for the benefit of but a few politicians anxious to perpetuate their power and bask in the sunshine of semi-royal splendor. In 1861, one of its prominent officials informed the writer that the debt of the two Provinces—East and West—amounted to eight dollars per acre upon the entire amount of land then actually under cultivation. Immigration merely passes through it on its way to the prairies of the North-western States and Territories of this republic, and at the present time a formidable exodus is taking place among that excellent class, the hardy, industrious, economical French of Canada East.

It is curious to observe, upon public occasions—agricultural dinners, etc., etc.—when the citizens of French and English descent are brought together, a cer-

tain overstrained courtesy, the superficial gloss of compliment which only half conceals a deep antipathy of race. This jealousy continually crops out in the halls of legislation. If an internal improvement is projected for Western or Central Canada, a rider to the bill is immediately attached in the shape of a pier, a half a mile or a mile long, to be built out into the St. Lawrence from some small French-Canadian village down below Quebec, or some other expensive and unnecessary work, to equalize the appropriations. Under the Dominion these antagonisms have become still deeper and the dissatisfaction still more decided, particularly through Canada West. There the burdens of non-reciprocity are more seriously experienced; and owing to the character of the inhabitants, their proximity to the border, and the identity of their interests with those of their neighbors, under wise political action upon this side the overtures for annexation will first come from Ottawa, and the card-house of the Dominion tumble to pieces by the removal of its base of support.

It is self-interest, and that alone, which will decide the question. Conversing with a prominent Canadian, some one remarked that the day after annexation property in the Dominion would advance in value twenty per cent. "Yes," was the reply—"nearer fifty." Hence the question may safely be left to the arbitration of time. Given, ten years, possibly five, of the existing commercial status, and Canada West will be in the American Union. How long the remainder can stay out does not require much consideration.

The sentiment throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is still more decided. These Provinces were always prosperous, out of debt and progressive: they were dragged into the Confederation, and in Nova Scotia the first act of the Dominion authorities was to take possession of the surplus in the Provincial treasury, while increased taxation was imposed to meet its proportion of the common debt—an obligation incurred

for the great sums squandered by the Canadian administration for its purely local purposes, and now distributed upon these new and independent members. The writer, in a tour through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in 1867, was surprised at the bitterness of public sentiment against incorporation in the Dominion, and the eagerness and favor with which annexation to the republic was almost generally entertained.

The present efforts in these Provinces to throw off the shackles of Canadian authority are still more indicative of the final result, and we may soon expect the acquisition of a coast line to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which will give us the valuable fisheries, forests and mines belonging to the included territories and the navigation of the St. Lawrence river. The same identity of interest will bring in the Hudson's Bay possessions, and the authority of the republic will extend to the Arctic Ocean.

Leaving the North, we find Cuba in the convulsion of insurrection, the prelude to its ultimate destiny; Mexico, almost ready for the protectorate which will be synonymous with its incorporation; and a large and growing party throughout the States of Central America urging the extension of the power and influence of the great republic down to the Isthmus of Panama.

An eminent professor of this country, just returned from a scientific exploration of the island of St. Domingo, brings with him a letter from one of the most influential of its statesmen, in which he says, "Tell General Grant that if he wants this island, he can have it."

Porto Rico will undoubtedly follow the lead of Cuba sooner or later, and with most of the Antilles it is but a question of time. The necessity for dominating the Caribbean Sea is absolute and immediate for this country, and the effort for the acquisition of St. Thomas by the Administration of President Johnson was a far-sighted and statesmanlike movement. In the present condition of naval improvements, steam will exercise a controlling influ-

ence in the event of war; and a war vessel leaving our naval stations, even from as far South as Pensacola, will have exhausted much of her coal before reaching the meridian of St. Thomas; hence the necessity of a strong station and post of supply and refit well up to windward. Nothing but the malignity of partisan opposition, joined perhaps to gross ignorance on the part of Congressional committees, frustrated the appropriations necessary to carry into effect the treaty of cession negotiated with the government of Denmark.

Great Britain holds four powerful positions of constant menace to this nation—Halifax, Bermuda, Barbados and Jamaica, with the small naval station at Antigua besides. All these places are fortified and stocked with warlike material, and conveniences for supply and repairs. Halifax and Bermuda are immensely powerful both for defence and offence: all the stations are within easy steaming distance of each other, and within this chain of posts we need to secure and maintain a substantial foothold.

There is a marked deficiency in the information of the public at large concerning the real condition of the West Indian islands. Some general idea prevails of the injuries inflicted upon the British Islands by the arbitrary action of the home government in the emancipation of the slaves and the abolition of differential duties in favor of colonial sugars, whereby the industry of these once-important colonies was for a time entirely prostrated, and the whole system of their labor absolutely demoralized. But since the perpetration of these positive wrongs, the policy pursued by the government has been almost equally disastrous, in its neglect and in the influence accorded to pseudo philanthropists in regulating to so great an extent all action respecting the prosperity of the colonies. These two conditions, neglect and prejudiced administration, have alienated to a great degree the affections of the colonists as respects their government, and induced them to look to the elements of prosperity existing in other systems, and their results upon the interests

of their people. In 1853, when the writer passed through the islands on a mission to one of the South American republics, he found the sentiment in favor of affiliation with the United States not only strong in many of the colonies, but in some decidedly demonstrative. Planters in British Guiana, commenting upon the injuries inflicted by the course of the home government, did not hesitate to assert that if the United States would hold out the necessary encouragement, they would run up the flag at once; and a leading legal officer at Trinidad remarked, "You are a young man, in the opening of your official life, and you can in no way secure for yourself a higher fame, nor engage in a work of such permanent usefulness, as to devote yourself to the annexation of these islands to the United States."

Repeated visits since to the different colonies have but confirmed these views, and the reason is evident. All of them suffer from a want of labor: they need a firm policy with that useless mass of negro population now left in their midst as an encumbrance, and for which they cannot legislate effectually. At present the tide of emigration passes away from them, and their magnificent soil, climate and natural position are almost wasted. They produce articles of prime necessity to mankind—sugar, cotton, tobacco, cocoa and coffee—yet from the scarcity of labor are obliged to import food from America. The British Provinces send cargoes of salt fish, rice is brought from India to feed the coolie laborers, and lumber, flour, butter, lard, salt beef, pork, biscuit, hay and oats from the United States. Incorporated into the American Union as States, money would flow in upon them for internal improvements, their labor would be regulated, immigration attracted, and their produce reaching its principal consumers free of duties, every plantation would at once appreciate in value to an immense extent, and all their production be stimulated and expanded. The advantages are too obvious to need recapitulation, and force themselves upon the attention of every reflecting mind.

There are some of the islands of no particular value, except as completing the claim of possession—such as the Virgin group and the Dutch colonies—but these could be purchased for moderate amounts and with the hearty assent of their limited populations. The French islands, Guadeloupe and Martinique, are so well governed and generally prosperous that only the superior commercial privileges, and an augmentation of the value of their estates arising from the free market for their products, would influence the choice of their planters; but the English possessions would soon enter by an open door, particularly those where the energy and wisdom of local administration have re-established agriculture by the introduction of coolie labor. Antigua is something like a Canadian town in its sentiment of local aristocracy, and consequent loyalty; and in Barbados the English prejudice remains as a consequence of uninterrupted prosperity arising from its unique position as respects the control of its labor subsequent to emancipation; but Barbados is exclusively a sugar-producing island, and self-interest would swamp national prejudice; while St. Vincent, Grenada, Tobago, St. Lucia, Trinidad and British Guiana would undoubtedly welcome political union as soon as its full attendant advantages became generally appreciated by their planters and merchants.

Dominica is almost abandoned to an idle negro population, and Jamaica is passing through a political transformation which is still uncertain as to its results upon the white residents of the island. Both are remarkably valuable as possessions, and to each the same general benefits would become apparent in the course of time.

In Santa Cruz, upon the promulgation of the treaty of cession of St. Thomas by Denmark, strong manifestations of

disappointment were made by the people that it had not also been included in the transfer, the resultant advantages being great in view of its extended cultivation, and the effect upon the values of its tropical produce, and consequent appreciation in the worth of its properties and commercial expansion.

The principle of severely letting the colonies alone has been firmly established in Great Britain, as well as their freedom of choice to a large extent in seeking new political alliances upon the expression of the popular will. I have shown the tendency of inclination toward union with the republic: I do not say that the sentiment is strong everywhere, but it exists, is strengthening, and may be cultivated by a sound and farsighted course of national policy. We know that other European powers are prepared to sell isolated West Indian possessions; so that there is no difficulty in the future for the republic to extend its domain from the Arctic Ocean to the Caribbean Sea, and to hold the latter as an inland lake. The day is past when mere national origin will permanently control political alliances: the greatest interests of peoples will decide them, and Manifest Destiny can be so attained that its processes will be entirely peaceable and harmonious, while accompanied with the enthusiastic support of whole populations. There is a natural tendency among neighboring States to merge their individual existence in this great homogeneous power, the position of which is continental, its opportunities for expansion unlimited, and its future grand and magnificent beyond calculation. As it was the idea of the founders of the republic, so let its realization become the study and effort of the wise and patient of the generation which may witness its triumph.

J. B. AUSTIN.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOHN EVELYN MOWBRAY.

"Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, 'It might have been.'"

WHITTIER.

EARLY in the afternoon of the next day, Ethan and Celia were standing at Mr. Hartland's front gate.

"Are you going toward Mr. Sydenham's, cousin?" Celia asked.

"No. I—I thought of calling on Dr. Meyrac."

"Give him my kindest regards, and—shall you see Ellinor Ethelridge?"

"Probably."

"Tell her I hope to be with her this evening."

The cousins separated, Celia taking the road to Rosebank. She passed the house, however, and a little way beyond turned into a path to the right, which ran outside the west fence of the vineyard, and was bordered by a light fringe of shrubbery. It led her to that rustic bridge over Kinshon Creek already mentioned, and she crossed it, entering the village cemetery beyond.

Nature had done much for this little secluded spot. Its surface, some eight or ten acres in extent, was gently undulating, with a slope to the east. It was bounded on the north and west by the forest, on the south by Kinshon Creek, and was open eastward toward the village. A few of the handsomest forest trees had been left: there had been planted cedars, willows and graceful weeping birches, and around the whole was a hedge of laurel, thick set, the lower line of this hedge reaching Kinshon Creek just above the fall. Over a simple arched entrance on the east, built of the same warm gray freestone that Sydenham had selected for his residence, was the inscription:

"Why should not He whose touch dissolves our chain,
Put on His robes of beauty when He comes
As a Deliverer?"

The memorials to the dead were, with

few exceptions, quite simple and unpretending: some were of the same gray stone as the entrance, others of white marble: here and there a touching inscription, usually from some well-known author. Celia paused before one of these, over the grave of her aunt Alice's only child, which had died when but five years old. Selected by Alice herself, but only faintly depicting the desolation that fell on the mother as she laid her little one to rest on that hillside, it read:

"Above thee wails thy parents' voice of grief;
Thou art gone hence. Alas, that aught so brief
So loved should be!
Thou tak'st our summer hence: the light, the tone,
The music of our being, all in one,
Depart with thee."

A little farther on she passed a marble slab which she had not seen before, for it had been but recently placed. It recalled to her a melancholy incident. A few weeks before a German professor and his wife, friends of the Meyracs, had spent a few days at the doctor's house, on their way to Iowa. Their infant died there suddenly, of croup, and this was the grave. The inscription was in German; and Celia, struck with its grace, translated it:

"Ephemera all die at sunset, and no insect of this class ever sported in the rays of the rising sun. Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye play in the ascending beam and in the early dawn and in the eastern light; drink only the first sweet draughts of life; hover, for a little while, over a world of freshness and blossoms, and then fall asleep in innocence, ere ever the morning dews are exhaled."

Celia glanced around the cemetery: she was its only visitor. Slowly she passed on to where, under the shade of an old oak of the forest, lay the remains of her father and mother. The sight of the spot awoke a new train of thought: "She knows it all now, and she has forgiven him." Celia was as sure of that

as if her mother had suddenly appeared before her, there by her grave, in robes of white, and told her so. "On earth as it is in heaven," were the next words that occurred to her. But *was* it on earth as in heaven? What is forgiven there must be punished here. Her father had saved himself from the penalty of penitentiary labor only by years of deception. And if his crime had come to light during his life, what a frightful blow for her mother! How *could* he risk the happiness of one he loved so much! Herself, too, his child: she had escaped being a convict's daughter by mere accident—through the lie that her father had lived.

And not a man or woman, or child even, in Chiskauga but knew it now, or would know it all before another week had passed. Was she justified in proposing that partnership to Ellinor? What if the mothers of Ellinor's pupils should object to send their daughters to the child of a malefactor—a girl, too, who was—oh the vile epithet from that horrid Mrs. Wolfgang's lips! It had seared like burning steel. Could mothers be blamed if they sought to preserve their daughters from contamination?

Evelyn Mowbray!—his name swept over her next. A man must protect his children—from reproach as much as from any other injury. Children living in fear that others should know who their mother was! Had she a right to marry at all? One thing was clear as noonday. It was her duty to absolve Evelyn from his promise to make her his wife. If he did not come to see her, she must seek him, to tell him that.

The murmur of the waterfall, wafted up by a soft southern breeze, had soothed her when she first reached the spot, but her ear was deaf to it now: bitter thoughts overpowered Nature's soothing. Impatient of inaction, she retraced her steps.

As she passed along the vineyard, she had one of those dim premonitions which sometimes intimate the approach of a person to whom the thoughts have been directed. Looking down the road by

which Sydenham's house was approached, she saw some one ascending it. The villagers often passed that way, it being the most direct route for foot-passengers from the village to Tyler's mill. Celia *felt* who this was, but it did not occur to her that he might be on his way to visit a rival. Stern feelings engrossed her, excluding all inklings of jealousy: she forgot Ellen's existence. Her thought was: "Shall I accost him or avoid a meeting?" She saw him now distinctly, but the high paling and the shrubbery which fringed the path on the side next the forest afforded protection sufficient if she resolved to escape observation. She was too restless, however, to delay the issue. With a sort of desperate feeling she quickened her steps, confronting Mowbray as she turned the corner of the vineyard fence.

When a man occupied by secret thoughts of a friend or a foe—thoughts which he would fain hide from all the world—comes suddenly and unexpectedly on the object of his cogitations, he must be an adept in dissimulation if he can wholly conceal what he has been thinking. Celia read in her lover's face a conflict of feelings—embarrassment, hesitation. He rallied quickly, however, greeted her cordially and asked after her health.

"Which way were you going?" Celia asked, after replying to his inquiries.

"I sauntered out for exercise, and my good angel must have guided me here. Where have you been?"

"In the cemetery."

A pause; then Mowbray said: "Shall we walk a little way into the woods, they are so fresh and beautiful?"

Celia turned in assent. Mowbray walked by her side a few steps; then added: "I see you so seldom now, Celia. I feel as if it would be an intrusion to enter Mr. Hartland's house, he is such a crabbed old fellow. What a pity you have such a guardian! We might have been married before this if he had behaved like a decent man."

"Probably."

"Do you think, dear, he will ever get over that grudge he has against me?"

"I cannot tell: it is not likely. But he will not press Cranstoun upon me any more: he considers him a scoundrel."

"That is one point gained."

"My uncle is a strict, austere man, subject to prejudices, but he is a man to trust in time of trial; and that is a good deal in this world. He is upright, and means to be kind."

"Let us hope, then, that he will change his opinion of me, as much as he has of Amos Cranstoun."

"Would that be important?"

Something in the steady tone, more than the words, startled Mowbray. The look of embarrassment came over his face again. Celia turned very pale, but she asked him quietly: "Have you ever thought about choosing a profession, Evelyn?"

"Yes, often, but I've never been able to make up my mind what it is best for me to do. I'm not as clever as you, Celia dear."

"I don't see that. You're as far advanced in German as I am; and if you would only cultivate Dr. Meyrac's acquaintance, you would soon speak French fluently."

"But how would French and German help me to a profession?"

Another pause. Celia broke it, saying: "I hear your mother is not as well as usual."

"No; mother's health is certainly failing. I tell her she works too hard, and that she ought to give up some of her pupils, but she thinks she can't afford it. She has been in the habit of doing our ironing, so as not to make it too hard on Susan—you know we have only one girl—but I persuaded her to get Betty Carson for half a day each week. Betty's so busy she had only Saturday afternoons to spare, but we made that suit."

"You had Betty yesterday afternoon, then?"

"Yes."

They had reached the forest by this time. Here a footpath, diverging to the left from the direct road to the mill, led, in a circuit through the woods, back to the village. "Let us return home by

this path," said Celia: "I am a little tired."

As they walked on, she looked up in the face of the man she had loved so dearly and trusted so utterly, and had always thought so generous and kind. It was as much as she could do to restrain her tears, but she did restrain them, and commanded her voice so as to say, in a steady tone: "You know what has happened to me, Evelyn. I'm sure Betty Carson must have told it to your mother yesterday."

Mowbray blushed scarlet, like a girl. "I believe"—he stammered—"I think I heard mother say—Betty told her—"

"What did Betty tell her?"

"It was some difficulty about your father's marriage, as I understood."

"That he had a wife living in England—was that it?"

"I think that was the story, as far as I made it out."

"Did you believe it?"

"I hope it is not true, dear Celia. I should be so glad to hear from you that it is all a fabrication."

"You didn't say a word to me about it when we met?"

"Why should I repeat to you such a scandalous report?"

"You expected, then, that we should meet day after day, and pass it all over, without any explanation, without any consultation?"

"Your denial is sufficient."

"My denial? Every word of it is true, Evelyn—every word. My father was a bigamist. A bigamist is a felon. If he had been found out, he would have worked in the penitentiary, a convict. I am a felon's daughter. I am—" She caught her breath, but hesitated only for a moment: "I am a bastard—a bastard! I heard myself called so yesterday. I heard my mother called my father's kept mistress. Do you hear that? Do you think we can live on and say nothing about such things to one another—you and I, lovers, two people who are engaged to be married—engaged to stand up and take each other for better, for worse, till death part us?"

Mowbray was weak, of facile nature,

inconstant, but he had a certain generosity withal, and Celia had roused it. He turned to address her, but stopped, fearing she was about to faint. By the side of the path, close by, there lay a large poplar that had been blown over a few days before. He begged her to sit down, supporting her toward it, but she recovered herself, saying, "Never mind, Evelyn—I'm better: let us walk on slowly."

"Surely, my darling Celia," Evelyn said, offering her his arm—"Surely you know how much I love you. What difference can it make to me whether your father behaved ill or not?"

"What difference? You don't care whether your children might live to be ashamed of one of their parents or not? You wouldn't care if, some day, it should be thrown up to a girl of yours that her grandfather was a felon, who cruelly wronged the one he loved dearest on earth, and that her mother was an illegitimate child? You *would* care, Evelyn: you could not help it. You once told me the Moubrays were in Domesday Book. You stand on the honor of the name."

He was about to protest, but she stopped him: "One word more. I must think for you, dear friend, as well as for myself. You have no profession. You have never seriously thought—you don't think now—of studying one. Your mother is barely able, faithfully as she works, to support herself. If her health gives way, she cannot continue to do that; and then to whom can she look but to her son? I saw all this before, when we were first engaged; but I knew then that I had enough for both, and that your mother could always have a home with us—"

"Dear Celia, how unjust is fortune to disinherit one so generous as you!"

"I thought then that, in any event, neither you nor your mother would suffer; but now—I'm not a beggar, Evelyn, though a woman (my uncle's sister) said I was: it was in Dr. Meyrac's parlor; I heard her; her words haunt me—but I'm not a beggar: those who have health and friends and good-will to

work need never beg; but I *am* a poor orphan, without power to help any one, only too happy if I can earn my own support."

"And you think I am dishonorable enough to desert you in your adversity?"

"Your father left your mother and you little but an honorable name and an unblemished reputation. You must guard these—you must take care of your mother, and—" the color left her cheeks as she added firmly, but in a low voice—"you must find some other wife than me."

"Celia, Celia!" said Mowbray earnestly, "I would marry you, in spite of everything that has passed—I'd marry you to-morrow and brave it all, if your uncle would only consent."

Now, for the first time, the tears filled Celia's eyes, and she could scarcely reply. They had come to a turn in the path whence a vista opened down on the village and distant lake. Sydenham had caused a rustic seat to be placed there, whence to enjoy the view. This time she was persuaded to rest: the agitation she had passed through had unnerved her.

"It's very kind of you, Evelyn," she answered, after they were seated, "to say that you would marry me still, but it cannot be. Your mother would not wish it. We have not the means of supporting a household: that will confirm my uncle in his opposition. He is certain, now, to adhere to his refusal so long as my promise to mamma gives him the right to do so; and I'm glad of it."

"You, Celia!—glad of it?"

"Yes, glad."

"Then the hints Cranstoun threw out to me about Creighton's frequent visits to your uncle's house were true, after all? He has a profession—he can support a wife. He is an orator, and the ladies always admire orators. Mr. Sydenham speaks highly of him, too. You and Leoline Sydenham called on his mother last week. I see it all. I have nothing to say to it: it's all right. Only you might have told me honestly, Celia, how the land lay, instead of fooling me with these long stories about your father and

mother. You had only to give me a hint that another was preferred, and I would have released you at any time. I might have known—"

Mowbray stopped, amazed at the effect of his words. Celia had dried her eyes and had spoken to him quietly, kindly, in reply to that offer of marriage. But now hot tears burst forth without restraint—convulsive sobs shook her frame from head to foot. Long and bitterly she wept, covering her face with her hands. Mowbray, repentant, began in humble tone to apologize for his suspicions. She did not intimate, by reply or gesture, that she heard him. Then he spoke to her tenderly, using terms of endearment: still, not a word, not a sign, but the passion of grief seemed gradually to wear itself out. As she became quieter he gently took one of her hands: she left it passively in his grasp. Then he put an arm around her waist. The touch seemed to awake her at once. She rose to her feet, confronting him. He rose too. They stood there for a minute or two, neither speaking—Mowbray actually afraid; poor Celia struggling desperately for composure. At last she spoke, faintly at first, but gathering courage as she went on:

"I used to think we had so much in common. It seemed to me we suited each other. I thought you understood me, Evelyn. Eight months ago you asked me to marry you. Did you take me for a girl who would say yes, as I did, and then leave you bound by the promise you made to me in return, after I had changed my mind and preferred another? I loved you, Evelyn: I thought so much of you."

"Forgive me—oh forgive me!" he broke in.

"Slanderers tried to poison my mind against you. They sent me an anonymous letter telling me that you met Ellen Tyler and made love to her, secretly, at a lonely spot in the woods near her father's mill, and that her father had surprised one of your interviews."

"Did you believe all that of me, Celia?"

"Not a word of it. If I had, I should have spoken to you about it that very day. I burned the letter, and have scarcely thought of it since—till now. I trusted you."

"How nobly you have acted!"

"Have *you* trusted *me*? Do you know what you have just been telling me?—that, after I had solemnly promised to be your wife, and without ever asking to be released from that promise, I played you false, secretly encouraging another because he was better able to support a wife than you. You accuse me of this—on whose authority? On the authority of a villain who traduced yourself (I'm certain that anonymous letter was from him)—on the say-so of a scoundrel who took ten thousand dollars from poor papa—hush-money to conceal the English marriage—and who has just written to the heir-at-law in England, offering to bring suit against me and recover the property for him, on half shares. You set his lies against your faith in me, and they outweigh it?"

"Spare me, Celia, spare me."

"I am sorry—*very* sorry, Evelyn—" in a softened tone—"but you force me to defend myself. And the truth *must* be told: the happiness of both our lives depends upon it."

"I absolve you from all blame, Celia."

"As to Mr. Creighton, he is a brave, generous man; any woman might be proud of him as a husband. I do honor him—you touched the truth there—because he selected a profession and works hard at it, as every young man should. He has a right to ask any woman in marriage, and I hope he will find one worthy to be his wife. But he is nothing to me. I do not love him, and I never shall. He does not love me. I don't even think he likes me. He thinks me purse-proud, I believe: at least his manner has seemed to say so. When I told you that I was glad my uncle persisted in refusing assent to our marriage, I had forgotten there was such a man as Mr. Creighton in the world. I was thinking of you—not of him. I was thinking that if I had been free to marry, and you had proposed to make me your wife

to-morrow, it would have been wrong in me to accept the offer. I was glad that, if you did persist in seeking me, two years and a half would intervene, so that you could make no sacrifice on the impulse of the moment. If you had understood anything about me, you would have felt that at once."

"Celia, Celia, leave me hope yet."

"It is too late. We have not the power of trusting whom we will. If I had my property back, I would give it all—freely, joyfully—to regain the faith in you that I have lost. Oh, Evelyn, you have uttered suspicions—you have spoken words to-day—that will stand up for ever a barrier between us. You said"—she trembled, reseating herself and pausing, as if to gain courage—"you said that I had dealt falsely by you, and that, to conceal my encouragement of Mr. Creighton's addresses, I was fooling you with tales about my father and mother. It was an insult—an insult to their memory and to me. I know it was caused by a petulant burst of anger. But the words were said, and can never, in this world, be recalled."

"Is this your final decision?"

"Yes, final and irrevocable. I shall never marry. I don't want any man to brave reproach for me. I can bear my own burden. I release you from all promise, and you shall have a witness in proof. I shall see your mother to-night, and tell her that her son is free."

"And you throw me over, without more ado, like that, as if I were a worthless scapegrace. What am I to think of your love, Celia?"

"Do not let us part in anger, Evelyn. I don't think you worthless. I think we are unsuited to each other, and that we should be unhappy together if we married. And it is not you who have to fear insinuations about being thrown over, as you call it. It is not a rich girl jilting a poor man. I accepted you when I was able to offer a competency. A penniless girl, I reject you—a penniless and nameless girl, whom nobody would care to own. You ask what you are to think of my love"—again that tremble in the tones: "it may be a

comfort to you some day, Evelyn, to remember that a young girl once loved you dearly, trusted you implicitly, would have given her life for yours. I am not ashamed to own it, even now that you and I—" If she could have arrested her tears, how gladly she would have done it! but tears are tyrants and will have their way. "We must part friends, dear Evelyn: that may be, and ought to be, and shall be, unless you reject my friendship. You will not do that?"

Mowbray gave her both his hands; and long afterward, when he was far away and at the head of a household in which Celia was a stranger, the girl remembered, with feelings of tender regard, that when they rose to walk home—nevermore to enter these woods as lovers again—hers were not the only eyes that were wet. The man had been touched to the soul at last; and all he could say was, "Can you ever forgive me, noble girl?"

"I have forgiven everything, dear friend. Do not let us say a word more about it."

And they walked home—these two—talking quietly and amicably of commonplace things, attracting the inquiring looks of many villagers whom they met, until, near to Hartland's dwelling, they reached the cross street that led to Mrs. Mowbray's cottage on the lake. There Mowbray wrung Celia's hand in silence, parted from her—and it was all over!

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON THE LAKE SHORE.

"I do believe it,
Against an oracle."

SHAKESPEARE—*The Tempest*.

WHEN Celia parted from her cousin at her uncle's front gate that afternoon, some tone or look of his suggested to her that his projected visit was to Ellinor only, not to Dr. Meyrac. Yet it seems she was mistaken. When Ethan called at the house he asked for the doctor, and was closeted with him for some time. Afterward, it is true, he inquired for Miss Ethelridge, and she came to the parlor.

"It is a charming afternoon," he said, "soft and balmy, like a day of early summer. I thought, perhaps, you would not object to a stroll on the banks of the lake."

She hesitated for a moment, and Ethan added: "You are so much confined during the week, Miss Ellinor—"

"I'll put on my hat and shawl and go with pleasure," rising to prepare for the walk.

April is proverbially inconstant, yet in temperate latitudes, when the sun shines out and a southern breeze stirs the air, what more delightful days, fresh and inspiring!—all the fresher and brighter that they shine upon us, like joy succeeding sorrow, after a season of murky clouds and drifting rains. No days in all the year when hearts, if they be true and warm, so gratefully yield to tender and trustful influences. The anniversaries are they of Faith and Hope and Love.

These two, Ellinor and Ethan, were faithful and cordial; and as they passed down the shady avenue, and thence to the left along the pleasant lake shore, there came over them, with genial glamour, the spirit of the hour and the place.

Ethan had been a frequent visitor of the Meyracs, whom he liked: he had often joined their walking-parties when Ellinor was of the number; occasionally he had accompanied his cousin and her friend when they rode out together; but this was the first time he had ever invited Miss Ethelridge to walk with him alone. Ellinor felt that it was; and the consciousness of it embarrassed Ethan. After a little commonplace talk, they walked on for some time in silence. Then Ellinor was the first to speak.

"What a beautiful spot for building!" she said, as they passed a certain six-acre lot that our readers wot of. "Has it been bought?"

"No. Mr. Sydenham had instructed me not to sell it."

"How prettily it is laid out! Is it for sale now?"

"No."

"Somebody has shown much taste

there. Mr. Sydenham entrusted the laying of it out to you, did he not, Mr. Hartland?"

"Yes. I'm glad it pleases you. I like to lay out pretty spots, and this always took my fancy. It's embellishment was a labor of love."

"I have not seen a more charming site for a picturesque cottage for many a day."

Then they relapsed into silence again. After a time Ethan said: "Cousin Celia tells me you and she are to be partners in carrying on the 'Chiskauga Institute.' I am very glad of it—glad for her sake, for, though she is a dear, good, willing girl, she is inexperienced, while your management and method are excellent; and glad for yours, Miss Ethelridge, because the labor and the responsibility are too much for you alone: your brain and your eyes have been overtasked."

Ellinor looked up quickly: "Did Celia speak to you about my being overtasked?"

"No: she only spoke to me of her great love for you, and of her joy that you were willing to receive her."

"Dear child! It was your own idea, then?"

"Forgive me, dear Miss Ethelridge. — I have no right to interfere—" he paused in search of an expression—"to interfere in what regards your welfare. But I have remarked—it has seemed to me sometimes—that when you have used your eyes long in school, you felt pain or uneasiness."

"I do occasionally. But is that your only reason for supposing my eyes weak?"

"No. I fear that I shall appear presumptuous, but—I wanted so much to know the truth, and I spoke to Dr. Meyrac about it."

"And he said—?"

"That it was important you should not overwork your eyes, especially at night."

"Nothing more?"

"No. You are not offended by my intermeddling?"

"Offended! I have met with much kindness—more than I expected—far

more than I had any right to expect—since I came here; but no one has treated me more thoughtfully and generously than you. I am too dependent on my friends to quarrel with kindness; and if I have said little about yours, Mr. Hartland, don't think I am ungrateful."

"I am ashamed to hear you speak of it. What little I have been able to do for you by taking that German class was done during time that belonged to Mr. Sydenham and at his desire."

"You suggested it to him?"

Ethan did not reply to this.

Ellinor saw through it all now. She understood why he had sought to relieve her from the senior class, two hours a week, by the German lessons; why he had offered to read to her of evenings; why he so often proposed, to Madame Meyrac and herself, to translate to them passages he had selected from his German favorites. She understood why he had volunteered a thousand little services that saved her eyes from strain. "You are a good man, Mr. Hartland," she said, warmly. "God requite you! for I never can."

Ethan's face—not a handsome one, if one looked to regularity of feature, but a face in which one read firmness, benevolence, honesty—Ethan's face lit up with joy. But he changed the subject, speaking of details connected with the projected partnership. Thus conversing, they passed the fair-ground, where, the day before, there had been a baseball match between rival clubs, and reached a spot where a footpath ascending in zigzag the face of the hillside, through thick underbrush of laurel bushes, led up to the summit of the cliff, which, as our readers know, rose precipitously from the shore of the lake a little way beyond its north-western extremity.

Here, in a grove of pines near the verge of the cliff, the villagers had erected a summer-house, sheltered from the north, but open on the side next the lake. The view thence was quite equal to that which had struck even Cassiday with admiration on his arrival.

The sweep of low hills, from one of

which that worthy had first caught sight of the village, could be traced, trending off to the south for several miles, till the outline was lost in the forest. The lake, seen from this spot throughout its full extent, lay, like some huge creature in lazy beauty, at their feet; its banks, on the village side beyond the Elm Walk, dotted with pretty cottages, spacious gardens behind them. The valley-land beyond, chequered throughout with a carpeting of fresh green, spoke of teeming harvests and a bounteous summer to come. Over all—valley and village and placid lake—shone the slanting rays of the sun, now declining to the west. One might light on a thousand more striking aspects of nature, but on few more suggestive of peace and cheerfulness and rural comfort.

They found the summer-house vacant, and seated themselves in full view of the quiet scene. Ellinor's glance wandered over it, a tender melancholy gradually shading her face. She was seeking to stamp each feature of the landscape on waning sense; laying up, in store for possible years of darkness to come, bright memories of a glorious world.

"You regret, sometimes," said Ethan in a low voice, "that you have settled, here out of the world, among us? You look back, with sadness, do you not, on far different life in Europe?"

"With sadness, yes, but never with regret. Do you regret, after spending some years in the Old World, that you have returned to Chiskauga?"

"I? Oh no! But that is quite different. I was born in New England, but I came here so young that Chiskauga seems to me almost my native place. I like it more and more day by day. If—if the good fortune that has followed me so far endures, I should be willing to live and die here."

"Your engagement with Mr. Sydenham is a permanent one, is it not?"

Ethan hesitated—coloring and showing unwonted agitation. When he spoke something in the tone of his voice caused Ellinor to breathe more quickly—in the low, pleading tone it was, not in the simple words: "Will you let me tell you

something of my life and my prospects, Miss Ethelridge, and not think me egotistical?"

Ellinor smiled: "We were speaking, a little while ago, of my plans and prospects. Did that strike you as egotism in me?"

"How kind you are! It shall not be a long story. I wish you had known my mother—my own mother. She was as gentle and warm-hearted as my step-mother is; and I think there never was any one who so forgot herself in her child as she in all she did for me. It is very sad to think of it, but I know now that she must have accepted my father from motives of respect and esteem—her love was all lavished on me."

"I have heard those who knew her well speak of her in terms of high praise."

"I never realized till I lost her what she had been to me. I was very lonely then, but after a few years I went to Germany; and then new scenes and hard work filled my thoughts. On my return I couldn't find employment as civil engineer; so I accepted from Mr. Sydenham the post of land-agent. Of his own accord he has gradually increased my salary from seven hundred and twenty dollars to fifteen hundred dollars a year. Last year—but you know how generous he is—he gave me what you were admiring to-day—that building site with the Elm Walk on one side and the lake in front. You were right, Miss Ellinor: there is not a more choice spot for a modest residence on the whole property. Last week he told me that just as long as I could find no more eligible situation he wished me to retain the position I hold as manager of his Chiskauga estate, were it for life: he even offered me a further increase of salary, in case"—he hesitated—"in certain contingencies. I have saved, while in his service, enough to build—perhaps not to furnish—as handsome a house as I desire." Ethan paused.

"I am not surprised," said Ellinor, "that you like Chiskauga and are satisfied with your lot."

"I am not satisfied with my lot,

though I may lose your good opinion by saying so. I am ambitious."

"I should never have thought it: you seemed content to live and die here. Are you sorry to have lost the chance of distinction as engineer? or have you political aspirations, as my friend Mr. Creighton has had?"

At the name a shade of disappointment crossed Ethan's face. He replied gravely: "My ambition rises higher than a seat in Congress or an engineer's post with a ten-thousand dollar salary."

"I didn't guess that," said Ellinor, smiling.

"No wonder. I doubt if there be a man or woman or child in Chiskauga that would guess it, or that would not laugh at me if they did," a little bitterly.

Had Ellinor an inkling of what was coming? It seemed probable that some shadow of the truth was stealing over her, for that color in her cheeks came somewhat too suddenly and brightly to be due merely to air and exercise. Yet it could have been a very vague intuition only, or she would not have said: "You are reticent, Mr. Hartland: you don't share your plans with your friends."

Some undefined suasion in the tone or in the words, or perhaps it was the heightened color, gave him courage. "You think me reticent," he said. "If I had ever believed that I could confess to you how far my ambition reaches, without incurring—no, not your contempt, you are too noble for that—but your displeasure, the confession should have been made long ago."

Then he told her what had lain hidden for years in that shy heart of his—how he had taken himself to task for aspiring to one so far above him—one who had always seemed to him to have come down from some upper sphere: how the feeling of that disparity between them had grown and strengthened the more he had seen of her, the better he had learned to know her. "God is my witness," he said, "it's not of rank nor of social position I'm talking: these have no oppression for me. If I were to be presented to a queen to-morrow, it would be without anything akin to abasement:

we learn independence of feeling here in the West. But there is a subtle something that enshrines you; an atmosphere of delicate culture and refinement, that is partly due no doubt to lifelong seclusion from all rude agencies."

"Seclusion from all rude agencies? If you only knew, Mr. Hartland, what has befallen me!"

"I do not know. I do not ask. The past is nothing to me. It's of the future I wanted to speak. I think I should not have had courage for it to-day, if you hadn't said those kind words—far, far beyond my desert. I feel that I am country-bred, rudely nurtured, and with a mere humble competence to offer. I have no claims—but none of us have any claims on God for mercy and love."

"You say this to a poor, penniless country teacher?"

"I say it to Ellinor Ethelridge. I knew I should have to say it some day or other. It's too strong for me. I thought perhaps I might escape it by throwing every energy into my work: I used to like that for its own sake; but I've come to feel that work without care for something beyond oneself has no life in it—is nothing but a task. It was a little thing, that bit of land to build on: how the magnates of this world would laugh if they knew what joy I felt when Sydenham's generosity threw it into my hands! But for me its charm was in hope, not in possession. The solitary feeling I had when I lost my mother had come again; and one night I dreamed that the pretty cottage I had been thinking of stood there in the early sunshine, and—that I was no longer solitary. Dreaming still, I went out to work, not for myself alone and impatient till evening came: then, when I returned, in the moonlight—there on the lake shore, all in white—I knew it was not a spirit, yet I approached it with misgiving. But I *was* welcomed, as some poor wanderer, when earth-life has passed, may be received in heaven. Now you know all the extravagance of my ambition. You know on what conditions I'm willing to live and to die in this little village of ours. My life is dark, my work is irksome,

that pretty home-spot is a mockery, without you, Ellinor. You may not care for my love—perhaps you love another: then you shall never be pained by one troublesome word from me. I cannot live in sight of Paradise and feel that its gates are closed against me for ever. But the world is wide, and every man must do what God allots to him till the day of release comes."

These undemonstrative creatures who walk through life with heart in check and feelings "like greyhounds in the slips," have sometimes, under the frigid surface, a humble well-spring of enthusiasm that will overflow on occasion. To-day Ethan's time had come; the hidden fount was stirred. It was a new revelation to Ellinor.

Though her cheeks were flushed and the tears had stolen to her eyes, she sat quiet and silent, gazing dreamily on the placid landscape before her. Ethan said not a word more—half-hoping when he saw her hesitate—content, for the moment, that his temerity had not called forth sudden rejection. At last the answer came in a subdued tone: "Mr. Hartland, I think the highest honor one human being can confer on another is the homage of a faithful heart. But I owe you more than this. You trust me implicitly, knowing nothing, asking nothing, of my past life. Yet my position might well create doubts, even in those least inclined to suspicion, whether misconduct might not have had something to do with this exile from my native land."

The lover thought he felt his way clear now. His tongue was loosed: his heart spoke from his eyes. Ellinor did not recognize the Ethan she had known for years as he replied: "Whatever concerns you must interest me. But you know little how I love you if you think it necessary to say one word in exculpation—in explanation, I mean—of your coming here among us to do us good. Can love be faithful and have no faith?—a pitiful imposture without it! It is not in the power of human being—not even in yours—to convince me that you have ever knowingly, willfully, done

anything that God or good men will remember against you for judgment; but I don't care—I mean, that except for the pain which sad memories may give you, I don't care—what you have been. I know, as I know my existence, what you are. I think—God forgive me!—that I couldn't believe in Divine Goodness itself if I lost belief in you. My faith in you is like my faith in the beauty of God's world—in His stainless sunshine—in the pure stream He sends for blessing—in His very promises of immortality. See!" he added in a low, reverent tone: "if every particle of historical truth set up in support of the Christian scheme of morals and eternal life were swept away to-morrow, it would still be to me the revelation of love and light it is—its own witness. And you are my revelation of human excellence and gracious refinement: if I have you, Ellinor, I have holier evidence than all human testimony can give about you. But it's no use," he broke out after a moment's pause—"it's not a bit of use to go on. I can feel it all—how it comes over me!—but to tell it—"

She was touched to the heart-core. "I did not know," she said, "that there was such nobility of faith in the world." Then she relapsed into what seemed sad thoughts, sighing. At last: "There is an obstacle. Do not fear," she said, earnestly. "I am not going to conceal anything from you: trust like yours must not be all on one side. Do you think I would let you speak to me as you have spoken to-day, and then keep back one sin I may have committed? Do you think I would hide from you now what reduced me to poverty and dependence? I meant to pass my life here in this quiet place, God and my own heart the only judges of the past. But you shall know all."

Then, after a pause, she told him of her early life while her mother, a widow, yet lived; of what befell her, in a cold home, at cruel hands, after her mother's death; of a terrible crisis in her life that led her to the brink of despair; then—what she had already told Celia—of her bitter sufferings and her final rescue.

Ethan listened as one might listen to tidings from the next world, his very soul in the fascinating story, now moved to pity, now stirred to hot indignation. And when Ellinor closed her narrative by saying, with a deep sigh of relief, "I have kept nothing from you, and now—thank God!—I am here, never, never to return," Ethan broke forth:

"And is that the obstacle? The world is faithless and heartless: Love's name is profaned by the base, the treacherous, the inhuman; and that's to be a reason why you can't marry me! I knew it beforehand—what it must all amount to—though that infamous plot passes imagination. What of it? Can you never be my wife because worthless creatures close their doors against you?"

"No, that's not it. God, who sees secret causes and influences, may justify where men condemn. At all events, now that I've told you the whole truth, I am willing to abide by your judgment."

"Thank God!"

"But if you don't think it cause enough to desist from seeking me, that my relatives regard me as outcast—"

"I entreat you—"

"Well, I shall not say another word about it; but that is not the obstacle I spoke of."

"It's some one else?"

She shook her head.

Such a sigh of relief! Then, eagerly: "What is it, Ellinor?"

"If ever man deserved a good wife, you do—one who would make you a bright, cheerful home—one who would see to all your wants and comforts—one who should be care-taker, it may be, of your children, looking to their habits, watching their shortcomings; in short, overseeing and providing for your household."

"And you, with your business tact and admirable judgment—you can't do this?"

"Had God so willed, it might have been. Possibly, possibly—but I mustn't shrink from looking in the face what may be the inevitable."

"The inevitable?"

"Dr. Meyrac was less honest to you than he has been to me."

Ethan hung on her words, scarcely breathing. Could it be? Ellinor went on: "The good man knew that the truth is always best, and he told me that any day there might be paralysis of the optic nerve. A blind wife—"

"Hush, Ellinor. It is in God's hands. Shall we rebel against Him?"

"I do not. Once, in the extremity of misery, I might have done so: then there came to me, as if some angel had stooped down and spoken, the words: 'Adversity never crushes except those who rebel against it.' I do not rebel. But God intends this affliction for me alone. It must never fall upon you."

"It's hazardous to say what God's intentions are. We see His doings—that's all. He brought you here. It was His will that I should be near you year after year. It was His will that out of all this glorious world of His I should crave one blessing, weighed against which all else is dust in the balance. I know that hearts have hungered until Death stilled the yearning, but if—" He paused, adding at last: "You are the soul of truth, Ellinor. If what seems to you an obstacle did not exist—"

"You shall have more than an answer to your question. If in one year from this time Dr. Meyrac thinks the danger has passed—" she gave him her hand.

* * * *

The sunset was one of those gorgeous manifestations of coloring that seem, as we gaze into their magic depths, revelations from another world—an effulgence of which no human skill has ever transferred to canvas even the shadow. A consciousness of its unearthly beauty gushed over Ethan's heart as never in all his life before—as if some new sense had that moment been born within him. He turned to Ellinor: "Have you charity for extravagance?"

She looked up inquiringly, and he added: "I have had, of late: there is often wisdom underneath it." He took from an inner pocket and handed to her a scrap of paper. It contained but a single stanza:*

* From a fugitive poem by Mrs. SARAH T. BOLTON, of Indiana.

"There was no music in the rippling stream,
No fragrance in the rose or violet,
No warmth, no glory in the noontide beam,
No star in heaven, dear love, until we met."

"Is it absurd?" pursued Ethan, when he saw she had read it. "Is it ridiculous? Yet I never knew what the glory of sunset was till now."

As they walked slowly home they gradually came back to earth. They had passed the age of thoughtlessness. Ellinor was twenty-five and Ethan six years older, and they were business people, if they were lovers.

They agreed that, except to Celia, nothing should be said of their engagement and its proviso. Ethan could not help touching on that proviso: "Whom would you cherish the more dearly, Ellinor—one of your pupils who enjoyed all her senses, or one who, by loss of sight, doubly needed your protection?"

"A year, a year!" she persisted: "let us await the decree of God." Then, as they passed on, nearing the Elm Walk, her eyes following his wistful gaze to a small clump of shrubbery, the soft voice added in a lighter tone: "Dream-cottages are pretty things in the moonlight, but there are rainy days, you know, Ethan."

Ethan! He started.

"Besides," she went on, "even if all else result—result as we hope—there's the furniture: I've a small purse at home that perhaps in another year might be heavy enough—"

"In another year, then. Since you've found out my scriptural name, darling Ellinor, I am content to work and to wait, for I know now—if we both live—what the will of God is."

It was a cheerful party that evening at Dr. Meyrac's tea-table.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN ARRIVAL

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."
—ROMANS.

"AN' is it you, Terence dear, at last? What's the matter? Ye look as if ye'd seen a spoon."

"Worse nor that, Norah. Did ye ever hear of a spook stealin' a man's money and sendin' him to jail?"

Norah turned pale: "Sure and it isn't—?"

"Yes it is—that very black-souled, infernal—Ye needn't grip the babe, mavourneen: don't scare the childher. It's me that has the whip-hand o' the scoundrel now."

The time of this dialogue was three days after that on which the two cousins parted at Mr. Hartland's gate—one to return with crushed heart and saddened life; the other with exultation, in a tumult of wildering joy. The place was a room in the Chiskauga "Hotel."

No Inns now. No unpretending, homely nooks of shelter where, when one has been exposed without to cold and hunger and a long day's fatigues, man and horse may be taken *in* to warmth and quiet, and the rider may stretch his limbs and say, "Shall I not take mine ease?" We don't care about ease in these days of rush and railroad-ing, except such as is to be had in a sleeping-car, and we hate simple names. Glasgow, the most populous town in Scotland, has her Green, and Boston, the modern Athens, her Common; but these are examples of extinct rusticity. Modern cities rejoice only in Hotels, noisy and glittering, where "distinguished guests" are entertained; and in Parks, gotten up at a cost of millions. And why should not Chiskauga—village if it was—be allowed, in this land of liberty, to pick a French term (once designating the stately mansions of the great) from the fashionable vocabulary, and appropriate the same to her humble house of entertainment?

It was at the Chiskauga Hotel, then, that our old friends, Terence and Norah, with their two children, Dermot and Kathleen, now found themselves. Kullen had kept his promise as to the letter of recommendation. It was to Mr. Sydenham, whose acquaintance he had made while traveling, three years before, as temperance lecturer in Ohio. Terence had given up his tavern, spent a week with his father-in-law in Cumber-

land county, and as soon as he reached Chiskauga had presented his credentials. It was on his return from Rosebank, and just before reaching the hotel, that he met a plain but nicely-kept carriage drawn by two sorrels.

"But are ye sure it was him?" Norah asked, under her breath.

"Am I sure that's you, acushla? Am I sure this is little Kathy?" taking her on his knee. "D'ye think them poor cratur's that's burnin' in hell don't know the Devil when they catch a sight of him?"

"Ye scare the babe, Teddy, with sich talk."

"Well, thin, I won't." To the child: "There isn't no ugly black man comin' to take daddy or my Kathy: they don't have ugly black men here. We're goin' to a garden a'most as nice as grand-pap's, where ye kin play to yer heart's contint, my little darlint. And, Derry, there's a stream o' water right convenient—Kinshon Creek's the name it goes by—where ye kin sail that boat o' yours."

Dermot clapped his hands.

"So ye've settled it all, Terence. Ye saw Mr. Sydenham?"

"Didn't I? A gentleman, every inch of him. He 'minds me o' the Ould Country, barrin' he's as civil-spoken as though he was nobody at all—"

"Did ye tell him about the trial and the jail and all?"

"An' what for shouldn't I tell him the whole, out o' the face? It's no more nor right for him to know where I've been; and then maybe Mr. Kullen wrote to him a'ready. So I tould everything, both about me and you. Says I: 'Mr. Sydenham, if she don't make the beautifullest butter that's ever been set on your table, we don't want a cint, nayther she nor me.' That settled it."

"So ye'r to manage the farm and me the dairy, and we're to have the place?"

"The house and the garden and a potato patch and a cow's milk, wood to keep the pot boilin' and the childher warm, and sixty dollars a month. It don't pay like the bar, Norah, but then, ye know, I promised Mr. Kullen—"

"Oh, Teddy, to talk of the bar! an' me and the childher goin' to live wi' the flowers and the green fields round us, and the blessed cows to milk and the lovely butter to make, and everything just like it used to be when you came over from ould Mr. Richards' in the gloamin'! But ye've forgot that."

Not quite, it seemed. And it was very well there was nobody there just then but the children—nobody to laugh at the foolish fellow when he dropped Kathleen in a hurry and stopped short his wife's panegyric on farm-life by a kiss very much of the old Cumberland county savor.

"Thin it's all jist right, mavourneen," he said. "I was sort o' tired o' them stone pavements and brick walls and white shutters, any way. It's snug shealin' enough, Norah—four good rooms, forby the kitchen. The ould coachman had it, but his wife died last month, and he's sort o' lonely, and we'll have to give him a room. Mr. Sydenham's to pay us four dollars a week for his board; that'll help some, and maybe the poor man won't eat no great dale. I think he takes it hard, the ould woman's death. I'm not misdoubtin' but what we've done the right thing, if that devil is here."

The farm faded from Norah's imagination, the bright look from her face, and anxious misgivings about Cassiday, the perjured witness, clouded countenance and thought.

"Ye came here to please me, Teddy ashore, and ye haven't forgot them times when ye used to set by the kitchen fire and tell father stories about ould Ireland to please him for my sake. Maybe ye'll do somethin' more for me."

"Ye're a darlint, Norah, and so was yer ould father to let me have ye. Sorra thing can ye ask me—in rason, that is—but what I'll do."

"It's for your sake, Teddy, and the childher's. I dreamed last night about them days when ye was in jail, and me like a bird wi' a broken wing that wanted to go off somewhere and die: it's awful to think of; but then—ye can

niver tell—it might be God that sint ye there: Mr. Kullen thought He did, to keep ye from helpin' on drinkin', and from keepin' company wi' bad men like that Cassidy, and to bring ye out here where ye can hear the birds sing, and where ye can let them childher run out and not find them, the next minit, wi' the riff-raff of the street, playin' in the gutter. Who knows but what it was the Lord put it in that bad man's heart to harm ye—all for yer good?"

"Sure, an' it wouldn't be God that would put sich a thought in a man: that's the Devil's work."

"I do' know," said Norah, thoughtfully: "He tould Moses he was goin' to harden King Pharaoh's heart and them Egyptians, afore they got drowned; and he did harden it awful; and that was the way the childher o' Israel got to the promised land. I was readin' it last week, and there's nothin' about the Devil there."

Norah was getting out of her depth in the Red Sea of theology, and Terence was afraid to follow her. He tried to bring her back to the dry land of practical business: "An' what was it ye wanted me to do for ye?"

But Norah was not quite ready to answer that question yet. "Cassiday was a desperate wicked man," she said, "but I don't think he was wickeder nor Pharaoh: he niver wanted to kill Derry nor nobody else, that I hearn of; but Pharaoh, he tried to murder all the boys them Israel women had jist as soon as the poor babes was born, and niver to leave them nothin' but the girls. Ef it had been Derry, what would ye have done, Terence?"

"Sure an' wouldn't I have shot the bloody blackguard, ef I could?"

"I expect ye would. But ye see God niver tould the childher o' Israel to shoot Pharaoh. He took it in hand himself, and drowned him. So you jist let that vagabone alone, Terence. Ef God wants him drowned, it's easy done. There's plenty o' them steamboats blows up every day; or maybe he'll go sailin' on that bit water we saw as we came in, and the boat 'll tip over. Any way, it's

good the rascal's done ye, though he was minded to do ye harm: ef he hadn't sworn agin ye, ye'd niver have got to no promised land like this. I'm sure it's far better here nor it was in the wilderness, with nothin' but manna, or maybe some birds, to eat all day. We're to have a cow's milk, and they say there's bee trees in them woods out here in the West, that a man can cut down ef he wants a bucket o' nice honeycomb;—and thin, ye know, there's the garden besides, and the potato-patch. And sure the Israelites niver had no potatoes, and niver came to nothin' better, after they got done with the wilderness, nor milk and honey. Now, Teddy—there's a darlint!—let bygones be bygones: let the ugly spalpeen go, and let God have his own way, and don't ye be getting yerself into another scrape for nothin' at all, at all: that's what I wanted to ax ye."

Terence reflected: "It's nothin' better nor to be kilt over the head with a good shillalah the rascal deserves; but thin ef we all got our desarts, maybe there's some of us might come out sort o' badly. I don't niver like to think much about keepin' them men drinkin' half the night, instead o' comin' decently to bed to you, Norah, an' you lying there wakin' and waitin' for me. I don't jist think God liked that. So maybe, as ye say, I'd best leave Him to manage Cassidy, or Delorny, or whatever name the Devil's cub has picked up by this time.

But it's mighty aggravatin'-like to see the mansworn rowdy set up there wi' a bran-new coat and hat, drivin' the prettiest pair o' sorrels ye ever set eyes on, Norah; and me that knows all the time where the money came from that made him a dacent man to look at."

"But ye niver can get back that money without you go into them law-courts again; and I think that would kill me," said Norah, with a shudder.

"Sure an' didn't I tell ye, acushla, I'd let the scoundrel run, for your sake and the babes? Thin I've got no time to go after him wi' the shillalah; for that house of oun's is all ready, and I made a fire in the kitchen, and the ould coachman said he'd see to it till we came on. I'll go seek a dray to take the trunks and the plenishin'."

"There ain't no drays here, daddy," said that observant young urchin, Dermot, who had been exploring Chiskauga while his father was gone.

"Well, thin, a cart or a wagon, or whatever they carry things with in these parts."

Before evening they were installed in their new habitation. And Derry was sailing his boat on the creek, and Kathleen, with gaze of infant delight, was watching Norah milk "them blessed cows," warm recollections of a homestead in Pennsylvania flushing the mother's cheek and tears of pleasure dimming her eyes the while.

IS IT A GOSPEL OF PEACE?

IT would be doing injustice to the excellent clergy of this country not to admit that, prior to the war of the rebellion, they were as a body very well disposed toward the cause of Peace. Perhaps, in fairness, it ought to be said that the clergy were, by professional bent, more than usually friendly—more friendly even than the mass of the community

—to the ideas of good-will among men and peace between nations.

So peaceful had been our national habits and conditions for more than a generation that no class or sort of men had any interest, selfish or romantic, in the occurrence of war. The clergy of New England, especially, were overwhelmingly Whig in politics; and the

course of our political history had not tended to make war a favorite theme with gentlemen of that persuasion. There was no reason why Federal ministers, of the type of the zealous divine who so bitterly emphasized the closing words of the annual proclamation of fasting, humiliation and prayer — "ELBRIDGE GERRY, Governor: God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"—*should* look with favor on Democratic wars, whether for conquest or defence. It was hardly to be expected that while Governor Strong was refusing to allow his militia to march, his clerical adherents would be advocating war from their pulpits; nor is it strange that the village pastors of New England restrained their instinctive admiration for the heroes of the Mexican war—until they had become available Whig candidates. Whigism in those days had possession of the colleges, the reviews and the theological schools; and it was the fate of the Whig party, while sometimes talking a little loudly about honor or boundary, in the main to represent, if not the Christian love of peace, at least the factious opposition to war.

It would be uncharitable to suppose that the teachings of the New Testament had not also something to do with the attitude of the clergy, or that their partisan predilections were not reinforced by religious principle in their opposition to Democratic campaigns and their disapprobation of Democratic victories. The New Testament certainly contained many passages that appeared, on their face, designed to discourage strife and bloodshed, and fully justified, as a first impression, the simple belief of the Jaalem villagers, how

"Christ went agin war and pillage."

Such even was the tradition of the learned; and nothing had yet occurred to make the clergy review their interpretation of the Scriptures on this point, to discover that long-suffering was a duty merely for the days of heathen persecution; that non-resistance was a provincial virtue, meritorious only in Judea; and that a Christ-like love and patience is

perfectly compatible with walloping "my neighbor" on the slightest provocation.

But whatever may have been the public attitude or private feeling of the clergy ten years ago, it is certain that the war has pretty much spoiled our ministers. Unfortunately disposed by theological training, and by their habits of professional thought and speech, to go to extremes upon all subjects, and to disregard conditions and degrees "on principle"—rather proud of their loyalty as a body during the rebellion, as well, perhaps, as fond of the opportunities such causes offer for strong preaching—the clergy of the country are to-day as prone and prompt to suggestions of war and violence as any class in the community. The writer is a pretty constant attendant upon public worship, and, partly from choice and partly by the force of circumstances, has indulged in a considerable variety of ministrations, having heard, in the past five years, sermons from at least fifty pulpits and by twice that number of ministers; yet he solemnly avers that in that time he has not heard a single discourse which was devoted to the primitive Christian idea of Peace, or which contained a perceptible strain of argument or appeal for international good-will. And what is true in his experience he ventures to think will approve itself to the recollection of the great majority of his readers. The unquestionable fact is, the clergy are the most demoralized body in the community in this respect, for they have no sympathy with the economical principles which are violated by war, while the course of the past few years has thrown them completely out of their proper moral relations to the subject.

Three incidents, not casual nor exceptional, will suffice to illustrate the present temper of too many ministers of religion. In the year following the close of the war, a preacher distinguished in two widely-separated sections of the country made the tour of New England with a lyceum lecture upon "Our Relations with England." The writer of these lines had just returned from the field, after a tolerably good experience of

the splendid parts of war, yet with a profound conviction that its evils had never been, nor could be, adequately portrayed, and that enough could not be done, consistently with honor and self-respect, to avert its occurrence. In this frame of mind, it may be imagined with what anger and disgust he listened to a passionate and unreasonable harangue upon the outrages of England, in which the real wrongs we had suffered were set out with every rhetorical device, and the measures of redress were discussed with a mixture of silly brag and angry bluster. There was, to be sure, a proviso, intended to save the clerical conscience. We were to talk up right sharp, and press our claim for apology and damages without any discount or delay; but of course England would not fight, and would give up everything rather than encounter us; which was, perhaps, on the whole, the *most* irritating and offensive form in which the matter could be put. Now, was this not a pretty theme for a minister of the Gospel to take? and was not this a pretty way to treat it? Yet this lecture was delivered widely throughout New England; and if it called out any remonstrances from his clerical brethren or from the religious press, they did not meet the writer's eyes.

For the second example, take the following choice bits of Christian philosophy and Christian morality, from the report of the remarks of an eminent doctor of divinity at the recent Presbyterian Assembly in New York: "He believed that in the present state of the world, war sometimes is a direct necessity, and it must be gone through with. While the American people were drunk with the crime of slavery, the rods of God's wrath were laid upon them; and he believed now, as we had taken our dose, England ought to have hers. He believed it would serve England greatly to get a good drubbing from some one." If this is Christianity, was there not, pray, a great loss of good morals and good manners when Paganism went out of fashion?

The third instance is even more offen-

sive. At a convention of ministers in Boston, held just prior to the outbreak of the German war, one of the officers of the American Peace Society proposed a resolution that the convention unite in prayer that God would avert hostilities and bring about a peaceful solution—not a strange suggestion, surely, in an assemblage of men professing to believe in the blessings of peace and in the efficacy of prayer. It is just possible that the gentleman who offered the resolution may have been the slightest suggestion of a bore, but the cause he pleaded should have protected him from insult. As it was, the proposal was received with open and scandalous indignity by the presiding officer, who, on the strength of his service as a chaplain in the army, felt called upon to vindicate the honor and usefulness of war; and did so in a speech which for bad temper and bad morality could hardly be equaled. Peace was scoffed at in terms strangely unbecoming a minister of Christ, and war was exalted as the great agent of human progress. The poor peace-maker, anything but blessed, was morally hustled out of the convention, and victory remained with the fighting parson.

Now it is doubtless true that, in the retrospect, we seem to see that

"Civilization does get forrid,
Sometimes, upon a powder cart;"

but no man may know that the consequences of a war which can in any way be averted will be in any way productive of good. He audaciously, criminally and blasphemously usurps the function of the Almighty who assumes, or acts upon the assumption, that he can make slaughter and devastation minister to human happiness and well-being. War is, and remains, utterly unjustifiable until it becomes actually inevitable. Nor can there be any worse condition for judging of its necessity than a readiness to accept it as something grand and heroic. The great fact is, that with the native and ineradicable combativeness of men, the conservative force is habitually too weak. Without going into a discussion of the necessity, policy or rightfulness of war

under exceptional circumstances, it is certainly conclusive of the question as to the duty of the clergy, in the imminence or pendency of hostilities, that, setting aside wars for territorial aggrandizement or martial glory—for which no excuse can, of course, be urged—not one in ten of wars fought honestly in the spirit of defence, and from a sense of national necessity, has been approved as such by the judgment of history. The Crimean war, to take a recent example, was accepted by the English nation from a genuine belief in its necessity. No people was ever more fully persuaded—as people are persuaded of such things—that the threatening advance of a semi-barbarous power must be met and checked in the interest of civilization. Yet there is a frankness that is almost whimsical in the admissions of the leading statesmen of the kingdom to-day—and especially of those who were most largely responsible—that the war was fought not only under a mistaken sense of necessity, but that the mistake was one of those for which there is, at the time, no excuse; that the nation, to use the phrase of an eminent fighting Premier, “drifted into war;” and that it was simply from the want of an independent and vigorous resistance at home that all this loss of life and money was incurred.

If this is true, it is no less desirable from the standpoint of the statesman than of the divine that all the influences which make for peace should be strengthened to their maximum, and the largest amount of resistance secured to the warlike impulses of administrations, of parties and of the people at large. And this cause the clergy, by an eminent fitness, and much more by a divine reason, should represent and defend. So long as any considerable body of wise and patriotic men can be found to declare for peace, so long should the whole profession of the ministry be unanimous and earnest in the same behalf. This they should do, not by a stupid iteration of texts, nor by disingenuously disparaging the occasions of dispute; nor by weakly sentimentalizing upon the horrors of war; but by giving the whole force

of their personal and official character, their public opportunities and private influence, to the side of moderation, conciliation and adjustment, holding and proclaiming that it is hardly possible any evil can be so grievous as the evil of war. After all, perhaps, this is only another argument why the ministry should be instructed in that science of which, at present, they know least—namely, Political Economy. No man has so little sympathy with war, or can urge so many and so strong reasons against it, as the financier; and if the schools would dock a little from their course in dogmatic theology, and instruct their students in the science which shows how it is that war-taxation grinds the faces of the poor, and war-debts strengthen the hands of corrupt and wrongful power, they would better fit their charges for the work of serving the Prince of Peace in this practical and common-sense age.

It will not do to say that clergymen are equally citizens with the laity, and that no duty can be charged on them which does not equally bind the conscience of all. What has been said of the responsibility of the clergy for the event of war holds true in its degree of all who bear the name of Christians. But, as there is an eminent fitness in the minister of religion presenting and urging the considerations which make for peace, so it is a monstrous perversion of moral relations when he becomes the noisy and ill-conducted advocate of war.

I may be as hot-headed as I please, as ready to take offence, as prompt to blows, but I claim the right, as a sinful man prone to evil, to have the consecrated minister of Christ at my side, suggesting the motives of forbearance and charity, explaining away, so far as honestly may be, the occasions of dispute, and standing across my path with entreaty, persuasion and solemn warning to prevent my wrath and wrong. At the least, I may reasonably demand that it shall not be the professed and professional servant of the Prince of Peace who talks the loudest of “honor” in my hearing, cocks

the hat the jauntiest, and is readiest with suggestions of apologies and "satisfaction."

In saying that it is the duty of the Christian minister, always and everywhere, to exert his influence to postpone and diminish the causes of offence and to present the motives of conciliation, I do not mean that he is to keep incessantly and aimlessly repeating the maxims of forbearance—even the Beatitudes may become platitudes if urged without regard to circumstance or season—nor that he shall disparage injuries which are real and deep, than which nothing is more irritating; nor that he shall discuss the matter with anything less than the full spirit of a man, quick, sensitive and self-respectful.

Sir Walter Scott has given a noble picture of the Swiss Landamman, who "had never bent a knee but to Heaven," suing with tears at the feet of Charles of Burgundy for "that blessed peace so dear to God, so inappreciably valuable to man." Such are the sentiments of the patriot. The Christian is bound, by infinitely stronger considerations, to look to every means of adjustment by turns; to conciliate to his cause every argument for peace; to welcome the earliest disposition in his adversary toward reparation; to concede all that may be conceded with safety and with honor—and that not after the punctilious code of the

duelist, or the politician's cold-blooded calculations of possible danger—before he suffers the dismal arbitrament of war. And this he must do, not out of meanness or tameness of spirit, not because he fears the issue of arms, or is insensible to the wild attractions of battle, but in Christian compassion for those that must die and those that must mourn, and in an honest horror of the waste and riot and devastation which follow in the train of armies.

A minister of the Gospel has no right to know anything of the reasons why angry claims should be made, or why war should be declared. There may be such reasons, but they do not appeal to him. There will be enough, and more than enough, who will be prompt and eager to resort to menace and violence. His business is to present the motives—the sacred, the urgent motives—which make for peace. There will be too few, far too few, who will take heed of these in times of great excitement and irritation; and such considerations will be found none too powerful even if ministers of religion should drop their sportsmanlike interest in the prowess of armies and the comparative merits of breech-loading muskets, and devote their time and thought to preaching "Peace on earth: good-will to men."

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

WAIFS FROM MONTICELLO.

MR. JEFFERSON'S particularity in matters of business, both public and private, rivaled that of General Washington. Those who are at all familiar with the personal history of the author of the Declaration of Independence will need no proof of his attention to the minutest details of business. Indeed, his scrupulous regard for matters seemingly of trivial interest has been

made the subject of ridicule even by those who profess to be his greatest admirers. Such ridicule could come only from persons who are neglectful of their own affairs, for it is a characteristic of great minds, as Emerson says of the "perfect sphere," to

"Thank the atoms that cohere."

But if additional proof of Mr. Jeffer-

son's particularity be wanting, it will be found in certain original papers which were found by Captain Levy, of the U. S. Navy, when he came into possession of Monticello, the country-seat of Mr. Jefferson in the county of Albemarle, Va. Captain Levy presented them to a gentleman, from whom they were obtained by the present writer. It may not be amiss to state here that Monticello was left as a bequest to the United States in Captain Levy's will; that the property was confiscated during the war by the Confederate States, as they were then called; that, at the close of the war, it reverted to the United States, is now in charge of a tenant, and, if the writer is not misinformed, is in a dilapidated and almost ruinous condition.

Of the authenticity of these waifs from Monticello there can be no doubt whatever. The peculiar texture of the paper, the discoloration produced by age, the well-known handwriting of Mr. Jefferson, and the direct channels through which the papers came into the writer's possession, make the evidence of their genuineness quite conclusive. The first paper consists of the last three leaves (embracing pages 33-4-5-6 and 7) of a full and minute inventory of stock of various kinds, brood mares, private and State papers, directions in reference to accounts—where to find and what use to be made of them—together with a descriptive list of the kind and quantity of sawed plank which he wished to be "laid up in the scantling-house, and not to be touched for any purpose, that it may be seasoning." This inventory was doubtless made out just before Mr. Jefferson's departure for France, and left behind him as a guide to his overseers and managers. That it was done in a hurry we may infer from the chirography and from the incorrect spelling, as, for example, on page 37, where we find the word "clear" spelt "clar" in two different places. Here and there, in the original MS., a word almost undecipherable is found, but in the main the writing is easily made out. Hurried as he was, the great statesman found time to interject a little satire into his inventory, and

in page 36 puts it very naively: "There is a good deal due to me which probably will never be got. Should any client be honest enough to apply to pay his account," etc., etc. A county-court lawyer in Virginia at the present day might write the first of these sentences, but it would hardly occur to him to write the second. Two other sentences will be noted by the reader as characteristic of Mr. Jefferson. Where he could not enter the articles particularly, he explains in notes "the principles on which the account is to be settled," and he has been "very exact in keeping a cash account," but "all entries of this kind will be found in small pocket-books," in which "I sometimes entered contracts and other memorandums of account." Here his Virginianism seems to crop out. Very exact, and careful always to carry a pocket-book in which to enter promptly all payments of cash as soon as they were made, he nevertheless could not find time to post up his cash account in one convenient book, and did not think it worth while to employ a clerk for that purpose. Why should he, when the pocket-books (number not given, nor the place in which they are to be found) are all there, and "every one of them indexed?"

The names "Monticello," "Shadwell," "Poplar Forest," etc., which will be found on the margin of page 33 of the MS., are the names of Mr. Jefferson's several plantations and farms—names which are retained to the present day.

The second waif, headed "Spinning, Weaving, etc.," in the original MS., consists of pages 1, 2, 3 and 4, possibly, but not certainly, the first four pages of the inventory, the concluding pages of which have been already noticed. If they *are* the first of the inventory, the fact is valuable, for it shows that on leaving home the first thought of the great statesman and slaveholder (albeit he was in theory a thorough abolitionist) was for the welfare of his slaves, and particularly his slave-women. They are to spin the finest cotton and the finest thread. Aggy winds, Old Juno picks cotton, but "we have usually required

all the negroes to pick a pound a week till y^e whole is picked." "Lewis keeps the wheels in order. My cloth is loom free. My sister Car's to be considered as mine, and not charged to her." How minute and circumstantial all this is! And then, in case there should be more spinners than are needed, some may be "hired out to kind masters *in the neighborhood*"—not far off, where possible

maltreatment might not be promptly reported and redressed, but within easy reach, and subject to recall "on my return, be that when it will." He wants them all at home when he gets back. What a reminder of the dead days—the "good old days," as some will for ever esteem them—that will return nevermore!

GEORGE W. HAGBY.

PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

IF we could only keep them apart! But they will not thus be kept. Into the parlor, with its soft cushions and carpets, its mist of lace at the windows, its flowers and books and pictures, intrudes the kitchen—not as an humble friend, but as a phantom that will not be charmed away. Airs from Erin or Africa or the "Faderland" invade the luxurious atmosphere of the parlor, until often its occupants in sheer despair forsake it and take refuge in some hotel or boarding-house, where, though of course there is a kitchen, they hope to avoid personal acquaintance with it. Said a weary house-mother to me just before the election: "I suppose I ought to be more patriotic and womanly than I am, but really I feel less concerned about Grant or Seymour than I do about Bridget and her bread." Poor thing! I understood her perfectly. To her, in her little world of home, it did not half so much import who guided the Ship of State as how, in the event of the bread's failing to rise, she was to satisfy the appetites of her husband and boys. And she could not make the bread herself, because of her back and her arms, which were weak and aching through constant carrying of baby. Our grandmothers, it is my belief, were never conscious of their backs or their arms. They were not given to headache; and as for dyspepsia, it was a malady which they held

in utter scorn. How sweet are the memories that linger over their kitchens! Don't you remember them—wide, spacious, sunny, with the great fire leaping like a glad live thing in the fireplace, with the cozy chairs in the corner for the aged, and the broad, high-backed settle for the young; the household rooms where fun and frolic and all homely virtues reigned, and where such abortions as heavy bread and ill-cooked meats and muddy coffee were unknown? They belonged to the era of the hearth, and they have gone; and, alas! all our modern improvements have as yet failed to give us anything in their place. Of course we are not like our grandmothers, and they pervaded their kitchens. We have not their health nor their unfailing spirits, or do we go to bed or rise so early. We have gas, and they had candles. We have furnaces, and they had open fires. Our houses have double windows, and all sorts of contrivances for keeping out the cold: theirs had cracks and crannies and crevices without number. We wear more dresses, and change the fashions oftener, than they did. In their time, a sleeve was a sleeve, a silk dress was a possession, and a shawl was an heirloom. We have a dozen hats a year, and all ephemeral. They had two—one for winter and one for summer—and they lasted years. And we have our Bridgets and Rosas, and in

the South our Aunt Chloes and Nannies and Sues; and with them all trouble that turns our hair gray before we are forty.

A great deal has been said and written upon the imperfect domestic education of our girls. How they are to learn everything included in the curriculum of the schools—to become linguists and musicians, to acquire the art of good housekeeping, in itself a profession, and to be wives and mothers at twenty—is a mystery that I cannot fathom. They have not time for all, and the very persons who are most anxious that they should know all about puddings would be quite unwilling to dispense with piano or palette. But I think the root of the strife lies not here. Few and far between are the sensible, educated ladies who cannot soon become familiar with the mysteries of the spoon and the oven—who cannot emancipate themselves from the fetters of the cookery-book, and achieve desirable results. Culture, the deepest and widest, is not incompatible with excellent housekeeping, and “sweetness and light” are never more nobly employed than when they dignify and bless a home. Knowledge of books will never keep our daughters from acquiring all necessary knowledge of pots and pans. If they but feel it “worthy of their steel,” they can conquer every difficulty that lies in their path—every material difficulty at least. The contest between parlor and kitchen would have ceased long ere this to be a contest, had the only trouble been that the ladies did not know how to direct and instruct.

Occasionally, one sees in the daily record of deaths a notice like this: “At S—, on such a day, Sarah J—, for many years a faithful and beloved domestic in the family of —.” It is a pity that such an announcement should be so rare as to attract surprise and detain observation. Our domestics ought to be faithful, and their fidelity ought to awaken love and regard as a rule, and not as a once-in-a-while exception. That they are not generally faithful, nor we especially loving, is a fact that nobody will deny. And perhaps the fault is with

us, for it is love that challenges and holds prompt and pleasant service, far oftener than service begets abounding love.

The parlor must step down from its pedestal and meet the kitchen. The lady of the house must not disdain to use, nor think wasted in the using, the arts of pleasing which make her the idol of her set in society. Let her win, first of all, the admiration of the untutored peasant-girl whom she has taken into her house, and she can, in many instances, bind her fast with cords that shall be strong enough to hold under the daily strain and stress of living together. Let her sympathize with the troubles of the woman whose home is in her house, but whose household goods are huddled together, away over the sea, in a little cabin whose broken roof lets in the rain, and whose floor is the mud and the clay. Sometimes let her ask gently and pleasantly for the old father and the young children whom the emigrant dreams of at night; and let her not frown nor be greatly angered at company sometimes in the kitchen. A merry laugh or a ripple of song will not make half so much mischief as the clouded brow and the muttered undertone which show the chafing of the spirit under repression. Servants should be considered a part of the family, under the control of the heads thereof, and having a right to due consideration and care. A lady should know how to repress that familiarity which the old proverb says “breeds contempt.” What greater danger of this is there in living heartily and pleasantly with servants than in living with children, or friends, or one’s husband? Keep the balances even with steady hand and clear-seeing eye, and the right relations will exist and adjust themselves, imperceptibly to others and greatly to the comfort of her who is responsible for so much of the happiness of home.

It has come to be an accepted idea with many mistresses that impudence is never to be passed over. All other sins may be forgiven a servant. She may be more than suspected of surreptitiously appropriating sugar and tea, of wearing your clothes to the party at Mrs.

O'Hara's, of breaking the dishes and slapping the children. These may be borne, as being among the legitimate "ills to which the flesh is heir"—that, never. One impudent reply will outweigh months of well-doing. Again and again I have heard ladies say, "Impudence must be put down. No servant should be allowed to stay a day after being saucy."

Certainly nothing is more provoking, more irritating, than impertinence, particularly from a subordinate. But why it should be selected as the one black and unpardonable transgression is at least mysterious. Our children are impertinent, and we punish or pardon them. On occasion we have ourselves given replies which have not been the most respectful. It is curious that the law which sends an impudent servant packing should be the Medo-Persian law of nine out of every ten households. For, it works in this way.

One of those days dawns—washing-day it may be—when everything seems to go awry. The father is grave and unapproachable; the mother cross; the children, naturally feeling the infection of the evil spirit that has invaded the home, develop different degrees of naughtiness. Before breakfast is over the smouldering fire begins to burn, and Bobby or Fred commits some overt act which brings a penalty upon his head. Susie cries for buttered cakes, and is sent up stairs to regale herself on bread and water. By the time the uncomfortable meal is over, and the family has dispersed in its various directions, the mistress finds her morning dimmed by a wretched feeling of ill-temper, which she tries conscientiously to calm and control. Only half succeeding, she goes into her kitchen, where on this particular day she discovers half a dozen legitimate subjects of fault-finding. She speaks of them to Bridget in a manner which makes Bridget consider herself ill-treated and quickly arouses *her* temper. A few moments more, and the fatal words of dismissal are spoken. Bridget, who has really been good "help," goes away, ready to take offence

with greater ease in some other house, and to begin a crusade from family to family, until she becomes a pest instead of an acquisition. In her place arrives Ellen, who is migratory in her habits, and only stays a week; and after her comes Catharine, who is far from clean; and for weeks Noras and Marys and Lucys are coming and going, till the last state of that house is worse than the first. How much better it would have been for the mistress to have hushed the improper words by a dignified "Silence! you must not speak in that way;" and after the lapse of some hours, when both had had time to grow cool, to have remonstrated quietly and seriously with her handmaid upon the matter and manner of her speech!

It is assumed by some persons that it will not do ever to appear ignorant of anything in the presence of a servant. "Pretend you know all about it, whether you do or not," and get yourself in a tangle of circumstances from which you cannot gracefully get out. With servants, as with every one, is it not best to be true? If you honestly don't know how a certain thing should be done, why honestly say so, and if your domestic cannot aid you, ask some experienced friend. Sooner or later all subterfuges are found out, and there can be no real respect where there is not a foundation of perfect truthfulness. This idea is beautifully brought out in *Mistress and Maid*—a book, by the way, which ought to lie in every lady's chamber, somewhere near the table on which she keeps her favorite books of devotion. Few authors have succeeded as Mrs. Craik has in bringing down the Bible rules in their simple grandeur and strength, and adapting them to our daily life. If any one who reads this has not read the chronicle of the three Misses Leaf and their little maid, Elizabeth Hand, I advise her to purchase the volume at once. It will be an investment which will never be regretted.

One word more. The religion of the kitchen is not often the religion of the parlor. Is intolerance confined to the Church of Rome? I fear not, for too

often are Romanists spoken of in terms almost of hatred by other Christians. Worshipers of a common God, children of a common Father, pilgrims to the home wherein are many mansions, let us not quarrel by the way. If the mistress in her closet kneel and pray with greater intelligence than the maid who counts her beads and repeats her "Hail Marys" in the upper room above, both acknowledge one Saviour. By one blood-sprinkled way both must find access to Him who hears all prayer—alike the cry of the desolate and the captive, and the lisp of the child who kneels by his mother's knee.

Sometimes I am touched when I think how much to her poor ignorant children the "Church" is. She is father, mother, brother, sister and home to the poor things when they land, strangers and homesick, in this wonderful America. She unites in one word the associations of a life to every exile. The bleak sunshine that has fallen upon days often not far removed from starvation glows warm and golden around mass and vespers in the dear church at home, the one beautiful poetic element in their lives. Let us be tolerant, and not assume, on account of differing religious forms, that there can come nothing good from out the Papal Nazareth.

The long-suffering ladies of the North would doubtless smile did they see the envy with which their Southern sisters regard their white help. "One white servant would do as much work as three of these lazy negroes," is an observation frequently heard. So far as the doing is concerned it is true, for nothing will induce Dinah to hurry her steps, and method is unknown to the race. But one shall go far to find servants who shall be so polite, so courteous and so capable, in some departments, as the colored servants of the South. They are slow, but they are civil. They wait upon you with a patience that never tires,

with a lovingness that touches your heart. It is quite safe to say to your cook, as one of my friends did when hers came to inquire about the dressing of a pig: "Dear me, Aunt Hannah! how should I know? I never cooked one. Your business is to cook and mine to eat." So the lady comfortably settled herself with her book, and where auntie obtained her information I know not. But the roast pig that graced the dinner-table that day would have charmed "Elia" himself.

Aunt Hannah was a character. I can see her now, a bright yellow woman, tall and straight as an arrow, holding up her turbaned head with a pride that would have been befitting an empress, the result in her case of much "toting" of burdens. Her kitchen would have made a neat New England woman wild. It was full of odds and ends—broken bits of china, strings of peppers, muffin-rings, tea-kettles and flat-irons hobnobbing in the strangest confusion. A breakfast cooked by Aunt Hannah at her best was a feast for the gods. Her rolls, brown on the top and flaky in the centre, were perfect of their kind, and her waffles were a poem.

O Parlor! have I preached too much to you? I have felt for your woes: I have suffered with you, as what American housekeeper has not? Between you and the kitchen there is a great social gulf, which you must bridge over. Stoop from your brighter lot to those in whose lives there is not the ease and leisure which you in the mere fact of your parlorhood assert. Lift them up. No greater mission calls for the energies and efforts of my countrywomen than this—to make of kitchen and parlor "friends and fast allies." When that consummation shall be reached, many a worn face will brighten and many a heavy heart be filled with joy.

M. E. M.

MAGDALENA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MAM'SELLE'S SECRET," "OVER YONDER," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

ON the confines of a little town in Middle Germany lay the old convent. It was a strange-looking building, with its deeply-embedded windows, its creaking weather-cocks, and its flocks of jays ever circling above its gray old summit. From the crevices in the walls sprang thick tufts of grass, and a little forest of young saplings grew between the crumbling stone carvings over the arched doorway. Like two aged comrades lending mutual aid, each to the other, so did the old building and a portion of the primeval town-wall support one another; and very sensible it was on the part of the cloister, for the wall was very strong and thick. The broad surface of the latter had been covered with earth, and now verdure was sprouting and blooming as luxuriantly up there as though no hard granite lay beneath the thin layer of soil. The whole was like a long flower-bed, traversed by a very narrow footpath. It was kept in the most exquisite order. On the edges of the path bloomed a whole garland of white sweet-williams; lilies and rock-ets were growing in the beds, and the glowing fruit of the strawberry and its broad-notched leaves mingled with the wild thyme, which, clambering on the edge of the wall, placed its fine twigs carefully in the crevices between the stones. Behind the wall lay what had formerly been the cloister garden, now a waste, uncared-for plat of grass, on which the few goats possessed by the inhabitants of the building gained a scanty subsistence. Close to the wall grew a wilderness of lilac and hazel bushes, which formed a green, impenetrable hedge around the little enclosure. In spring-time the lilacs drooped their clusters of purple and white flowers over a solitary wooden bench, and an old chestnut tree spread its broad branches over

the wall and out into the road, whose row of wretched houses terminated here, thus displaying the windowless back wall of the last dwelling. Few footsteps would have marked the pathway to this distant and very uninviting portion of the town, had it not been for a jewel which stood near the old cloister—an exquisite relic of days long buried—the church of Notre Dame, around whose two slender towers a whole legendary world clustered and bloomed. The church was closed and unused: never since the last "Miserere" of the nuns had holy sounds echoed through the long forest of its pillars. The eternal lamp was extinguished; the organ lay in ruins on the pavement; around the deserted altar swallows and bats were fluttering; whilst the proud, pretentious monuments of families now long extinct were covered with a thick layer of dust.

Only the bells, whose marvelously harmonious chimes were renowned in the whole vicinity, rang every Sabbath over the deserted halls, but their melancholy sweetness could not recall the faithful who once had worshipped there.

That the old convent was allowed to stand beside this splendid building with its granite walls and pillars, was explained by the wise economy of the town authorities. For a long time it had ceased to be used for the purpose for which it had been designed. Here, too, Luther's mighty voice had burst the bolts. The town, in spite of its conversion to new opinions and teachings, had suffered the presence of the heaven-devoted virgins till they all had sunk into their last long slumber: then the cloister reverted to the city, and was appropriated as an asylum for a portion of its poor.

Now, behind the grated windows, instead of the pale faces of the nuns, appeared bearded figures, or the head of a matron scolding some culprit or busily

engaged in mending; while a whole tribe of wild, ragged children were tumbling about on the unwashed stone slabs of the court, formerly touched only by the light feet and trailing gowns of the holy sisters.

But, besides the little garden on the wall, there was another attractive side to the old building, on which the eye could rest when wearied out by sight of the human misery here crowded together. The corner where it joined the stone wall displayed four nicely-washed, white-curtained windows, the last of which opened on the garden, and could easily be used as a door, which was sometimes done, for on certain days in the week it was always wide open. A line full of fine linen extended from the corner to the old chestnut tree, and a female figure—its gathered-up apron full of clothes-pegs—went industriously to and fro.

That was the old maid Hartmann. Her real name was "Suschen," but she had been called the "Dragon-fly" by the whole town for so long that actually many people had forgotten what her name in reality was. The title had been given her, not on account of her beauty of coloring and airy grace—which are rarely remarkable in one's sixtieth year—but because of her peculiar exterior, and the strange, shy way in which the long, slender figure hurried through the streets. Otherwise, she much more resembled a bat, in her hooked, thin, almost transparent nose, her ash-colored complexion and her great, lustreless eyes, which were generally hidden under the thin eyelids. The resemblance was augmented by the black *bürger-cap* which, fitting closely to the head, completely concealed the hair on the brow, and which was ornamented on the sides with stiff lace trimmings. The "Dragon-fly" was the child of a very poor cobbler, who had brought up the girl and her brother, a little older than herself, sternly and piously; and cherished no higher ambition for his two children than that Suschen, when old enough, should earn her bread honestly in service, and that his first-born should one day sit opposite to him on the bench

and carry on the honorable trade of shoe-making. The quiet, gentle Suschen, for whose circle of thought the narrow walls of the work-room enclosed a sphere abundantly sufficient, was perfectly contented with the object in life placed before her by her father. But young Leberecht's visions were much grander than those of his sister: he actually aspired to the study of theology.

The youth possessed brilliant mental capabilities, joined to an iron perseverance, and finally, with the help of a stipend, attained his darling wish. He passed his examination with great credit, and had already preached several most eloquent sermons to crowded congregations in his native town, when he fell a victim to his unceasing mental exertions and sank upon a sick bed, from which he never rose: he died of pulmonary consumption.

Suschen, who had looked upon her brother as a sort of superior being, was almost overcome with grief; but she had a motherless child to bring up and care for; and therefore was obliged to control herself, which she did, most nobly. Her connection with the child was as follows: Once, when young Leberecht went daily to his lectures, and Suschen had for some time been entitled "old maid" by the honest wives of the town, it happened that the stork, "very unnecessarily, and late in the day," as the amazed cobbler declared, alighted once more upon the roof of the latter. Nine years had passed since his last visit, when he had brought a dead child.

With a heavy heart and a troubled brow the cobbler's wife drew the worm-eaten cradle from a dark corner of the garret, drove the frightened spiders from the little couch, wiped with a damp cloth the narrow sides, on which triumphant angels' heads, with fiery-red cheeks and sky-blue eyes were rudely painted, and placed it tenderly near her own bed, not far from the old bench on which the cobbler was seated hammering furiously at an unhappy shoe-sole.

But it was of no avail. He couldn't hammer the cradle to pieces; and probably a little later he would not have de-

sired to do so if he could, for something most lovely lay within.

But it seemed as though the ancient stork must suddenly have become dim-sighted, and have mistaken the lasts hung around the workshop for the armorial bearings of some proud, illustrious family; for the child in the cradle did not at all resemble its decidedly ugly relations, and was not in the least like a cobbler's child. The dazzling white skin, the fine, light, golden hair, and the great blue eyes reposing upon the coarse pillow, seemed rather the property of some baby princess.

She became her father's idol—the mother had died when the little one was born—and was an object of unceasing admiration to her brother and sister. While the young Latin scholar was writing his translation with nimble pen, his foot kept the cradle in gentle motion: all the female beauties of classic antiquity were endowed by his youthful fancy with the delicate features of his little sister, and the child's first smile inspired him to verse.

Suschen, on her part, took the greatest care of the little one's bodily wants. She always kept her spotlessly clean, and never went out without the child on her arm, for people would stop still on the street in admiration, and seem never to weary of gazing on the exquisite little blonde. When brother Leberecht was dead, and the cobbler also (he breathed his last a short time after the decease of his son), Suschen took possession of the asylum in the old convent kindly bestowed upon her, and established herself as a clear-starcher. She brought nothing with her but her little sister, the few articles which she had inherited, and her industrious hands. But what excited attention as well as blame in the curiously-gaping inhabitants of the cloister was a neat little press, with green woollen curtains, which the "Dragon-fly" had brought to her new home. This little press contained the books which had belonged to her dead brother. To Suschen herself these literary treasures could, it is true, be of little value, for she understood nothing of their contents;

but she had often noticed with what heartfelt fondness her brother had regarded these favorites—how he would spare and stint himself to buy this or that much-desired work. On that title-page was his name in the graceful handwriting which she had always so much admired; from this book peeped strips of paper which he had placed to mark noteworthy passages; many were still enclosed in protecting paper covers carefully fastened with wafers. They were to Suschen veritable relics, which she would not have parted with for anything in the world, but would rather have died of hunger than sell them. And therefore she flew into a passion for the first time in her life when the neighbors advised her to "sell the useless things."

The "Dragon-fly" now lived only for her work and for the care of her little sister, Magdalena, who in the course of time blossomed into a strikingly beautiful young woman. Suschen often gazed on her with secret delight, and saw her, in imagination, the handsome wife of an equally handsome *bürger* and guild-master.

But Destiny, as well as young, loving hearts, cares nothing for the plans laid by motherly prudence and affection; and so it happened that Suschen was suddenly and rudely awakened from her dream of Magdalena's settlement in life.

Not far from the town in which the scene of this little tale is laid dwelt a lonely, widowed princess in an equally lonely castle: in her service (for she was a devotee to art) lived an Italian sculptor. It was this Neapolitan who drew a line through Suschen's plans for her sister's future. He was a handsome man, with dark, fiery eyes and coal-black hair.

One day he saw the fair-haired Magdalena Hartmann walking through the castle garden, with a basket full of fine linen poised upon her head. He fell deeply in love with her, and when, a few weeks later, after several conversations with her, he declared his passion in the shady linden avenue of the princely castle, she could not resist his pleading,

and promised, though trembling and tearful, to follow him to his beautiful Southern home.

It was a terrible blow for the "Dragon-fly" when Magdalena announced her decision, and declared that she would die if she might not accompany her beloved. Suschen would have plead and lamented if it had not been for this last threat—which forced her to swallow her tears—and she made no opposition to her sister's betrothal; so one morning, after a quiet wedding, the sculptor Beroaldo placed his fair young wife in the carriage and led her from her German home, never to return.

For fourteen years letters came regularly from Italy, telling sometimes of joy, sometimes of sorrow. But in the fifteenth a thick package arrived one morning from Naples. It was not in Magdalena's handwriting; but when Suschen opened it a note from her sister fell out, in which she implored the "Dragon-fly" to watch over her only child, for she felt herself near unto death. A legal document accompanied the note, announcing that Giuseppe Beroaldo and his wife had both died of a malignant fever, leaving a daughter eight years old. A friend of the deceased would take the orphan child as far as Vienna, where her aunt must come and seek her, unless she desired her to be sent to some public institution. Thus Suschen learned that the parents had been entirely penniless, and that their child had not even the smallest inheritance.

At first, the "Dragon-fly" wept bitterly, but then recovered her self-command with marvelous rapidity, and displayed an unusual amount of energy and decision. She took a pair of earrings which had belonged to her dead mother, and another pair which she herself had received as a present from her godmother on her confirmation-day, from the so-called "jewel-box," an old bandbox filled with wadding: then she took the gold-embroidered crown from the peculiar white cap worn by the *bürger wives*, which had been her mother's most highly-prized ornament: her father's thick silver watch and twelve silver vest-but-

tons were added. She carried all to the goldsmith and sold them. Then she opened the little bookcase, and with trembling hands and tearful eyes took out no book, but a small, heavy bundle. A piece of white paper was folded around it, and on the paper the following words were written, in large, stiff letters and very extraordinary orthography: "I should like for this money to have a decent burial, and a tombstone, on which shall be inscribed JUNGFER SUSANNA HARTMANN." In the package were thirty bright thalers, which, with the proceeds of the articles sold, amounted to five-and-forty thalers. One morning the inhabitants of the cloister noticed, instead of the white muslin curtains before the "Dragon-fly's" windows, closely-fitting blue paper blinds, and the flower-pots on the sills had disappeared. Suschen, to the inexpressible amazement of the neighbors, had gone to seek the child of her dead sister. She was absent for three weeks: one Saturday afternoon she reappeared in the cloister-yard, coming as noiselessly as she had gone. Old and young rushed from the rooms and surrounded the new arrival, who, shy and taciturn as usual, only replied to all the questions of the pushing crowd that she had been to Vienna, and as proof thereof pointed to a little girl, who was hiding her head timidly in the "Dragon-fly's" skirts.

A remarkable little creature it certainly was that the old woman had brought home with her—"a regular gypsy child," the neighbors said—"a changeling, of whom one might almost be afraid;" so that it seemed impossible this tawny little creature could be the child of the snow-white and golden-haired Magdalena. The "Dragon-fly" had been deceived, they said: a child could see that.

And in fact the brown face of the little one, the rather large nose and the mass of coal-black hair falling over the low brow, all had quite frightened the "Dragon-fly." But she could not share the doubts of the neighbors, for the orphan bore most unmistakably the features of her Italian father. And she had his wondrously deep, beaming eyes,

though their beauty was now somewhat impaired by the too strongly-marked black eyebrows which took from the face every trace of childishness.

After a few days of repose, which were principally employed in giving the little stranger as clean and attractive an appearance as possible, the "Dragon-fly" took her charge to school, with the aid of the usual bribe of sugar-plums.

The first introduction turned out most brilliantly, as the timid old woman had expected and feared. The child clung convulsively to her aunt's hand, and when the teacher addressed her, hid her head passionately under the cloak of the latter. The gentle entreaties of the "Dragon-fly," and the impressive words of the master had no further effect than to make the child bury her head deeper, till at last he lost patience and scoldingly drew her from beneath her aunt's mantle. The whole class burst into a peal of laughter, for the mass of hair, which, by vigorous use of pomade and comb, had been with difficulty reduced to order, had, by the child's violent resistance, again become ruffled, and was staring stiffly to the four points of the compass. At the same moment the little one raised such a dolorous cry that the teacher, red with anger, put his hands to his ears and the "Dragon-fly" trembled all over with fright.

From that day the orphan stranger was outlawed, so to speak, in the eyes of the other children. They unanimously changed her own musical name, Magdalena, into "Gypsy;" whereupon the child became furious, showed her white teeth and stamped her little foot. She generally ran home from school in terror, the noisy swarm of children after her, till the hunted creature fled to the corner of some house, held her thin arms crossed over her face and remained motionless. Then only the little heaving breast showed that life was in her: she never moved, even when the wild children pulled at her clothes or sprinkled water over her, but waited patiently till sensible older people came to her rescue and sent her little tormentors home.

From the teachers she received but lit-

tle protection: they felt no sympathy for the uncanny little being who at every question raised her wild, dark eyes, frightened, to their faces, and only very rarely (and least of all by threats or rough words) was to be beguiled into an answer. It is true that these answers, when given, always displayed remarkable powers of comprehension and a clear understanding of the questions propounded by the teacher; but the few words which she uttered were harsh and in strange-sounding German, and accompanied by such violent gestures that a general laugh followed.

CHAPTER II.

ALMOST twelve years had passed since the momentous evening on which the little orphan from the South had first entered the asylum of the miserable—and just here begins this story—when on a Whit-Sunday, and as the great bells spoken of were pealing forth the afternoon chimes in their deep, powerful tones, a young man appeared at the entrance of the little street which led to the convent. Evidently he had followed the sound this far. He stood still for a moment, overcome, as it were, by the marvelous harmony. Two gray-haired matrons, adorned in their festal garments; silver-embroidered caps and wrapped in their circular cloth mantles, walked past to church and gave him a friendly greeting. Various windows opened, from which protruded the curious faces of men in shirt sleeves and women with coffee-cups in their hands. But the young man remarked nothing of all this. He walked slowly on to the little garden on the wall, his eyes fixed on the tower, through whose openings the swinging bells were seen. He passed under the shadow of the chestnut tree, leaned against the wall and listened motionless. A gentle breeze arose: a white leaf of paper floated from the wall above down to his feet, and at the same moment a female figure passed through the garden and vanished in the open window. The apparition had glided

along as swiftly and noiselessly as a shadow. The young man had only seen the back of a finely-formed head, with a mass of splendid blue-black hair, and a bare rounded arm thrown around the window-bar while the slender form bent into the room; but in the one movement lay so much youthful grace, so much serpentine suppleness, that the observer on the pavement below at once decided that a lovely face must belong to the graceful figure, and gazed at each one of the row of windows in succession, though nothing was visible behind them save the sharp profile of the "Dragon-fly," who was reading the evening service, with her spectacles pressed tightly down on her nose, and her hymn-book held off at a long distance from her eyes.

The stranger picked up the piece of paper which lay before him on the ground. It contained a hasty but correct pencil-sketch of a woman—an exquisite but purely German face, surrounded by light hair, and covered with the linen head-dress of the Neapolitan women.

The leaf had fallen from a stone table up yonder on the wall, covered with various papers: several books also lay thereon. These traces of a higher mental occupation, and the improvised lofty garden on the wall full of the hum of insects and odor of flowers, looked remarkable enough in the midst of the miserable, ruinous surroundings—almost like a stray romance which had wandered into the kingdom of stern reality.

Meantime, the peals had taken a more and more lofty flight—a sign that their end was approaching. The young man looked once more up at the tower window, but this time, instead of the swinging bells, a bright figure appeared in the narrow opening. It was the same apparition which a short time before had passed so rapidly over the wall. The stranger had no sooner remarked this than he too walked around the cloister and the church, and mounted the well-worn old stone steps which led to the belfry. His first glance, when he arrived at the top, was directed at the figure in

the window: he remained transfixed with surprise.

A young girl was seated on the sill, hushed, motionless and with folded hands. The Gothic window, with its fine-chiseled arabesques, encircled her like a narrow frame: a perfect profile, pure and faultless, and animated by a lovely expression, was traced against the deep blue heaven without, which lost itself in the tender violet of a distant, gracefully-outlined range of mountains.

The stranger's gaze, which rested fixedly and in surprise on the girl's face, seemed to possess some magnetic influence, for she turned her head suddenly. Her dark eyes opened wide and stared at him for a moment, as though he were a visitor from the spirit world: then she sprang down from the sill with a cry, hid her face in both her hands, and ran up and down the narrow space between the bells and the wall, seeking some means of escape, as if in deadly fear. It seemed as though, in her distraction, there was danger of her throwing herself between the roaring bells; so an old man ran to her, and seizing her arm, cried something in her ear in a loud tone, so as to make himself heard above the mighty peals; but she tore herself free, and hurrying past the stranger with averted face and with the rapidity of lightning, vanished in the gathering gloom below.

All this had been the work of a moment. At this instant the last stroke of the bells rang forth with almost deafening power, but soon died away in a weak, irregular ringing sound, which at last floated out into the evening air in sorrowful whisperings. There they hung, dark and still, the bells—mourning that the melody within them must be silent at the bidding of the weak mortals below.

But even long after the sound had ceased, even after the last echo had trembled away, it seemed as though an invisible life were floating from them—as though the spirits of the departed tones were following the stream which had flowed out so mightily, and with thousand hands were knocking at human bosoms,

rousing hardened natures, which angrily writhe and resist under the monition, and echoing musically over the mirror-like stream which we call "a pure soul."

Several of the bell-ringers now descended from the belfry, and greeted the stranger as they paused to put on their coats. But the old man who had spoken to the girl took off his cap courteously before the younger one, displaying a venerable, snow-white head, and said, with a peculiarly good-natured tone of voice—

"Why, what in the world did you do to Lenchen, sir, that she behaved so wildly? A moment more and she would have been killed by the bells!"

"Do I look so much like a libertine, old Jacob?" asked the young man, laughing. The old man looked up in surprise.

"You know me, sir?" asked he, and gazed inquiringly in the face of the stranger, drawing his thick white eyebrows together, and shading his eyes with his hand to see the better.

"It seems I have a more faithful memory for my old friends than you have. But how could I forget the man who helped me in all my boyish scrapes, shook down apples from the tree for me, and let me mount behind him on my father's brown mare when he rode to watering?" replied he, reaching his hand kindly to the old man.

"Ah, how could I have been so blind?" cried the latter. "Old age! old age! Ah, this is indeed a happiness! I never thought to see young Herr Werner again in my old days. But how tall and handsome you have grown! If only your blessed mother was alive, wouldn't she open her eyes to see her own flesh and blood? Are you going to stay with us now?"

"For the present, yes. But now tell me—who was the girl who was sitting here in the window?"

"That was Lenchen, the 'Dragon-fly's' niece."

"What! the 'Gypsy!'"

"Why, do you remember that, too? Yes, the naughty children gave her that name, but the 'Gypsy' has become a

beautiful maiden. People don't know it, for she always keeps in a corner, and then in poor clothes one doesn't look the same. And there are stupid folks who say she is not quite right, because she sometimes says odd things. It is true she does make remarks that such as we are cannot understand, but is that any proof of her being unsettled? You see, Herr Werner," continued the old man, passing his large, hard hand over his eyes, "the poor thing has always been so alone—no father, no mother! At first I didn't notice her particularly when she came to the tower: the others called her the 'toad,' because she always crouched so quietly in the corner. But once I observed her lay her little head against one of the bells that had just ceased ringing, and she patted and caressed it as though it was a living creature. That touched me. So I went up and spoke to her. She opened her great, frightened eyes at me, and shot down the steps like a wild-cat. But afterward she got over her fear of me. We became good friends; and I have grown so fond of the foolish little thing that my wife always has to bring my pot of coffee here on Sundays, for it is sure to be cold before I get home; and you may be certain the little one always has her share."

"Then I have prevented your coffee-drinking, for it seems the girl is not coming back," said Werner, leaning out of the tower window. Far below lay the garden on the wall, but both there and in the street reigned a death-like silence. The sunlight was glowing on the little corner, and every living thing had fled from its fiery might.

"I think not," said the old man: "she won't be back to-day—she was too much frightened. I'd like to know what was the matter with her. She always keeps out of people's way, it is true, but she generally does it so quietly that they hardly remark it. I can't imagine what got into her. You don't look so very frightful, Herr Werner."

The old man glanced, well pleased, as he spoke, at the extremely handsome, imposing figure of the young gentleman.

The latter drew out his pocket-book and showed Jacob the pencil-sketch he had found.

"Ah, that is Lenchen's mother: she drew it herself, from memory."

"What!" cried Werner, in amazement—"the young girl drew it!"

"Yes indeed. She paints beautifully. 'Sit down, Jacob,' she often says to me. 'Look, there's a bright sunbeam falling upon your head: I must draw your picture.' And in less than a quarter of an hour there I am on the paper, and everybody laughs outright when they see it, it's so much like me. An old painter lived for ever so many years in the cloister: he must have understood his business very well; but he was out of fashion, I believe—the grand folks said he didn't put intelligence enough in their faces. That's all very well, but it must have been hard to know what to do; for to paint something that isn't there to be painted must be as great an art as to ring bells with no clappers. The old painter noticed what a turn Lenchen had for drawing. He took her and showed her how paintings are made, and before long she was able to help him with wedding-verses and letters of invitation, which the common people like to have nicely illuminated. The old man has been dead for several years, and Lenchen inherits his custom: she earns a good deal of money thereby."

While talking with Werner, old Jacob closed several of the windows, shook the dust from his coat and cap—for here it whirled up in clouds at every step—and then, passing his hand caressingly over the great, magnificent bells, he and young Werner left the tower together.

They walked through several streets, and then paused before a large and somewhat gloomy-looking building—Werner's house. Here the young man said:

"You are too old now, dear Jacob, to ride to the stream, and I can get apples from the tree for myself, for I have, as you see, a pair of good, strong arms; but a faithful overseer of my house and garden, and a true, honest face that at every glance recalls my joyful childhood,

will ever be welcome to me. If you are willing, good old man, you and your wife can move this very day to the comfortable lodge of my dwelling. It is a pleasant thing to me thus to provide for your old days. But you can always go on Sundays to take care of the bells and to see your shy favorite in the tower."

Jacob looked at him as though in a dream. Trembling, he took Werner's hand, but in his delight could only ejaculate,

"If I am willing! With a thousand thanks, yes, yes. But let me run home. What will my old woman say? Why she'll jump up to the ceiling with joy, even if it makes an end of her old legs."

And he ran down the street at full speed. Werner grasped the bright brass bell-handle and rang. Immediately a woman's face, with proud, hard features and surrounded by a stiff, snow-white cap, appeared in the reflector in the window above. It disappeared as quickly, and the door swung back with the dignified, heavy motion with which the massive gates of old, wealthy mansions usually open.

Young Werner was the only child of very wealthy and respected parents, both of whom he lost in his fifteenth year. An old uncle, a clergyman, living in a distant city, became his guardian, and took the boy home with him. He there received an excellent education, attended the Gymnasium, went, later, to the University, and afterward took a trip to Italy—the object of his warmest youthful aspirations. He had a remarkable talent for painting, and lived there only for Art, as his large fortune rendered him entirely independent.

After six years' sojourn in the South he suddenly grew homesick, and returned to Germany, to dwell, for a time at least, on the spot where he had been a happy and dearly beloved child. An old widowed aunt had occupied and kept in order his paternal mansion during his long absence; so on his return he found a comfortable home awaiting its master, though no faithful mother-heart was there to greet him, and though the love-

light of the mother-eye, which had glorified all his childhood, was now gone out for ever.

CHAPTER III.

ANY one who wished to visit the "Dragon-fly" had to pass through the gloomy cloister court, which was surrounded by half-ruined buildings. In the wing on the right was a door whose lofty arch still bore beautiful traces of an artistic chisel, but several boards of the door itself had shrunk and become disjointed, contrasting strangely with the huge lock and the iron mouldings, which looked as though they would last to all time.

This entrance led into a kind of cellar-like vault. At the end of this deep passage a steep, break-neck staircase ascended to the story above. Here lived the "Dragon-fly;" and here all was clear and sunlit, though small and narrow. One forgot the uncomfortable entrance immediately in the clean room, with the huge Dutch-tile stove and the well-scoured pine furniture.

At the open window, which led out into the garden, sat Magdalena. Near her feet stood a basket with newly-ironed linen, which the thimble on her finger and the work on her lap showed that she was engaged in mending. But her needle was still. On looking at the tall, womanly figure involuntarily one glanced inquiringly at the ceiling of the room, as though to ask, "Is it possible that such a roof, so low, so crooked, so smoky, will always be the only one possessed by the beautiful head placed proudly upon the slender neck, by the expressive brow and the wondrous eyes beneath it?"

The old-fashioned book-closet, with the glass doors and the green woollen curtains, stood open. The rows of books within no longer looked new: some of them, in fact, seemed quite wornout; and they did not stand in stiff, exact order, like the troops of most libraries—elegantly uniformed, it is true, but rarely called into active service.

Many were hastily half thrust in, as though to be instantly at hand in case of sudden necessity. Revered names appeared upon the little red vignettes on the backs—names before which all mankind bend; but they shed the whole blessing of their influence here, in this poor corner of the globe, upon a being cut off from all that is called "the world."

The old artist who had instructed Magdalena in painting had been, in many ways, a well-educated man. He had been the first to call the maiden's attention to the priceless treasure in the old press, and himself gave the books into her hand, in strict succession as he considered they would be most useful to her brilliant and quickly-developing mind. In accordance with a secret agreement between the "Dragon-fly" and himself, he used to spend the long winter evenings in the warm, comfortable room, and read aloud to Magdalena, with the hum of Suschen's unwearied spinning-wheel as a cozy accompaniment, or explained to the young girl the portions which she had been unable to understand. One of those forgotten by an ungrateful world, he was somewhat embittered toward it. A decided enemy of most social conventionalities, he often entered the lists against them armed with the most cutting sarcasm, or brought to light clearly all their absurdities and contradictions. That this seed should take root quickly in a heart with hot emotions everywhere repressed by the high barriers of the world, and thus forced to prey upon itself, was not at all surprising. Thus it happened that while the spirit of the maiden trod joyfully the realms of the Ideal opened before her by her old friend in the works of the great masters, her heart was possessed by a gloomy demon—a deep distrust of her fellow-beings, created from the life-experience of the embittered old man and the recollections of her own sad childhood.

Magdalena had leaned her head against the window frame. She did not notice that a little vine branch from without had stolen in and lay caressingly on her hair: she did not see the pert little sparrow which tripped along near her

shoulder, looking for the crumbs which she was accustomed to strew for him. She was gazing dreamily far away, and held in her hand, which was hanging carelessly down, several papers fastened together.

They were old yellow leaves, containing a number of graceful verses written by the dead Leberecht—poems full of fire and softness—full of deep suffering and bitter resignation. On the title-page was written, "*To Friederika*."

Slow footsteps on the rattling stairs without roused the young girl from her reverie. She hurried to the door, took off the cloak of the "Dragon-fly," who was just coming in, and relieved her of the basket which she held in her hand. She hung the mantle carefully on a nail, pushed the old chair which had belonged to the shoemaker up for her aunt, and then took the afternoon coffee from the stove.

The "Dragon-fly" observed the girl's industry well pleased, but a certain annoyed, dissatisfied expression about her mouth was nevertheless very apparent. Therefore, after carefully changing the black bürger-cap for a bright-colored cotton house-cap, she began:

"Listen, Lenchen: I met Frau Schmidt just now. She wanted to give me ten groschen, because you positively refused to take them, she says. You know, my daughter, the Bible says, 'Deal thy bread to the hungry.' My dear father used to say that often enough to me, though it never once happened that others carried out the commandment toward us, and we often were actually in want. But that made no difference, for all my life I have tried to obey the Holy Book as far as I could. But there must be some limit to everything. You worked steadily for a whole day on those funeral-verses for Frau Schmidt's child; you painted just as beautiful roses and ornaments on them as you do for much richer people; and now you won't even take money that you earned hardly enough. Ten groschen is a good deal to us, Lenchen, and Frau Schmidt's child would have been just as happy if she had placed a bunch of box upon its

coffin, instead of texts and flowers—painted on white silk, too."

"Aunt, you don't mean what you are saying," replied the girl, and her features, animated at first by a soft gentleness, assumed a stern expression. "Look at me a moment, aunt. Don't you remember how Frau Schmidt wrung her hands and wept and moaned despairingly when the good God took the little child, the light of her eyes, her whole happiness, to himself? Don't you think that when we must bury what we love out of our sight—for the time at least—there is some slight comfort, some melancholy satisfaction, in loading it with the highest outward honors that we can give, with every visible token of our affection? And does not the poor mother feel this as well as the rich one? Don't be angry, aunt: I could not take money on which the poor woman's tears had fallen."

"There you talk like a book again, and such folks as we are can't answer you. But, Lenchen, if you always do this way, you will never earn anything."

"Don't trouble yourself, aunt," replied Lenchen with a trace of bitterness. "You know very well that I have been paid for many funeral-verses already without feeling the slightest compunction at receiving the money. You didn't accept Frau Schmidt's offer, aunt, I hope?"

"Why, if you wouldn't take it, of course I couldn't. But I was angry about it, and so I said to Jacob, who came up just then. But he's not a bit better than you. 'Lenchen is right,' said he, and left me standing there."

The "Dragon-fly's" eye fell upon the manuscript which now was lying on the table.

"What have you there?" she asked.

"Some of Uncle Leberecht's poetry," replied the girl. "It was in a book on the very top of the bookcase. I had never examined it before, but to-day, when I was cleaning out the case, it tumbled down and the manuscript fell out."

"Yes," said the old woman with an expression of deep emotion, "they are some beautiful song-verses: I expect

Leberecht copied them from some of his books. He often asked me, during his illness, to lay this book on his bed, and just the day before he died placed it with his own hand in that large volume where you found it."

"Aunt Suschen, was Uncle Leberecht ever in love?" asked Magdalena, suddenly.

The "Dragon-fly," who, in spite of her emotion, was just raising a piece of bread to her lips, stopped midway, as much surprised as if she had been asked, "Was the earth blue and the sky green?"

"What foolish questions you ask!" said she, finally. "Leberecht—the quiet, grave Leberecht, who never looked to the right nor to the left, but trod his path purely and sedately! No!"

"But that's no reason why he should not have been in love!"

"With whom? It is true there were pretty girls enough, and the women's benches were almost ready to break down whenever he preached; but he never paid any attention to them. He never visited any one, but always stayed at home, except two or three times a week, when he went to the worshipful Herr Bürgermeister Werner's, where he gave the young man lessons."

"Had the Herr Bürgermeister any daughters?"

"Yes—one. Why, you wouldn't be so foolish as to think that Leberecht was in love with Friederika, the proudest maiden in the whole town? No, no! Leberecht never did that. Even when he became a clergyman he was only a shoemaker's son for all, and he never forgot it. But he had a hard time, for all the Werner blood were very proud and haughty. Well, well! They were rich and aristocratic enough to be proud. Dear life! they are said to have lived high in that house. Often on Saturday afternoons the servant-man would come and invite the 'Herr Candidate to a plate of soup on Sunday.' Leberecht always went, and always took his violin with him. I think he must have played well: I don't know much about such things. After dinner they would ask him to play, and Friederika

sang. But he had a good deal of trouble there, for the youth to whom he taught Latin gave him enough to do: he was a naughty, worthless lad, but he grew up into a distinguished man, and became Bürgermeister."

"Was Friederika handsome?"

"Was she handsome? I should think so! You have seen her often: she is old Frau Räthin Bauer. It is true her beauty is almost gone now. Her face is as wrinkled as mine—'A pretty young girl, an ugly old woman,' says the proverb—but formerly! formerly! I saw her as she was going to her wedding, and I shall never forget it. She had on a dress of stiff silk, as blue as the sky, and with a tremendously long train, that rustled so! Her hair was dressed very high, and was all ornamented with roses fresh from the stem, just as they grew in the garden. Ah! I remember it was the day before Leberecht died! I wanted to give him a little pleasure; so I seated myself by his bed and told him all about the wedding; and about Werner's Friederika, whom he knew so well; and how proud and happy she looked; and what a handsome man the bridegroom was. He looked at me with an expression I remember to this day: then he buried his head in the pillow, and the next day he died. I have always believed he was thinking of how much trouble her good-for-naught brother had caused him."

Magdalena gazed, deeply touched, at the old woman as she recounted, so calmly and unsuspiciously, how she had given the death-blow to her dearly beloved brother. During the narration the "Dragon-fly" placed her spectacles on her nose, and slipping a much-damaged stocking upon her hand, attacked it valiantly with needle and thread.

"Friederika Werner married the Rāth Bauer"—the "Dragon-fly" proceeded with her narrative—"and there was such a talk made about the bridegroom that no king or emperor could have caused more excitement. But pride comes before a fall, and one shouldn't call till they're out of the wood. The Herr Rāth couldn't keep money: it burnt holes in his pocket. So when he

died he left nothing, and the mice frolicked in Friederika's great money-chests. And then came a new misfortune: her daughter died at the birth of her first child, and her son-in-law fled the country in consequence of some wicked things that he had done. Then I pitied her, but misfortune has not made her softer. She holds herself as stiff and straight as ever, and even in her mourning she looked precisely the same."

"I used to know her granddaughter, Antonie, when I went to school," said Magdalena, with a hard look about her mouth. "She always sat in her place so stiffly laced up in her spotless clothes! Her yellow hair was smoothed so glossily over her temples that it shone like a looking-glass; and she affected so much superiority that the other children looked up to her in positive awe. I hated her, for she always informed the teacher of the smallest misdemeanor that was committed in the school, and smiled so contentedly when really severe punishments were decreed. It made me furious when she was held up to us as a pattern of a well-behaved child."

"Yes, Lenchen, that's the way of the world. In my time it was just the same—the Rāth's daughter was always the best and the cleverest. There must be something in the title that causes it. Believe me, if the Frau Rāthin hasn't made her young nephew Herr Werner—"

A knock at the door interrupted her, and she would much sooner have expected the sky to fall than to see what she now saw. The very man whose name was just on her lips entered the little room, bending under the low door, and after a pleasant greeting requested the key of the church, which he was informed that Jungfer Hartmann had in charge. The "Dragon-fly" courtesied and snatched off her glass eyes. The girl did not cry out this time, as she had done a few days before on the tower, and made no movement to quit the room: slowly the slender figure rose from the chair—it almost seemed as though she grew to the very sight. Her face had become snow-white, even to the close-

shut lips, but an angry light gleamed in her eyes, which were fixed on the young man.

While the "Dragon-fly" hurried into the next room to seek the desired key, Werner approached Magdalena. The evening sunshine fell at this moment on his handsome features: they seemed carved in marble, so noble, firm, and yet so calm and cold. He did not appear to notice the maiden's haughty manner, but said, courteously,

"I caused you alarm not long since, as it troubled me to see."

"I was dreaming of glory, and was not prepared to see a human being."

"It is painful to be awakened so rudely."

"I have been accustomed to such awakenings ever since I can remember."

"So young and yet so bitter?"

"So rich in experience, you mean."

"No, no; I don't mean that. I must first learn in what this experience consists. Of your past life I know but little."

"It is not in the least worth the trouble to seek to know more."

"But what if I am willing to take that trouble?"

"You would find that you have already been talking with me much too long."

"One might almost take your bitterness for rudeness, which shows me the door."

"If you, perhaps, are aware that even a poor unknown girl may possess knowledge of propriety, I need not tell you that such rudeness is not at this moment to be thought of."

Magdalena had placed her hand during the conversation on the framework of the window. She stood half turned away, and bent her head only proudly toward the speaker.

To everything he said her reply was instantaneously given: only her eye and the sudden changes of color betrayed her agitated thoughts and inward emotion; otherwise her face remained perfectly calm.

The "Dragon-fly" had fluttered timidly about meanwhile, casting from time to time a shy glance at the visitor. Mag-

dalena's bearing and curt answers displeased her. Where in the world did this young thing get the courage to treat in such a brief, cold manner a young gentleman so handsome and with such a fine coat on? Of what passed between them the unhappy old woman did not hear a word. She only caught the sounds of their voices, till suddenly the momentous words, "Show me the door," threw a light upon Lenchen's unlucky conduct.

Suschen left in haste the friendly shadow of the stove, behind which she had taken refuge, and said, with an attempt at sternness, which, however proved a decided failure,

"Why, Lenchen, what makes you so rude to the gentleman?"

"Don't be uneasy, Jungfer Hartmann," said Werner, smiling composedly and fixing his large blue eyes on Magdalena. "I'm a sort of treasure-seeker, and am not so easily discouraged when there is a hope of finding gold."

"Why, he talks more strangely even than Lenchen! 'A treasure-seeker,' he said! One who deals in the black art!"

Poor "Dragon-fly!" Her head swam, and she drew quickly back into her retreat, for her trial was not yet at an end.

"If you seek gold"—Magdalena took the word, with an ironical glance at the smoky ceiling and whitewashed walls of the little room—"you must be convinced by this time that your divining-rod has directed you badly. But perhaps you are not ignorant of the legend that this convent has subterranean passages, in which the Twelve Apostles in massive silver are concealed, till some lucky discoverer brings them once more to the light of day. If I might advise you—"

"I thank you for your friendly hint. However, as until now I have never had the slightest hankering after buried treasure, I will confine myself to that apostle whose marvelous teachings give new life—who in all ages wanders through the world bearing good tidings with him, and kindles instantly a glorious light in human souls, which, till his coming, languished in gloom."

The "Dragon-fly," in her corner be-

hind the stove, thought this a very impious speech, for the Twelve Apostles (whose names every good Christian had learned by heart in school) long ago had left this world for a better, and signs and wonders come to pass no more. She was prudent enough, however, to keep her opinion to herself, and endeavored to find consolation in her seclusion in rubbing the thick coating of rust from the old church-key—a restoration which, later, on calm reflection, she bitterly repented of, as it cost her a brand-new apron.

Magdalena gazed at the young man as he spoke in his deep, well-toned voice. A remarkable frankness and repose lay on his brow, broad rather than high, arched, firm and smooth as bronze. The whole face bore the same impression, and only a slight quiver of the finely-cut, sensitive nostrils, and an occasional trembling of the resolute mouth, now and then betrayed unusual excitement under the calm exterior. The strange expression appeared as he was speaking; and Magdalena, who in spite of all her endeavors, was utterly at a loss to imagine the meaning of his last words, found, as she supposed, the key to what he had said in this look: it was sarcasm, pure sarcasm. He spoke purposely in this figurative style, to which she could give no reply, so as to make her do penance for the sharp, quick answers which she had at first given. Her Southern blood boiled. She turned hastily and angrily away, and said, as she tore off the impertinent little vine branch which had crept in—

"Your apostle seems very partial in the distribution of his favors. At all events, he has thus far passed our poor old cloister by; and yet many a heavy-laden heart here has really need of a little sunshine."

Now a mischievous smile actually did appear on the face of the young man.

"Indeed! He has thus far always passed by, you say?" he asked. "Well, I assure you that I hope with my whole heart that he may enter here as soon as possible."

He bent down at these words to gaze in her face.

She rose quickly: her long tresses became loosened and caught on the window frame.

"See what you have done to your beautiful hair!" said Werner, releasing her.

A deep flush rose on Magdalena's face. She cast a glance sparkling with anger at the young man, and was out of the door in an instant. Werner gazed after her in amazement. But the "Dragon-fly" came from her corner and said, shy and embarrassed as she held the key out to him—

"Don't take it ill, Herr Werner, that Lenchen ran off in that way. But such things as 'beautiful hair' no one ever ventures to say to her. She knows well enough that from her very childhood she has always been the poor, ugly 'Gypsy,' and a raven can never change to a dove. The neighbors cannot forget the golden hair of my sainted sister—nor indeed can I—and so it has happened that Lenchen often hears them say how different she is from her mother. She cannot bear her jet black hair, and if a lock of it happens to fall over her face, it really quite frightens her. She don't look in the glass once in a year: we haven't one in the whole house. And why should we? If I put on my Sunday cap awry when I go to church, Lenchen always pulls it straight for me."

Werner smiled and took the key from her hand. The "Dragon-fly" accompanied him to the head of the steps, and courtesied till he disappeared in the dark passage-way below. At the same moment Magdalena entered the room. Her cheeks were glowing, and her features were in excited motion. The "Dragon-fly" glanced sideways at her, timidly. The girl seated herself at the window and endeavored to resume her work, but her usually firm hand trembled, and thimble, work and scissors fell in all directions down from the table. As she bent to pick them up, murmuring something about "awkward," the aunt said,

"Let them alone, Lenchen: you can't do anything right just now. But what

made you so wild all at once? He didn't do anything to you."

"He mocked me!" cried the girl, with an outburst of vehemence and tears sparkling in her glowing eyes. "He derided me! Oh these heartless ones! They enthrone themselves on their gold-chests, and look proudly and scornfully down on those who, as they imagine, drag on in the dust their miserable existence. Because I must labor with these hands to earn my daily bread, for that reason I am worse than those whom fortune lays in a golden cradle, who gaze admiringly at their delicate fingers, and think they have been given to them only to complete their aristocratic bodies. Does the rich, lace-enveloped child weep or laugh differently from the one in the rude cradle? Do the dying eyes of the millionaire see a different heaven from that which the beggars see? I can gaze in reverence at mighty Genius; I can bend admiringly before Virtue; I can honor Talent; but never will I do homage to Mammon, who strives to plant his heavy foot rudely upon the neck of each and every one, and enters coldly and carelessly the warmest, softest spot in the poor man's heart. And therefore I will defend myself to the last breath when such a tyrant comes hither and strives to insult me."

After this passionate outbreak, Magdalena was silent for a moment. The "Dragon-fly," who generally allowed all that the girl said in such moments of excitement to sound uncomprehended in her ears (and indeed her words scarcely seemed to be addressed to the old woman), had taken up her work, and improved this quiet moment by saying,

"Yes, Lenchen, so it always happens when one tries to reply boldly to aristocratic people. If you only had made your courtesy humbly and prettily! So it was in my day, and nobody ever was rude to me."

"Aunt," cried the girl, as though beside herself, "if you have any love for me, don't say such things! Don't you know it wounds me deeply? What provocation did I give the man? I re-

plied as I was forced to reply. Why did he seek our poor dwelling? No gentleman has ever before come in person to get the key from you. He came to gaze at our poverty, so as to describe it more correctly. Only look in his face! So must his aunt, the old Rätthin Bauer, have looked at his age. Features of bronze and ice, from which the glowing emotions of other hearts are dashed back unfelt, uncomprehended!"

"It may be as you say. I know nothing about it," observed the "Dragon-fly." "But he's a handsome man, for all that ;

and he's very kind to old Jacob, too," she continued. "The old man is half out of his wits with delight over his new lodge, and I promised him I would come there this evening, and bring you with me. He says he can't rest until we have seen all."

Magdalena did not reply. She laid Leberecht's poems gently back in the large book : as she shut the clasps some hot tears fell on the old folio ; and in them lay the whole pent-up bitterness of an aching heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PETER CRISP'S SPECTACLES.

PETER CRISP had something the matter with his eyes : he needed spectacles to help him to see. But this was no uncommon misfortune ; hundreds of people, who do ten good hours' work every day of their lives, use glasses and cannot get along without them. No ; the chief trouble in Peter's case was not in wanting glasses : it was in the particular sort of glasses that he used. He had several pairs, which he always kept on hand, nobody knew exactly where : they seemed to be hidden somewhere about the head of his bed, for he often got them on before he was up in the morning.

One pair was what I should call smoked glasses, such as persons use in looking at the sun : they do very well for that purpose, preventing the bright rays from hurting the eyes. But Peter did not put them on to look at the sun with : he looked at everything through them. And as this made everything look dark and ugly, he was made to feel accordingly.

"I could iron these collars better myself!" he exclaimed one morning as he was dressing, after getting up with those glasses on. And a few minutes later, "Not a pin in the cushion as usual ;"

and presently again, "Who *has* taken my comb and brush?"

Had any of the children chanced to come into the room about that time, it would have been worse for them.

When he sat down to breakfast there was a deep wrinkle between his eyes, caused by the weight of the glasses upon his brow.

"That Polly Ann never did make a good cup of coffee in her life," he remarked. "My dear," turning to his wife, "I do wish you would take the trouble to go down once—just once, *only* once—and show her how."

Mrs. Crisp ventured to say in a low voice that she went down every morning. Peter had no reply to make to this, but he puckered his lips as if he had been taking quinine, frowned yet more severely and pushed the cup away from him.

After this cheerful breakfast he put on his hat to go to the store, but turned back from the front door and came to the foot of the stairs, where he stood calling out in a loud voice that he really felt ashamed of the black around the door-knob and bell-handle. In the street, a few moments afterward, a gentleman joined him, to whom he was as pleasant

as possible. But when he got into the counting-room, it was plain he had the smoked glasses on still. Not one person about the concern worked as he should do, he said—none of them were worth a cent. It used to be different when he was a boy. Then he went out with a look of general disgust. As soon as he was gone the bookkeeper was cross to the clerk, and the clerk scolded the boy, and the boy went out and abused the porter.

A few mornings after that, Peter had on what might be called his blue glasses. He was in a milder frame, but low in spirits. He was sorry to see the chamber carpet wearing out, for he did not know where another would come from. At breakfast he watched all the children taking butter, and took scarcely any himself. He begged Mrs. Crisp to put less sugar in his coffee. The frown was gone from his face, but a most dejected look had come in its place. Spying a hole in the toe of his boy's shoe, he took a long breath, and hearing that the dress-maker was engaged a day next week for his daughters, he sighed aloud. Walking down the street, he looked as if he had lost a near relative, and at the store all day he felt like one on the eve of breaking.

He had one more pair of glasses, the color of which could never be distinctly made out: they seemed more of a mud-color than anything else. He did not wear them so often as either of the others, but when he did they had a very singular effect. It was thought by many that they befogged him, rather than helped him see: for after putting them on of a morning he would get up and dress hardly speaking a word. At breakfast he would say nothing, and not seem to want anybody else to; consequently the whole family would sit and munch in silence; then he would rise from the table and walk out of the front door as if he was dumb; and although it was a relief when he had gone and made matters something better, still a chilling influence remained behind him the whole morning.

Peter had been wearing these glasses a good many years, when it occurred to

him one day that things never looked very cheerful in his eyes, that he was never very happy, and that perhaps his spectacles had something to do with it.

"I wish I could get another and a better pair," said he. Then he remembered that his neighbor, Samuel Seabright, had to wear glasses also, but he always appeared to see well and to have a pleasant face on. Meeting him the next morning, he said,

"Neighbor, if it is not making too free, may I ask where you get your spectacles?"

"Certainly," replied Samuel. "I am glad to tell you. They are good ones, and I wish every man with poor eyes had a pair like them."

"I would be willing to pay a good price for a pair," said Peter.

"That is not needful," replied Samuel: "they are the cheapest glasses you can get."

"Pray tell me where I can find them," said Peter.

"I got mine," said Samuel, "by the help of a certain Physician whose house you pass every day: and if you are truly anxious to get them, I know he will tell you how you can get a pair for the asking."

"I don't want them in charity," replied Peter.

"Then you cannot have them," said Samuel.

"Well," replied Peter, in a humbler voice, "I'll take them for nothing, or I'll pay a big price for them, for I want them above all things."

"Ah," said Samuel, "that sounds more like getting them. You go to him and tell him how you feel, and he will attend to your case."

Then Peter did as he was told. The Doctor looked at his eyes, and said that the disease in them was one which kept him from seeing the good in things about him: all he could see was the evil.

"And those glasses you have been wearing," he continued, "have only made them worse, till there is a danger of your getting beyond cure."

"And is there no hope for me?" asked Peter.

"Oh yes," replied the Doctor, "if you will follow the directions."

"I will do so," said Peter.

"In the first place, then," he continued, "you must wear those glasses no more. Throw them away or put them in the fire, so that you will never see them again."

"I promise to do so," replied Peter.

"In the next place, when you are given a new pair," continued the Doctor, "you must always walk in the way which they show you to be right."

"I will try not to depart from it," said Peter.

At this there came an invisible hand that took off his old smoked glasses and put on new ones, made of pure crystal, which let the light through just as it came down from the sky. But oh what a change they made to Peter! He went home, and as soon as he entered the door his house seemed like another place to him: it seemed filled with blessings.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that

those glasses have kept me from seeing all these before?"

The next morning when he got up he told his wife what had befallen him and how he felt in consequence.

"But," said she, with a loving smile, "how about those badly-ironed collars and the pins and the weak coffee?"

"Oh," he cried, "how could I ever let such trifles trouble me?"

"And then," she continued, "here is the carpet wearing out, and the boys' shoes and the girls' dresses."

"As for them," he said, "we will hope to get more when they are gone. But even if we should not have half our present comforts and indulgences, with you, my dearest, and our precious children, about me, I trust I may feel too rich ever again to utter one complaining word."

So the sunshine came into Peter Crisp's house, and he and all his family led a happier life because of his new glasses, which were a thankful heart.

SOLOMON SOBERSIDE.

THE OLD STORY.

"THE sails are set and the breeze is up,
And the prow is turned for a northern sea:
Kiss my cheek and vow me a vow
That you will ever be true to me!"

"I kiss your cheek, and I kiss your lips:
Never a change this heart shall know,
Whatever betide—come life, come death—
Darling, darling, I love you so!"

Oh, but the northern nights are keen!
The sailor clings to the frozen shrouds:
A kiss burns hot through his dreams of home,
And his heart goes south with the flying clouds.

The maiden laughs by the garden gate—
Dreams of love are the soonest o'er!
Kisses fall on her lips and hair,
And the world goes on as it went before.

CHARLES E. HURD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE new administration is redeeming its promises of retrenchment in expenditure and of reform in the collection of the revenue. The doubt which existed in the minds of many, whether the corruption of the internal revenue system, especially, had not proceeded too far to allow of any other remedy than excision, must give way to the demonstrations of figures. The prompt and rapid increase of receipts from all sources is a guarantee that the last two years are to remain a miserable and shameful fact by themselves.

It is well that it should be so. Another such two years might have sunk the vice of official corruption too deeply into the constitution of the public body for any peaceful remedy. There has, indeed, been reason to fear that the country was approaching the condition where legal penalties and executive vigilance are helpless to prevent fraud and speculation, and that the President of the United States might become as impotent as formerly was the Czar of all the Russias, to bring the proceeds of a tax into the Treasury, secure the honest performance of a contract to victual a ship-of-war, or devise bonds and conditions effectual for the execution of any public trust. We seemed in the way to illustrate the melancholy lesson of Rome in her last days, and of Russia in the Crimean war—that nothing is so helpless as corrupt strength. The increase in the Treasury receipts is a matter of gratulation therefore, not because the Treasury balance is at present of great consequence, but as indicating that the floods of corruption are at last fairly stayed.

The receipts from the internal revenue have not yet been announced for the first complete fiscal quarter of the new administration, but enough is known to establish the fact of a growth of conscientiousness in the breasts of revenue

officials all over the country. The receipts for March, from *identical sources* of revenue, amounted to eleven millions, against seven and a half in the corresponding period of 1868; in April the receipts rose to eleven millions, against nine and a half from the same sources last year; while in May the receipts amounted to twenty millions, against sixteen in 1868. So unexpectedly full have been the collections in every quarter that, notwithstanding the general discouragement of business and the extensive reduction of inland taxes, the internal revenue—which in the first six months of the financial year exhibited a loss of a million—is now reasonably certain to have exceeded the estimates by thirteen millions of dollars. The greatest improvement has naturally been in the article of spirits. In April of 1868, only \$1,555,843 65 was received on this account: in 1869 the receipts reached \$4,451,634 52. A portion of this improvement, however, must be attributed to the necessity of withdrawing spirits in bond. For the fiscal year (ended July 1) 1868 the total collections on spirits were but little in excess of eighteen millions. For 1869, they will reach forty millions, the tax on distilled spirits, at only fifty cents a gallon, yielding largely in excess of thirty millions, while the two-dollar tax in 1868 yielded less than thirteen and a half. This astonishing result—more than twice as much revenue produced by a duty fixed at only a fourth of the former rate—is the measure of the improvement in the character of the revenue service from the change in administration, conjointly with the wise and salutary reduction of the whisky-tax within limits which allow of collection. It will be strange if a continuance of this efficiency in the collection of the revenue does not soon place United States bonds at par in gold.

Representing no party but that of the

country, we are happy thus to be able to give praise where praise is due. At the same time, the Administration ought to know that the people have not seen without regret several instances of honest and capable men turned out of office for political reasons only. In the civil service of the United States party claims should have no more weight than in the military and naval service; and perfect efficiency will not be attained until permanence in office is the rule instead of the exception.

The deaths of Dr. Dunglison and Dr. Rush have been but recently recorded in these pages, and this month we have to mention that of Dr. Charles D. Meigs, a fellow-professor with Dunglison in Jefferson College—a highly-accomplished gentleman and a popular physician, whose writings are well known the world over. Doctor Meigs leaves many sincere and attached friends: his amiability was truly remarkable, and his learning, both in and out of his profession, may be said to have been profound. In medical knowledge and an acquaintance with the writings of the fathers of medicine, which he read in the original languages with the same ease as the mass of his patients read the news of the day, Dr. Meigs stood on a pedestal not usually reached. The writer of this too imperfect notice experienced the Doctor's unbounded kindness in Paris, where he paid three visits each day to an almost attic apartment, and in a warm season, to relieve an alarming fever and save life: the patient improved and the Doctor carried him to a meeting of the French Institute, then presided over by Arago: here Dr. Meigs read a paper on an abstruse and scientific subject, that astonished the members by its research and learning. Arago said on that occasion that no foreigner he had ever met spoke the French language with such purity; and this was not a mere compliment, as it was simultaneously repeated all round the room. Beyond doubt, a memoir of Dr. Meigs will issue from the Philosophical Society. We can only give our recognition and remembrance

of his many virtues and his peculiar sweetness of temper: there are hundreds living who are in debt to him for acts of kindness who will read our brief but sorrowing record of the death of a good man, a conscientious physician, the friend and benefactor of his race.

The Nineteenth Century is the suggestive title of a new monthly magazine published in Charleston. The mere fact of such an enterprise being started is a cheering sign of the reviving fortunes and spirit of the South, but in the healthy, good-natured tone which pervades the magazine we find a happy augury for that cordial understanding between the two sections of our common country which is the great want of the time. A paper entitled "The North in the South" invites immigration, and points out the "signs of amity, cordiality and co-operation" which are beginning to appear on all sides, while the editor's remarks are in a cheerful and hopeful vein. We defy anybody, no matter what his politics, to keep from laughing at the woodcuts entitled "Sooty-graphs from the South Carolina Legislature." They comprise portraits of the "Rev. and Hon. Plenty Small (by trade a blacksmith—once worth about twelve hundred dollars, but ruined by the war—a candidate for the Chair of Natural History in the South Carolina University); Hon. Scipio Scraggs (formerly owned in Charleston, heavy on finance, and very logical, but spoiled in the making); Hon. Tony Johnson (invaluable about a stable—youthful and patriotic, but very indiscreet); Julius Cæsar Sumner (late a respectable Boston barber); Hon. Sancho Brown (late an Edisto field-hand); Hon. Fortune Flanders (very vehement and ungrammatical); Hon. January Jones (who stands on the dignity of his office); Rev. and Hon. Peter Bills (an old-fashioned plantation preacher) and the Hon. Cudjo Hardens (an old-time darkey, sensible, but slightly weak in the knees; another lamentable ruin)." The following is the speech of the last-named gentleman:

"It stan' for tru dat de bottom rail

am on de top now, but when de smash kum, who gwine tek kare o' we?

"Whar's de cullud man gwine ef de white folks enty fren'? Das' de qeshun we natib ob de State hab de konsider. De emygrashun am kummin in fas, an de cullud popylashun am dyin', an' dyin', an' dyin', an' tendin' funeral. In two or tree yeer de peeple dat own de lan' will mek de law, an' dem dat now hole de joocy orfices, an' snap de party whips roun' de leg ob we pore members ob dis House, an' pull de wool ober our eye, will be trabin' back to de Norf wid dar pockits stuff full ob State bon's and greenback. Wha' kum ob we den? I like to ax dat.

"I enty ben born in de wood to be skere by no owl, but I tink I see de writin' on de wall; an' ef he be troo, de dooty ob ebery Souf Ca'lina gem'lum on dis flo' am to stan from ondur."

We would respectfully suggest to the editor a little revision of accepted contributions before they are given out to the printer. Young writers are sometimes grateful for it, and old ones always.

... Some most extraordinary revelations are made in St. Clair's recently-published *Residence in Bulgaria* respecting the demoralization of the Greek clergy in Turkey. On one occasion "the conversation turned upon Papasses and religion, and N—— was much astonished to learn that the clergy of Europe are not in the habit of lending out money to their flocks at sixty per cent. interest. . . . 'How fortunate you are,' concluded he, as he drank off his *yaghli* wine, 'to have priests who don't walk off with your last fowl!'" Padre D——, "a most excellent man and true Christian, whose life is spent in deeds of self-abnegation and charity," said to the author: "I have lived many years in the East, and I assure you that I have seen the Christian name so uniformly profaned by its professors that when I hear any one in the street say of me, 'That is a Christian,' old man and Cappucino monk as I am, I feel inclined to go up and hit him with my stick."

There is a Turkish and Bulgarian tradition that when religions were given

out to the different nations of the earth, the recipients cut their several creeds upon stone, engraved them upon wood or metal, or printed them in books (the Franks, for instance): the Gypsies, however, wrote their canons upon the leaves of a cabbage, which was shortly afterward seen and eaten by a Turkish donkey: this is the reason that the Chinguinés have neither religion nor God of their own.

... Although in its later volumes some important papers are purposely omitted, the publication of the *Correspondance de Napoleon I.*, of which the twenty-sixth volume has just been issued by the French government, is of great historical importance. The new volume relates to the campaign of Moscow. The Emperor in his advance rested from the 28th of July to the 13th of August at Vitebsk. On the 7th of August, Meneval, the Emperor's secretary, writes to Barbier, the Imperial Librarian, at Paris, as follows: "The Emperor would like to have some amusing books. If there are any good new novels, or older ones that he is not acquainted with, or pleasant memoirs, you would do well to send them, for we have some leisure moments here that it is not easy to fill up." On the retreat from Moscow the most striking feature of the great captain's letters is his firmness under misfortune. Six days after the awful passage of the Berezina he writes to Bassano, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Vilna: "We are horribly fatigued and very hungry. Provide bread, meat and brandy against we meet. I have one hundred thousand men scattered about looking for something to eat, who are no longer with their colors: this makes us run shocking risks. Only my Old Guard is united, but famine is gaining there also. *Talk cheerfully (ayez bon langage): don't let anything leak out. Ten days of repose and plenty of provisions will restore subordination.*" Such is the stuff of which heroes are made.

... In a recently-published pamphlet, entitled *An Account of the Sufferings of Friends of North Carolina Yearly Meeting in Support of their Testimony*

against War, from 1861 to 1865, it is stated that "among all those who steadily refused to bear arms, and of whom many were imprisoned, not one suffered a violent death."

... Mr. Froude, the historian, has recently become the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, very much to the benefit of that periodical, which has had some striking papers in it within the past year.

... An Egyptian novel of the date of the Exodus having been translated from the original hieroglyphics into German by Dr. Brugsch, and published in 1864, an English version of the latter, by Mr. J. P. Lesley, was recently read before the American Philosophical Society. The resemblance of one of the incidents to the temptation of Joseph, as given in the Pentateuch, will strike every mind. In the one, however, we have the story of the amours of a court told by the great lawgiver to the Hebrew people—in the other the tale of a peasant's love, written by a scribe named Annana for the amusement or instruction of the young prince Seti Menephta, son of Sesostris. Mr. Lesley is of opinion that the love-story as now recovered is used to convey priestly traditions, such as that of the introduction of sun-worship from Syria into Egypt.

... In the *Epicure's Year Book* for 1869 there is a dialogue worth quoting:

Host. Taste this sherry, sir, magnificent! Bought it at the sale of Bishop —

Guest (having tasted). Colenso, I presume.

... Prof. Huxley, in a recent paper in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is hard on merely literary men: "There is, perhaps, no sight in the whole world more saddening and more revolting than is offered by men sunk in ignorance of everything but what other men have written; seemingly devoid of moral belief or guidance, but with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated, that their sensual caterwauling may be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres." "Sensual caterwauling" is good. The Pro-

fessor is obviously thinking of —, and —, and —.

... In a recent number of the *New York World* occurs the following: "Bishop Odenheimer has caused to be denied the story that he refused to impose his episcopal hands upon false hair." If the story is untrue, one may still allow that it is *ben trovato*; for we know that the bishops of the early Church were likewise puzzled by the chignons and waterfalls of the ladies of Rome. Mr. Leckey, in his new work, *The History of European Morals*, tells us that "Clement of Alexandria questioned whether the validity of certain ecclesiastical ceremonies might not be affected by wigs; for, he asked, when the priest is placing his hand on the head of the person who kneels before him, if that hand is resting upon false hair, who is it he is really blessing? Tertullian shuddered at the thought that Christians might have the hair of those who were in hell upon their heads, and he found in the tiers of false hair that were in use a distinct rebellion against the assertion that no one can add to his stature; and in the custom of dyeing the hair, a contravention of the declaration that man cannot make one hair white or black."

... In a copy, now lying before us, of the well-known Revolutionary pamphlet entitled *A Candid Examination of the Mutual Claims of Great Britain and the Colonies*, published in New York in 1775, there occurs the following curious note in the handwriting of Tench Tilghman: "Mr. G——y [Galloway] has said that the delegates from Virginia and Massachusetts [to the Continental Congress] talked of reviving their old charters and dividing the continent between them." The Middle States had then, as they have now, something to say about the ambitious projects entertained by the extremists.

Some fifteen years ago, in the days before the *demi-monde* became a power in the world of fashion—in those good old times when it was not considered seemly for a modest woman to make the dress, the manners and the personal charms of

the Anonymas and the Cora Pearls of the day the subjects of her conversation—there flourished in London a beautiful woman of the *lorette* species who was known by the name, real or assumed, of Laura Bell. This creature contrived to secure a box at the Royal Italian Opera directly opposite to that occupied by the Queen, and whatever toilette Victoria might wear on Opera nights, Miss Bell was sure to appear in a fac-simile of it the next evening. This adroit species of annoyance was kept up during the entire season, and it is said so great was Her Majesty's vexation that she consulted her lawyers to know if legal measures could not be taken to put a stop to the *lorette's* exasperating and insolent conduct. Her legal advisers informed her, however, that Miss Bell had a perfect right to take whatever box she pleased at the Opera, and to wear any decent costume that suited her therein. English law was powerless in that instance to protect the English sovereign against annoyance. But while one fully sympathizes with the outraged feelings of the indignant Queen, one feels that the crime must have brought its own punishment, as Victoria, though the best queen, was not exactly the best-dressed woman in Europe before she subsided into an eternity of crape and bombazine.

... One of our prominent German citizens was one day reproached by an ardent fellow-Teuton with having forgotten his native country in his love for his adopted one. The answer was a noble one: "Germany is the land of my birth—my mother—and as such I revere her and hold her in grateful remembrance; but America is the land of my manhood's love and choice—my *wife*—and my first duty, my fondest affections, I therefore owe to her."

... In some of the more thinly-settled and primitive portions of our country there still exist churches where the clergyman reads out two lines of a hymn at a time for the choir to sing; which being sung, he proceeds to read two more, and so on until the hymn is finished. This is called "deaconing out"

the hymn. In one of these churches the pastor, one Sunday, rose to give out the hymn, but finding that he had forgotten his glasses, he remarked, "My eyes are dim—I cannot see: I've left my specs at home." Greatly to his astonishment the choir at once went to work and sung his remark. When they paused, he said, "I did not mean that you should sing the words I spoke just now." The choir struck up again and sung that. Whereupon the irate old man closed the hymn-book with a bang and sat down, the services that day having been opened with a very short and rather peculiar hymn.

... A lively Philadelphia belle was one day describing to a witty gentleman the exhaustion endured by herself and family after a long series of balls. "My sister called to see me one afternoon," she said, "and fell asleep on the sofa, whereupon I retired with a book to my own room and there fell asleep also." "That is the only instance I ever heard of, Miss L.," remarked her hearer, "wherein your room was better than your company."

... The Abbé Correa used to say he liked bad children the best, because they had to be sent away. Mr. S. was an eccentric old gentleman, who formerly lived in Philadelphia. The infirmities attendant on old age made it a matter of difficulty for him to turn rapidly, so as to look at objects behind him. Besides, he considered children a nuisance. "Oh, Mr. S.," said a lady, who came running after him in the street one day, "do look at my baby! Is it not a dear little thing?" Mr. S. turned slowly and painfully round, scowled at the baby a while—it was very young, very small, and looked as much like a dish of sweet-breads as anything else—then informed the happy mother, as he went on his way, with a parting grunt, "Humph, madam! *I suppose it is not any nastier than other babies!*"

... If young gentlemen of middle age who have to dye their whiskers will consult Byron, Plautus and Menander, they will find, to their consolation, that "whom the gods love dye young."

. . . There was an old Scotch gentleman who was very exemplary in his observance of religious duties, and made it a constant practice to read a portion of the Scripture every morning and evening before addressing the Throne of grace. It happened one morning that he was reading the chapter which gives an account of Samson's catching three hundred foxes, when the old lady, his wife, interrupted him by saying, "John, I'm sure that canna' be true, for our Isaac was as good a fox-hunter as there ever was in the country, and he never caught but about twanty." "Hoot! Janet," replied the old gentleman; "ye mauna' always tak' the Scripture just as it reads. Perhaps in the three hundred, there might ha' been aughteen, or maybe twanty, that were raal foxes: the rest were all skunks and woodchucks."

. . . After Stonewall Jackson's death at Chancellorsville, a story became current among the Confederate legions—which the soldiers loved to repeat over the fires of their bivouac—that, on account of his extreme piety, when their famous chieftain fell a detachment of angels left the heavenly gates to visit the battlefield and escort the hero's soul to heaven. The celestial squadron searched the corse-strewn plain, but without effect. He whom they sought could not be found, and they returned mournfully to heaven to report their want of success. But lo! behold! on arriving they found the spirit of the immortal warrior there already. *Stonewall Jackson had made a flank march, and got to heaven before them!*

. . . Once upon a time, down in ole Virginny, there flourished a veteran Ethiopian, who was known far and wide by the high-sounding cognomen of "Uncle Cæsar Pomp." Now, Uncle Cæsar Pomp was a preacher, something of a sensation preacher, and popular accordingly. On one occasion he undertook to give his hearers an account of the creation of man, and a singular jumble of Genesis and the Indian legends he made of it: "You see, bred'ren, when de Almighty fust make man, he make him out of de dust of de earf—dat

is, out of mud, for it had been a rainin' some now dat time, I 'spec. Yas, my bred'ren, he make him out ob de mud in de furro', and den lay him on de top rail ob de fence to dry in de sun." Here an eager little pickanniny in the audience jumped up and interrupted with the trenchant query, "Hallo, Uncle Cæsar Pomp, whar de wood cum from dat fence made of?" Now, when Uncle Cæsar Pomp was "riled," it is the painful duty of this historian to record that he was apt to make use of expressions hardly consistent with his duty as a preacher of the word. On this particular occasion he was not only riled, but sore puzzled for a moment, but he soon retrieved himself. Fixing his keen old eye on the delinquent, and emphasizing every word with a shake of his long, bony finger, he roared out: "You — sassy little niggas! In de last day, when you'se a burnin' up in de flames ob eternal absolution, *you won't ask whar de wood cum from dat fire made of—you won't! No, sir-e-e-e!*"

. . . The blunders of the telegraph in press despatches over long lines, and with inexperienced operators, are sometimes fearful. One morning in the telegraphic column of a Montgomery newspaper appeared the gratifying but startling announcement from New York, "The Devil is dead;" and it was only some days after that it was ascertained that the item was meant by the sender to chronicle the death of Mr. Devlin of New York.

A valued correspondent sends the following interesting paper:

I wonder if any of your readers have ever seen a child's book with the following title?—"The History of the Holy Jesus, containing a brief and plain account of his birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension into heaven; and his coming again at the great and last day of Judgment. Being a pleasant and profitable companion for children; compos'd on purpose for their use. By a lover of their precious souls. Boston: printed by J. Bushell and J. Green, 1749." Though its title is so long, the book itself is very small, measuring about two and a half by three and a half inches. It contains twenty-four leaves,

is written entirely in verse, and is illustrated with sixteen woodcuts, almost all of which are the size of the page. This edition is the sixth, and I think that the first-known woodcuts made in this country are contained in this little volume, which, besides this claim to attention, is of great value as illustrative of the history of art here in America. The woodcuts were evidently designed by the artist who engraved them. One of them is signed, in a square, at the left upper corner, J. T., being doubtless the initials of James Turner, who was an engraver on copper in Boston in 1752, this being the date of an edition of the Psalms, the notes for which were engraved by him. The earliest known engraving executed in America is a likeness of Cotton Mather, engraved by Peter Pelham on copper, and dated 1727. I have been able to find nowhere any mention of as early wood-engravings as these in this little volume. Their execution is of the roughest kind. Opposite the title is a portrait, intended probably for that of the anonymous author. It represents a man in the dress of the period, with a wig curled in horizontal rows of curls, engaged in writing. Then, backing the title, is a full-page picture of Adam and Eve—Eve taking the fruit with one hand from the serpent coiled about the tree, and with the other offering an apple to Adam. The picture of the wise men represents, on a black background, any quantity of stars, a moon and a comet, while in the foreground the wise men, in the dress of the time, big wigs, great coats, etc., are consulting the stars through a telescope supported on a regular stand, while one of them is also looking through a spy-glass. The picture of Herod slaying the innocent children is the one which is signed. It represents Herod, in the middle foreground, mounted on a black horse, in the dress of an officer, with top boots, ruffled shirt, a cap on his head, and a drawn sword in his right hand. Under his horse's feet are the corpses of two children, and two guns and a dagger. The distance is occupied by two armies of children, one on the right armed apparently with guns, and bearing three British flags; the one on the left, armed with pikes, some of them fleeing, while the flags they carry have only stripes. The illustration which, I presume, is intended to represent Christ in the temple, depicts a New England pulpit occupied by a parson, dressed with his band and gown, and holding up an open book in his left hand; on the right are three men standing with open books, and on

the left three women with books. The descriptions will serve to give an idea of the singular naïveté of design which all the illustrations possess. The first verse of the introduction will serve to give an idea of the rest:

"The great eternal God, who made
The World and all therein,
Made Man also upright and just
And wholly free from Sin."

The little book ends with the Child's Body of Divinity, which, as I have never seen it elsewhere, I will copy a portion of. The first letters make the alphabet:

"Adam by's Fall bro't Death on all."
"By his foul Sin we've ruin'd been."
"Christ Jesus come to ransom some."
"Dare any say this ain't the Way?"

This little book, I know, is rare, for of all those who are interested in our early history, and whom I have consulted, no one has ever seen or heard of it; yet I can hardly dare hope that it is unique. The increasing interest, however, taken in our early literature, from which, in reality, the best comprehension and understanding of our early history is to be gained, induces me to write you this description of the little volume, which, next to the Bay State Psalm-book, is the most interesting and instructive I have seen, in order to ask thus publicly whether any one knows anything further about it—either of its author, or the designer and engraver of its woodcuts, which are as yet the earliest specimens of this art known in this country?

E. H.

. . . Professor Coppée, in a note to the editor, says: A friend has just sent me the following, which I beg you to publish as an addendum, and, doubtless, an erratum, to my paper on "Derivatives:" "In a *Book about Lawyers*, by John Cordy Jeffreason, question is raised about the antiquity of guineas and half-guineas as legal fees. It is asserted, on the authority of Sergeant Manning, that gold coins called '*guianois d'or*,' issued from the ducal mint at Bordeaux, by authority of the Plantagenet sovereigns of Guienne, were, by the same authority, made current among their English subjects; and it may be suggested that those who have gone to the coast of Africa for the origin of the modern

guinea, need not have carried their researches beyond the Bay of Biscay. *Quare*: Whether the Guinea Coast itself may not owe its name to the 'guianois d'or,' for which it furnished the raw material?"

... We are always glad to receive contributions from our Southern friends. Here is a neat translation from the French of Maurice de Guérin, for which we are indebted to a fair correspondent in Mobile:

THE ROCK OF ONELLE.

Here in the aged rock the years have delved deep
These limpid hollows where the raindrops sleep;
And here at eve the vagrant bird returns
To plunge his eager beak in these pure urns.
Onelle, upon thy rock I sit and mourn
My early love, of its illusion shorn;
And here my heavy heart expends its woe
In tears that gather in the font below.
O wandering doves that hither fly, beware
Th' alluring wave, for bitter tears are there!

E. W. B.

MR. EDITOR: I write, from memory, a Latin hymn, or rather, prayer in verse, of Mary Queen of Scots. It was composed in prison, but at what date, or how it has been

preserved, I do not know. The translation I subjoin is almost literal, but cannot express the ringing and tolling of the Latin rhymes of the original. I should be very glad to be informed of its history:

O Domine Deus, speravi in te,
O care mi Jesu! nunc libera me,
In dura catena,
In misera pœna,
Speravi in te.

Languendo, gemendo et genuflectendo
Adoro, imploro ut liberes me.

O Lord God Almighty!
My hope is in Thee:
O Jesus, thou dear One!
Now liberate me.
In the hard chain,
In misery and pain,
I have looked unto Thee—
Fainting and groaning,
Kneeling and moaning,
Adoring, imploring:
Oh now set me free!

MR. EDITOR: What is the meaning of this proverb?—

"When the black ox has trodden on her foot."—BURTON'S *Anatomy*.

"At last the black ox trod o' my foot."—*Eastward Hoe*, by CHAPMAN, JOHNSON & MARSTON. D.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), consisting of Odes, Poems, Sonnets, Epics and Lyrical Effusions, which have not heretofore been collected together. With a Biographical Sketch and Explanatory Notes. Edited by Robert B. Roosevelt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 352.

When General Halpine died, the world lost one of its most genial spirits. Fond of society, and one of its most brilliant ornaments, he was, nevertheless, a hard worker—a combination of rare occurrence, the temptations of the one generally preventing the development of the other character. His claims to remembrance by those who knew him, by the present generation and by posterity, are various. As regards his numerous friends and acquaintances, little need be said as to the reasons they have for remembering

him: they are not likely to forget or disavow them. An admirable portrait of him, prefixed to this elegant little volume, will recall the past vividly to those who knew him, while it will, at the same time, give to those who knew him not a characteristic idea of the man. Poet, artist, journalist, satirist, soldier, lawyer, scholar and gentleman, few men ever equaled him in versatility of talent. His brain was continually at work: he would frequently compose articles and poems as he walked along the street: he was accustomed to write several hours a day; and besides fulfilling his daily editorial duties, which, of course, involved the study of that most intricate of sciences, the local politics of New York, he was in constant communication with the leading politicians of the day. It was an exciting life to lead, and General Halpine was exposed to all the temptations which be-

set those who are mixed up with wire-pullers; but he bore himself bravely through all his trials. No wonder that in the whirl of the great commercial metropolis, and prized as he was for his social qualities, his brain became so nervously excited that he could no longer sleep. Insomnia took possession of him, and to expel this troublesome visitant he had recourse to opiates, especially chloroform; and it was to an overdose of the latter, taken by mistake, that he owed his death. He was but thirty-nine years of age when he died, but he had made his mark before leaving the world. The American public is familiar with his "Miles O'Reilly," a *nom de plume* which he assumed in order to give effect to a series of humorous sketches written while he was serving in the Union army under General Hunter in South Carolina. It is not our intention to sketch his life, however: that has been done by a friendly hand in this volume. We are here concerned more immediately with his poems as now presented to the world, though this collection does not purport to be a complete one. The "Miles O'Reilly" effusions, the "Baked Meats of the Funeral," the "Lyrics by the Letter H.," and several others which are still in manuscript, will not be found in this work.

We fear that some of the characteristics of General Halpine's poetry will not secure its favorable reception with the Republican party, and especially with that portion of it who recognize Lloyd Garrison and Gerrit Smith as leaders. He had little love for the negro, and despised the colored men as soldiers. Turn to the poems headed respectively, "My Sambo of the Kom-heraus" and "Sambo a Bad Egg," and the reader will see how strong were General Halpine's sentiments on this point. We will content ourselves with quoting the last stanza of "Sambo a Bad Egg." There were thousands, however, in New York City who entertained prejudices quite as strong, at one time, against the colored race:

"You may work for us white folks, my Sambo,
Black boots and shake carpets, my Sambo,
Steal chickens and do some whitewashing
When our kitchens are Nix-kom-heraus;
But you cannot vote with us, my Sambo,
You had nothing to fight for, my Sambo,
In the war, and you gallantly won it—
Hip! hip! for the Nix-kom-heraus!"

Still more bitter is he in his lines on "Black Loyalty," wherein he ridicules the assertion that we won the contest by "black

valor." His own loyalty might by some be called in question for the concluding lines—

"To my heart with you, Longstreet and Hill,
Johnston, Lee—every man in the fight:
You were rebels, and bad ones, but still
You share my misfortune—you're white!"—

though, rightly understood, there is no treason in them.

Another offence against Republicanism is his advocacy of General McClellan and of President Johnson's "policy." He misses few opportunities of putting this forward. Of the two hundred and seventy poems comprised in this collection, a very large proportion are political, and these are essentially ephemeral in their nature, yet they contain many admirable hits at the leading actors in the world of politics, and may have a value hereafter, similar to that which attaches to the Cavalier songs of the great English Civil War. General Halpine, however, compensates for his advocacy of Johnson and McClellan by his unqualified admiration for General Sheridan and his praise of General Grant. Perhaps his Irish blood made him take more kindly to the former than to the latter. He was a red-hot Fenian: his hatred of England is loudly expressed over and over again. One would almost wonder, on reading his fierce denunciations of "the robber nation," that he did not head a crusade for the liberating of his native land from English rule. Another Halpine did, and was rewarded by the ungrateful and unsympathizing British government with twenty years' imprisonment.

General Halpine's forte was in humorous and satirical odes and epigrams. His political pieces are excellent, but mostly ephemeral from the very nature of their subjects; yet for many years they will possess an interest of their own. The best of them is that headed "Things that I seen and heard in Buckin'-ham Palace while clanin' the windies in the red dhrawin'-room, by Garland O'Halloran, Deputy Assistant Sub-deputy Glazier." It is also the longest, and professes to report a conversation between the Queen and Lord Palmerston respecting the Crimean war and the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to England. This is very amusing, and is written in the very best style of burlesque. To Lord Palmerston's malicious suggestion that, as Prince Albert took no part in the fighting, he should give up his pay as a field marshal and colonel of a regiment, the Queen replies in horror—

"That the man who does quarterly dhraw," sez she,
"In accordious with military law," sez she,

'The highest pay
Should take part in the fray!
Och! he'd faint away
From the blessed light of day!
Me poor Albert 'ud fall, rowled up in a ball,
His bowels 'ud turn into wather an' gall—
An' I know widows' caps don't become me at all.'

This satirical sketch is full of humor and spirit from beginning to end. So are his hits at the managers of the ball given at New York to the Prince of Wales, at the Japanese Embassy, Fernando Wood, Horace Greeley, the election of Morrissey as Representative of New York in Congress, and at the New York politicians. General Halpine undertook a much harder task than the suppression of the Southern rebellion—viz., the suppression of corruption in New York—when he became editor of *The Citizen* newspaper, to which he contributed many of the political squibs contained in this volume. Such a task was beyond human strength, and he failed. Unfortunately, he broke his health down in the attempt, and his lyrics, many of them, remain a protest against the abuses which prevail in Gotham.

The sentimental songs and odes do not soar above mediocrity. They are neatly turned; the versification is smooth and flowing; the rhythmical construction very varied, showing the hand of the scholar; but they lack the divine *afflatus*, the soul of poetry. We feel that he exhausted his brain unprofitably in these effusions. Had he stuck to his comic lyrics, he would have done better. His parodies on the "Ancient Mariner," "Hohenlinden," and other well-known pieces, are very good. The best of these is the parody on the well-known song, "St. Patrick was a Jintleman" (in itself a quiz on the believers in that venerable personage's miracles). It is an ode to Irish Astronomy, explaining the true origin of the constellation of O'Ryan (Orion). It is worthy of Lever or of Sam Lover:

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

A VERITABLE MYTH, TOUCHING THE CONSTELLATION OF O'RYAN, IGNORANTLY AND FALSELY SPELLED ORION.

O'Ryan was a man of might
Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
And constant occupation,
He had an ould militia gun,
And sartin sure his aim was:
He gave the keepers many a run,
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by
O'Ryan's little houldin',
And as the saint felt wake and dhry,
He thought he'd enther bould in.

"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!
To praich at Thurles I'm goin';
So let me have a rasher quick,
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you
While bether is to spare, sir,
But here's a jug of mountain dew,
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,
And says he, "Good luck attind you!
And when you're in your windin' sheet,
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
"Them tidin's is thransportin';
But may I ax your saintship if
There's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer!"
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;
St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
For fear I'd tire your patience,
You'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track
Till Mars grows jealous raally,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly.

As a specimen of Halpine's epigrammatic powers we quote the following epigram "To a young lady who asked him for his name in her album:"

"You ask for my name! Ah! dear madame, you
palter
With the hopes I have felt, as you well understand:
If you wish for my name, it is yours at the altar;
I'll give you my name when you give me your
hand."

The best of his lyrics of the sentimental, or, rather, philosophical, order is the following on woman's rights:

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Oh, ladies, will you hear a truth,
Of late too seldom told to you,
Nor deem—he begs it of your ruth—
The writer over-bold to you?
For, by the pulses of his youth,
He never yet was cold to you,
And therefore 'tis in sober sooth
That he would now unfold to you
What may—apart from rhythmic flights—
Be called the sum of "Woman's Rights."

For you the calm sequestered bowers,
For us to kneel and sue to you;
Your feet upon the path of flowers
We struggle still to strew to you;
For you to drop the healing showers
Of kindness—gentle dew to you—
On failing health and wasted powers—
The task is nothing new to you:
"Oh, these, indeed"—'tis Love indites—
"These are unquestioned Woman's Rights."

All hail! we cry, the stormiest hours,
 If thus a joy we woo to you;
 For us, of life's drugged bowl, the sours,
 If so the sweets ensue to you.
 When many a heavy hap was ours,
 Fond retrospection flew to you;
 Good husbands and unstinted dowers,
 And smiling babes accrue to you;
 And, let me ask, what maiden slights
 These latter-mentioned "Woman's Rights?"

The faithfulness, the grace, the high,
 Pure thoughts of life we gain by you;
 The vision of a softer eye,
 The finer touch attain by you;
 Weak hopes that unto death are nigh
 Out-leaning, we sustain by you;
 And when misfortune sweeps the sky,
 Our anchored hearts remain by you.
 Long days of toil and feverish nights
 Would ill repay these "Woman's Rights."

Why quit the calm and holy hearth
 That is heaven's antepast to us,
 To face the sterner scenes of earth,
 The troubles that are cast to us?
 Why change your soul's unsullied mirth
 For woes that rush so fast to us,
 That we would daily curse our birth
 Were not your sphere at last to us
 That sphere of home, which well requites
 The loss of these unsexing rights?

It is a beautiful tribute to the female sex, but perhaps will not be appreciated by Mrs. Cady Stanton and Mrs. Antoinette Brown as it ought to be. While this volume contains several gems which deserve to live, it contains much that cannot hope for lasting popularity.

English Photographs. By an American [Stephen Fiske]. London: Tinsley Brothers. 8vo. pp. 292.

Mr. Fiske, having desired to reveal to an admiring public his familiarity with English life, has gratified himself by publishing a volume of some three hundred pages; and as an uncomfortable consequence of this exercise of individual liberty on his part we are called upon to review the book. We do not mean to say very hard things about Mr. Fiske. In the task he has assumed are inherent difficulties of so great a magnitude that one feels inclined to give way to a weak feeling of pity for the rash adventurer who essays to overcome them.

An American realizes in part how hard a thing it is to gather up the varied phases of national life into a picture that shall fully represent the salient features of the whole, without distorting their true proportions or losing that general tone by which nations as well as individuals are best recognized, when

he remembers the dreadful efforts of our English cousins to enlighten their countrymen by the results of their experience in this land of "isms" and inexplicable contradictions. Indeed, by comparison with these shocking miscarriages Mr. Fiske deserves credit for being safely delivered of anything that is not an absolute monstrosity. And the child of Mr. Fiske's brain is not altogether repulsive. The *English Photographs*, although taken from an American negative of rather inferior quality, are still photographs, and have a certain homely truth in them that is not to be despised. Then, too, Mr. Fiske has with great courtesy selected for illustration many points of English inferiority in a manner that cannot fail to delight every true American. The harrowing recital of the agonies experienced in English railway travel is very soothing to a citizen of the country to whose genius the world owes the "brass check," and the American bosom swells with pride at the immeasurable superiority of our theatres over those of our Transatlantic cousins. It is inexpressibly comforting to know that English hotels are very bad, and that the conveniences of ordinary life in this country are, in England, not to be found outside of "princes' houses." Our tendency to great humility—that marked characteristic of American nationality—needs to be checked by occasional reference to the evidences of our better civilization so plentifully strewn through the *English Photographs*. The "soaring eagle" is seen too rarely in these degenerate days, and there seems some reason to fear lest that distinguished emblem of our freedom has gone into a hopeless decline.

Unfortunately for Mr. Fiske, his subject no longer possesses sufficient interest to atone for the lack of artistic perceptions in his pictures of it. We of this generation do not turn with the same eagerness as did our great-grandfathers to English customs and manners as models for our own. Into some sort of individuality we have at last grown. Whether the national character is a particularly desirable one is a delicate question, but such as it is, it is *our own*, and we no longer seek as a nation to liken ourselves to the people of other countries. Nor does the modern Englishman inspire in our depraved breasts the admiration he knows himself to deserve. A slight skepticism touching the loveliness of English character is one of the melancholy signs of the times. It is not that we hate our "dear cousins"—indeed we rather like them—but they bore us. While yet we were

in the admiring mood any representation of England had its charms for us. What man would stoop to criticise a description of the place where dwelt the idol of his soul? But now that we have discovered of how very much clay our idol is made, we are wearied with a great weariness by the never-ending accounts of what she does and how she does it; and the book that is simply descriptive of English life and character must be a very charming book indeed, or American publishers will not reprint it and Americans will not read it.

Now, Mr. Fiske's book is *not* a very charming book, though it is quite a pleasant and bright one. One who knows England and her magnificent virtues and vices may look over Mr. Fiske's *Photographs* with no serious injury. One who does not know England will learn nothing that is important to know, by his most careful examination. And it is just this peculiarity that makes any review seem unnecessarily severe. To read the book after dinner is not hard work, but to test its real worth is an ungrateful task, in which the conclusion reached is a painful example of the unreliability of post-prandial judgments. It is to be regretted that men will put these things into book form. In a newspaper or magazine the *English Photographs* would be entitled to a fair share of praise, but in a book they must be judged by a different standard. We protest against Mr. Fiske's attempted justification of his reprehensible conduct by referring in his preface to dear old Uncle Toby's fly. If Uncle Toby had been forced to pass judgment upon every loud-buzzing bluebottle, we fear that the miserable angel who weeps over human profanity would have found a vast deal of additional work on his hands. The chief fault of Mr. Fiske's book is the absence in it of anything in particular. A dead level of undeniably respectable and not unpleasant commonplace is maintained with such unbroken monotony that the reader, growing hopeless of finding anything very good, longs with a fiendish desire for something very bad. In the absence of any ideas in the book, one turns in bitterness of spirit to parsing the sentences, and goes away with refreshed recollections of English grammar, and a very lively remembrance of all the little offences against that disagreeable science of which Mr. Fiske has been guilty.

Recurring to the author's reference to Uncle Toby and the fly, and in obedience to the precedent there establishing, we feel just-

fied in opening the window and placing Mr. Fiske and his book upon the outside of the ledge.

Our Admiral's Flag Abroad. The Cruise of Admiral D. G. Farragut, commanding the European Squadron in 1867-8, in the Flagship Franklin. By James Eglinton Montgomery, A. M., of the Admiral's Staff. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 8vo. pp. 282.

It must be a jolly thing (though expensive) to run into every port of every kingdom in a national ship under a great and famous commander, and be welcomed everywhere by emperor, king, queen, admiral, or whoever happens before you arrive to be "the authorities;" for, construe it as you may, there is somehow a prestige in office: the owner of the title may be a great goose or otherwise, but his office is a good or a great thing, inasmuch as it commands salutes, big receptions and a sort of high life which most people like. To sniff the cologne from the Queen of Greece's handkerchief is to have a near view of royalty, and, though the young lady is not half so good-looking as "the lass you left behind you," *is* better than the dose from your own bottle in the middy's berth. Then to dance with duchesses, to hear "Yankee Doodle" from the Caliph's band, to hobnob with royalty, and chat with the Pope! Who would not be an American officer under such auspices if he had the pocket-money to spare? for Uncle Sam is a little stingy, unless it be in burning gunpowder: he hates bills for champagne, ices and luncheon, so that the cost of a return of civilities comes, too often, from the private purse of the entertained.

Mr. Montgomery was fortunate: Farragut's right-hand man, and ready for all that turned up, he well describes all he saw. If he does not add very much to our general stock of information, he has included nice portraits and pictures, and reminds one agreeably of what one has himself seen, though perhaps not quite in so near proximity to thrones, where we find human nature much the same as at home. Mr. M. is good-humored, not too learned, talks little of Homer, Virgil or Marathon; and in short has accomplished a difficult task: he has made a proper and agreeable record of a remarkable voyage and series of receptions by the great. The hero of the tale seems as much at home with the grandees as in the roar of battle and on the topmast: his character comes out to

advantage. Without flattery, he is well described, and is declared to be a religious and good man. The voyage was altogether a gala one, such as few have ever enjoyed, and such as will not very soon be repeated.

Extracts regarding great dinners and receptions have become familiar to the readers of the daily press, and we will not make them. It is pleasant, however, to meet with such a man as Lever, now consul at Trieste: the following is Mr. Montgomery's too brief account of his acquaintance with this admirable author of *Charles O'Malley*:

"On the day succeeding, Lieutenant-Commander Hoff and the author had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Charles Lever and family at their lovely villa, Gasteiger, and were joined during the evening by Lieutenant-Commander Harris.

"It is needless to detail the enjoyments of this occasion. Those acquainted with Mr. Lever know how delightful his society is; and in all our frequent interviews with him and his charming family, we always enjoyed that fund of good-humor which characterizes his works, and that unbounded hospitality for which his people are proverbial. I recall many anecdotes which he told me with an irresistible manner that would have brought down any house; and I can conceive of no surer remedy for those afflicted with melancholy than one hour's companionship with that accomplished novelist."

Why not have brought him to this country in the Franklin? Just the thing to have done with "Harry Lorrequer!"

Books Received.

The Sacristan's Household: A Story of Lippe-Detmold. By the author of "Mabel's Progress," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 158.

Our New Way Around the World. By Chas. Carleton Coffin, author of "Winning His Way," etc. Fully Illustrated. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 8vo. pp. 524.

Malbone: An Oldport Romance. By T. W. Higginson. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 16mo. pp. 244.

Stories in Verse. By Henry Abbey. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 12mo. pp. 128.

My Daughter Elinor: A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 257.

The Newcomes, and The Virginians. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 412, 411.

The Villa on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach. Author's Edition. Part IV. (conclusion) and Vol. II. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo.

The Habermeyer: A Tale of the Bavarian Mountains. From the German of Herman Schmid. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo. pp. 379.

Five Acres Too Much. By Robert B. Roosevelt, author of "Game Birds," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 296.

Elements of Astronomy. Designed for Academies and High Schools. By Elias Loomis, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 254.

Sights and Sensations in France, Germany and Switzerland. By Edward Gould Bufum. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 310.

Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life: An Autobiography. By John Neal. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 431.

Hans Breitmann's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 118.

Hans Breitmann About Town, and other New Ballads. By C. G. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 62.

Stretton: A Novel. By Henry Kingsley, author of "Ravenshoe," etc. Illustrated. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 8vo. pp. 250.

Women's Suffrage: The Reform Against Nature. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo. pp. 184.

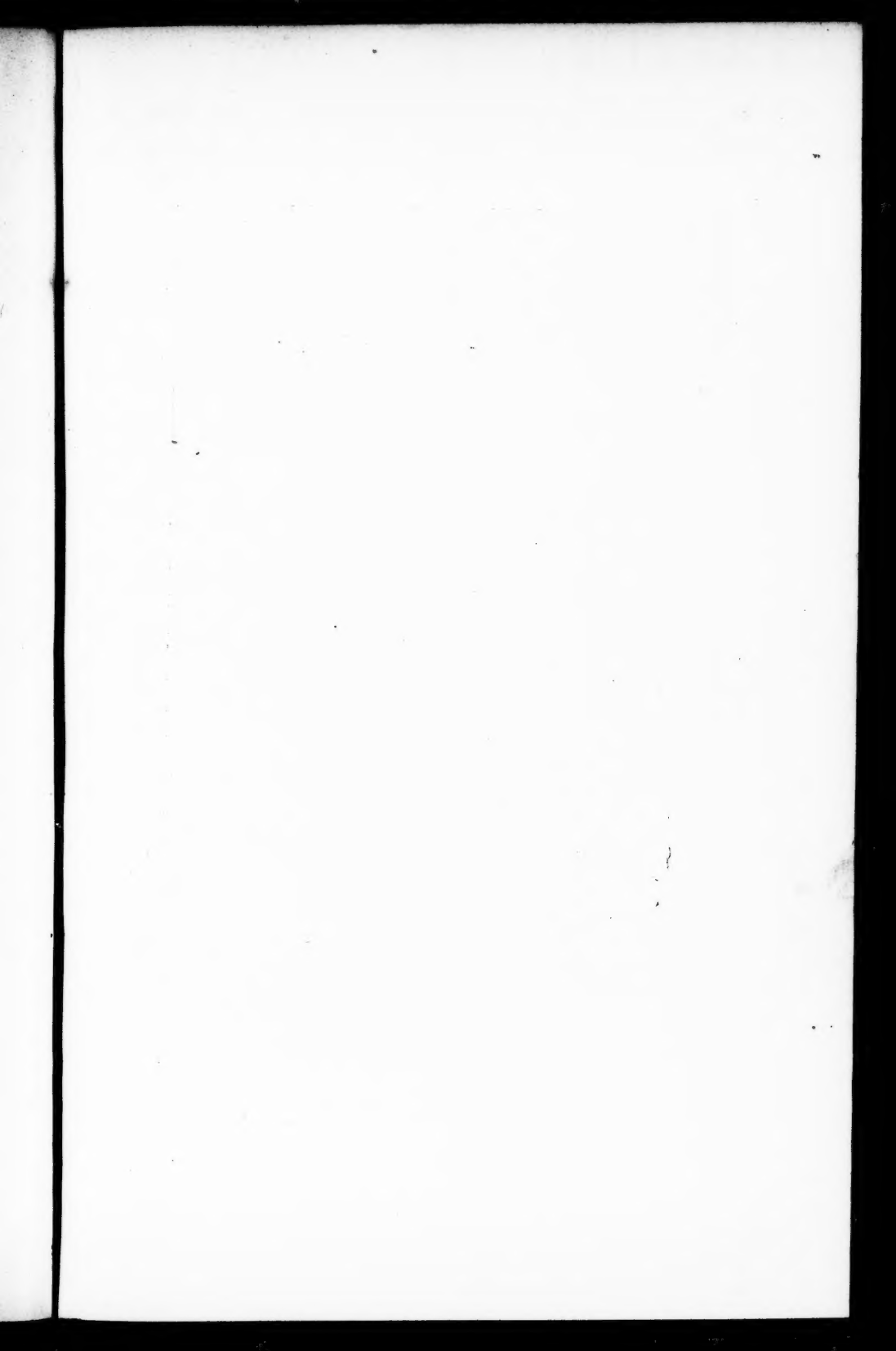
Leonora Casaloni; or, The Marriage Secret. By T. A. Trollope. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 311.

He Knew He was Right. By Anthony Trollope. Part II. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.

The Changed Brides. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 503.

Three Seasons in European Vineyards. By William J. Flagg. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 332.

Married: A Domestic Novel. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. Philadelphia: Turner Brothers & Co. 8vo. pp. 132.





WHAT PARSON JOHN THINKS ABOUT IT.

[Vicar of Bullhampton.]

